CHICAGO'S HIGHWAYS OLD AND NEW

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CHICAGO'S HIGHWAYS
OLD AND NEW

THE OLD WAYS

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CHICAGO'S HIGHWAYS OLD AND NEW

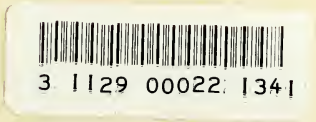
FROM INDIAN TRAIL TO MOTOR ROAD

by

MILO M. QUAIFE

with an introduction by

JOY MORTON



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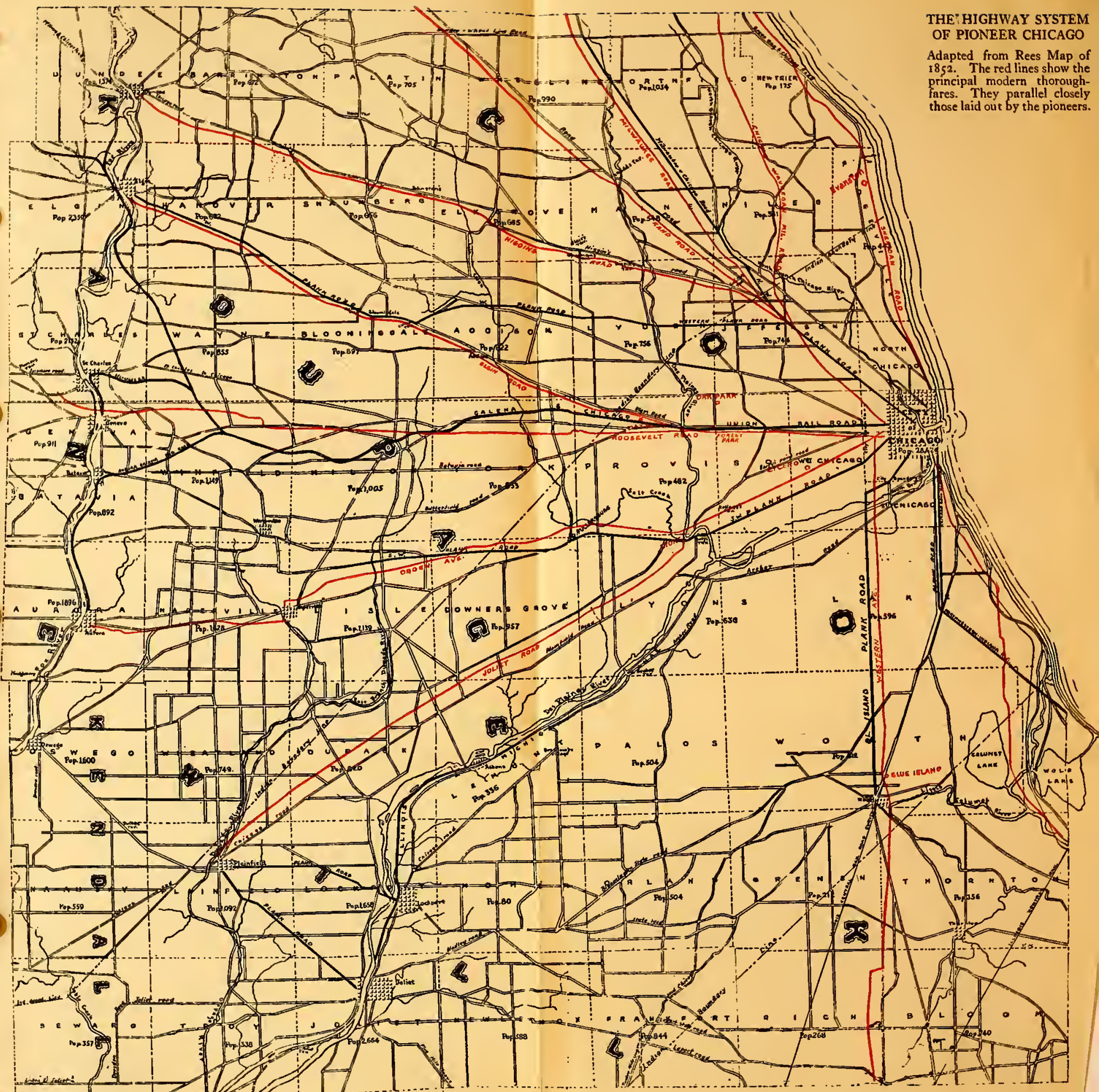
FOREWORD

The period from the incorporation of Chicago to the coming of the railroads (from 1837 to 1852), as I view it, was the critical period of Chicago's history. Citizens of the village of about 3,000 people, surrounded by miles of flat, marshy land, had little basis to expect a big town here except the hope of a connection with the Mississippi River waterway system through a canal, which it was hoped sometime, somehow, might be built and which, eleven years afterwards, was, after various vicissitudes, completed.

In the meantime, the town grew steadily. Its exports of raw material and imports of manufactured goods, as shown by the meagre port records of the time, increased pretty steadily and were, at all times, greater in amount than necessary for the support of the little town, indicating that, in spite of poor roads and bad transportation, its people were doing business with the hinterland and making Chicago, in that early day, the central market for surrounding territory.

Dr. Quaife has happily selected this period for his book, and in admirable fashion has pictured the life, the travelers, and transportation methods before the coming of the canal and the railroads; he describes an eventful period which has heretofore had but little consideration, and has succeeded in linking the old with the new in a most interesting way.

Advertised schedules of the stage lines, in the forties, indicate that the promise of about 75 miles per 24-hour day was thought to be "rapid transit," but, in practice, half as much was considered pretty fair going. In 1850, the "fast" packet boats on the Illinois and Michigan Canal made the journey from Chicago to La Salle in twenty to twenty-five hours.



THE HIGHWAY SYSTEM OF PIONEER CHICAGO

Adapted from Rees Map of 1852. The red lines show the principal modern thoroughfares. They parallel closely those laid out by the pioneers.

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Chicago is somewhat given to boasting of its "I Will" spirit. Doubtless there is now and always has been such a spirit here, but it seems to me, after reading Dr. Quaife's account of the trials and tribulations of our early Chicagoans, that the germ of that commendable spirit originated under very adverse circumstances and was most effectually promulgated by the founders and first settlers of this remarkable city.

It gives me great pleasure to write this short introduction and to suggest that *Chicago's Highways, Old and New*, should be read by everyone interested in Chicago's history and particularly by every motorist who likes to take his family for a week-end outing in the beautiful country within a motor day's radius of our Garden City, now so greatly extended by the superb hard roads of Illinois. The contrast, as indicated by the maps showing the old and the new Illinois, graphically illustrates the difference between then and now, and if this book serves to quicken a general interest in the historic and beautiful country of which Chicago is the metropolis, it will indeed have accomplished much.

Joy Morton

PREFACE

Highways are essential to the life of mankind, and no people, however primitive, has been able to exist without them. From the dawn of civilization their development and administration has been one of the chief concerns of government, and it is no mere coincidence that the architects of the greatest state of ancient times were also the greatest road builders of the world prior to the nineteenth century. In the chapters that follow I have endeavored to reconstruct for the entertainment of present-day readers a picture of the now-forgotten life of the pioneer highways which made possible the development of Chicago in the days before the coming of the railroad. The men and women who founded the splendid group of commonwealths which now border the shores of Lake Michigan endured in performing the task hardships and privations to a degree quite unknown to us of the present time. To them posterity owes a debt of gratitude which can best be discharged by appreciating and further improving the beautiful land they won from savagery to civilization. It is my hope that the volume here presented may contribute somewhat to this end by aiding the reader to gain a better understanding of the pioneer beginnings of the country he inherits.

The valuable collections of the Chicago Historical Society have been freely placed at my disposal in preparing the book, and I wish publicly to express my indebtedness to that institution and to Miss Caroline McIlvaine, its librarian. In particular I have enjoyed the privilege of utilizing the archeological maps of Mr. Albert F. Scharf, whose lifetime work in the field of Chicago archeology is deserving of more widespread recognition than has as yet been accorded him. It

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remains to express my obligation to Mr. Joy Morton of Chicago, whose generous interest and support has made possible the writing and publication of the volume. To his cooperation and intelligent criticisms it owes much of whatever value it may be found to possess.

Milo M. Quaife

CHAPTER I

THE BIRTH OF A METROPOLIS

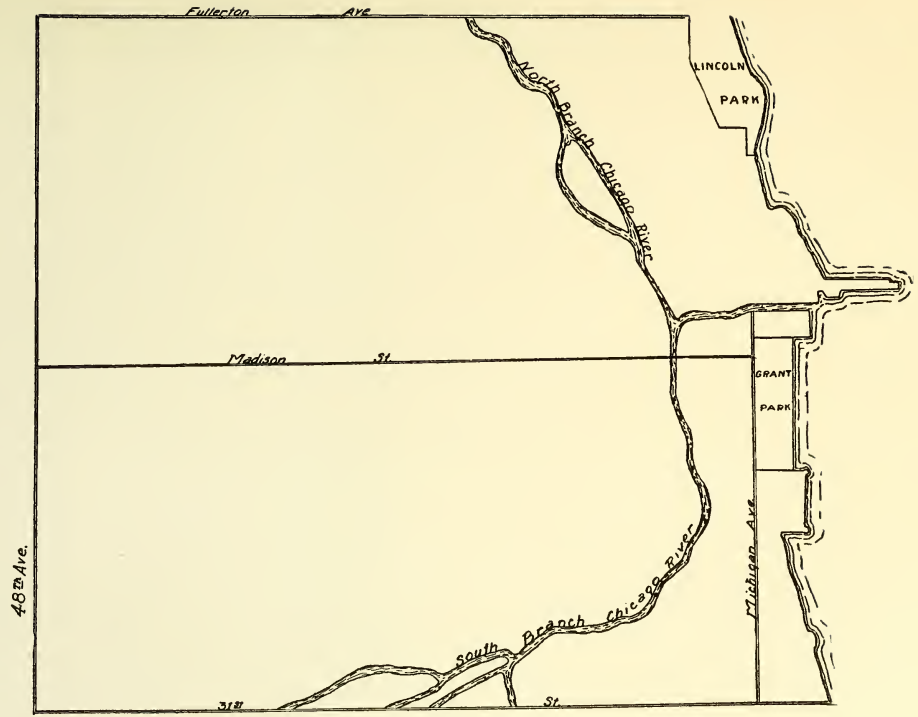
THE year that witnessed the close of the World War was marked by the death at Chicago of a woman who in infancy had begun her residence here in 1826. Difficult would it be to find in the annals of history record of a stranger transformation than the one compassed by the span of this single life. Her early childhood was passed at a remote stockade in the wilderness and on her plastic mind were stamped indelible memories of scenes of panic fear which attended the Indian wars of 1827 and 1832 and the visitation of Asiatic cholera. Her aged eyes looked out upon the world's fourth metropolis, from whose streets rose a babel of tongues stranger and more confusing even than the Winnebago and Potawatomi she had learned to lisp in childhood. From its consciousness Indian scalping-knife and Asiatic cholera were equally remote, while its soldiers, from ranging the valley of the Des Plaines in search of Black Hawk's warriors, had gone to storm the Hindenburg Line and shatter the might of Imperial Germany.

The growth of modern Chicago has afforded, since its first beginnings, food for wondering comment, and its explanation has been the occasion of much bewilderment. Seldom has a great city arisen amid natural surroundings more unpromising than those afforded by the site of primitive Chicago. The sluggish river slipped into the lake over a sandbar which effectually blocked the entrance to vessels, and nowhere within a hundred miles could shipping find shelter from the storms which were wont to rage with peculiar violence at this end of Lake Michigan. A few miles to the westward ran a continental watershed but a few feet in height. The river itself commonly ran with no perceptible current, and to the horizon limit the

landscape stretched away in one monotonous level of flat uniformity. Entrancing, indeed, was the prairie at certain seasons of the year, but the melting snows of spring or a heavy rain at any time transformed it into a vast, shallow lake, over which the canoe of the red man or the occasional bateau of the fur-trader plied its way regardless of the course of the river.

The consequences of such an environment from the viewpoint of human occupation are sufficiently obvious. During much of the year early Chicago presented all of the attributes of a first-class marsh. Of drainage, as of serpents in Ireland, there was nothing until the townsmen in the fifties by a magnificent exercise of will power and energy lifted the city bodily from the morass in which it had been built up to its present level. As for highways, during the dry periods in summer one might travel anywhere over the prairie sod, which afforded an excellent footing for horses. In spring and autumn, however, and after a rain at any time the road quickly turned to a bottomless sea of mud, the despair of all who were compelled to traverse it. Little wonder is it that until a recent period the western states were dotted with pioneers who were fond of recalling that they had come through Chicago on their journey west, and that they "wouldn't take a quarter section there as a gift."

From his particular point of view, the pioneer farmer was correct in his judgment, yet a wider knowledge would have shown him that nature had marked the site of early Chicago as the spot where a great city should arise. Cities are the offspring of commerce, and they commonly develop at points on the highways of traffic where a break in transportation occurs. Even a slight familiarity with the physiography of the interior of the continent, combined with a knowledge of the working of economic law, would have sufficed to assure the observer of the future destiny of Chicago. How the matter presented itself to the minds of far-sighted contemporary observers is well revealed in the story of Arthur Bronson and Charles Butler, who first visited the place in the summer of 1833.



THE GREENVILLE CESSION OF 1795 AT CHICAGO

The tract was never surveyed. This map is drawn to show its present-day boundaries.

Bronson and Butler were two shrewd business men of New York, whose attention had been directed to the western country by the events of the Black Hawk War. They concluded to investigate the situation with a view to possible investments, and their attention was directed to Chicago by no less a person than General Scott, whose unhappy experiences there the preceding summer had not blinded him to the future promise of the place. On their arrival, in August, 1833, they found a mushroom village of two or three hundred souls in the early flush of its first real boom, infested by thousands of Indians gathered for the impending council of peace with the Great Father. To the east lay the territory of Michigan with a population of 20,000 souls, most of them gathered in the vicinity of Detroit. The northern half of Indiana as yet contained but a few scattered settlers, while between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi stretched a vast unoccupied expanse of land, covered with luxurious vegetation, beautiful to look at in its virgin state, and ready for the plow of the farmer. "One could not fail," wrote Butler at a later time, "to be greatly impressed with this scene, so new and extraordinary, and to see there the germ of that future when these vast plains would be occupied and cultivated, yielding their abundant products of human food, and sustaining millions of population. Lake Michigan lay there, 420 miles in length north and south, and it was clear to my mind that the productions of that vast country lying west and northwest of it on their way to the eastern market—the great Atlantic seaboard, would necessarily be tributary to Chicago, in the site of which even at this early day the experienced observer saw the germ of a city destined from its position near the head of the lake and its remarkable harbor formed by the river, to become the largest commercial emporium of the United States."

It is pleasant to record that the statesmanly foresight of these men found adequate reward, both of them reaping fortunes within a few years from their investments in Chicago real estate. Since the world had as yet no comprehension of

the astonishing era of railroad development which lay immediately at hand, this early forecast of Chicago's future was uninfluenced by any knowledge of the factor which has contributed most to the city's present greatness. They took immediate cognizance, however, of that other factor so potent in the upbuilding of Chicago, its location on Nature's great central thoroughfare between the waters of the Great Lakes and those of the Mississippi River system.

The prosperity of Chicago and her possibilities of future growth have alike been conditioned, at every period of her existence as a city, by the character and extent of her highway systems. These have been of a threefold character, comprising waterways, country thoroughfares, and railroads. To deal with the second of these is the particular task of the present volume, but the waterways come first in point of time, if not of present importance, and some consideration of them necessarily enters into every discussion of the origin of Chicago.

Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that Chicago owes her very existence to the fact of her strategic location on one of the most important water routes of North America. It was no mere chance that led the first white man who ever explored the upper Mississippi Valley to the site of future Chicago. In the primitive state of the country the waterways possessed an importance unknown to the present generation. The Chicago-Illinois river route constituted one of the natural thoroughfares leading from the St. Lawrence River system to the Mississippi, and the Chicago Portage was one of the five great "keys of the continent." So low is the continental divide at this point that in times of spring floods or heavy rains it was frequently covered with water, and the Des Plaines at such times discharged through the south branch of the Chicago into Lake Michigan, as well as down its normal channel. This circumstance a recent generation has turned to account by performing the feat, novel in human history, of reversing the flow of the Chicago, thereby sending the city's sewage down

the Illinois River instead of into the lake, whence its water supply is drawn.

Under such physiographical conditions it is not surprising that the first explorer who ever visited this region should conceive the idea of connecting Lake Michigan with the navigable waters of the Illinois. With statesmanly prevision Jolliet, in 1673, called his government's attention to the advantages which would accrue from cutting a canal across the Chicago Portage. His hasty tour of observation afforded him no adequate conception of the difficulty and magnitude of the improvement proposed, but his vision was transmitted to posterity and almost two centuries later found realization at the hands of another race.

From the first entrance of the American government into the Northwest its officials comprehended the strategic importance of the Chicago-Illinois waterway. When in 1794 Anthony Wayne broke the power of the northwestern tribesmen in the battle of Fallen Timbers, a portion of the price of victory extorted from them in the ensuing treaty of Greenville was the free use of this highway, and the cession of reservations at Chicago, Peoria, and the mouth of the Illinois on which forts might be erected to safeguard it.

A beginning was made to this end with the construction of Fort Dearborn at the mouth of the Chicago in 1803. The purchase of Louisiana from France in the same year gave to the Illinois river route an added importance for the United States. Down it in the spring of 1805 came Colonel Kingsbury with a company of troops from distant Mackinac to establish Fort Bellefontaine opposite the mouth of the Illinois, and Fort Dearborn thereupon became a link in a chain of outposts set to guard the frontier from Mackinac to the Gulf of Mexico.

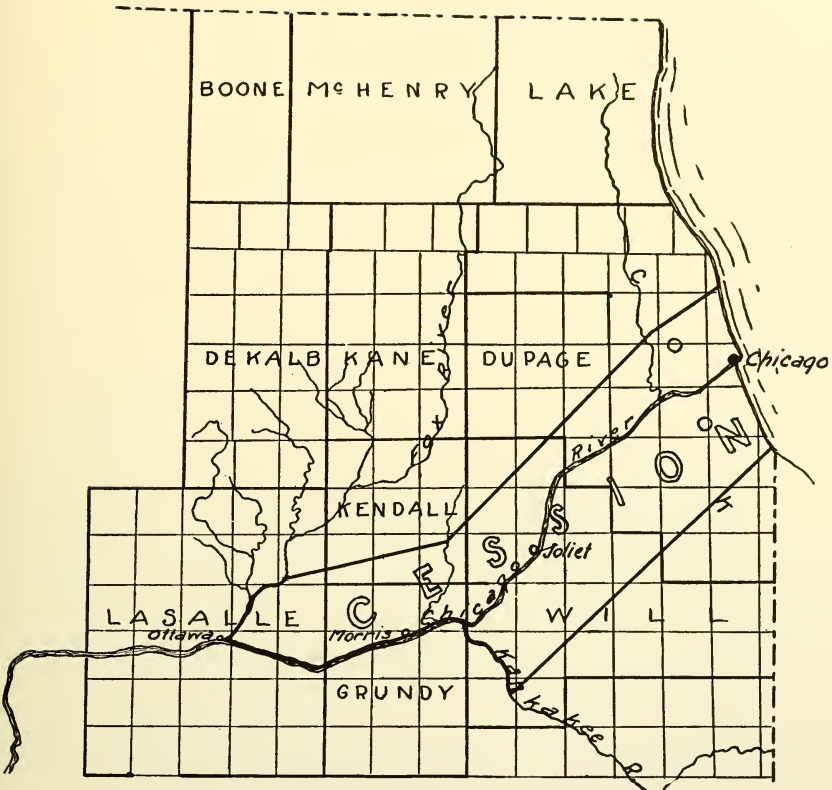
The Illinois and Michigan Canal is peculiar among improvements of this character in the fact that during the early years of agitation of the project no local constituency was concerned in it. On the contrary, it was visioned as a

work of national interest and importance long before the territory of Illinois had acquired a corporate existence. The exertions made by General Wayne during Washington's administration to acquire control of the Illinois waterway have already been noted. Following the acquisition of Louisiana in 1803, the vision gradually dawned upon the country of connecting New York with New Orleans by one grand continuous internal waterway. To do this the Hudson must be connected with Lake Erie, and Lake Michigan with the Illinois.

As yet the commercial demand for such a work was slight, but the disasters on land encountered in the War of 1812 served to emphasize anew the military importance of a safe and practicable highway from the Lakes to the Mississippi. In concluding treaties of peace with the Northwestern tribes at the close of the war with England the opportunity was improved to secure for the United States the strip of land between Lake Michigan and the Illinois through which the future canal must be built. Investigations of the route by army engineers quickly followed, and in January, 1819, John C. Calhoun, as secretary of war, submitted a report to Congress urging the construction of a canal across the Chicago Portage.

Meanwhile Illinois had been admitted to statehood in 1818, and contrary to the evident design of the framers of the Ordinance of 1787 its northern boundary had been advanced from the "southerly bend" of Lake Michigan to the line of 42° 30′, with the avowed purpose of giving the new state a northern trend through the possession of a commercial outlet on Lake Michigan. By this maneuver a local interest in forwarding the construction of the canal was created, and from this time forward until success crowned the enterprise thirty years later, local zeal and enthusiasm for the work took precedence over national interests.

To the canal project the birth of Chicago as a corporate entity was directly due. In 1827 Congress granted to the



THE INDIAN CESSION OF THE CANAL ROUTE

This cession was secured by a treaty with the allied Tribes of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatomi, negotiated at Portage des Sioux, Missouri, in August, 1816, by William Clark, Ninian Edwards, and Auguste Chouteau.

state the alternate sections of land in a five-mile strip along either side of the canal for the purpose of aiding its construction. After some delay, the state legislature in 1829 made provision for a canal commission of three members, with powers appropriate for the work in view. This commission proceeded to lay out the towns of Chicago and Ottawa at either end of the proposed route, and in the summer of 1830 the lots at Chicago were offered at auction to the public.

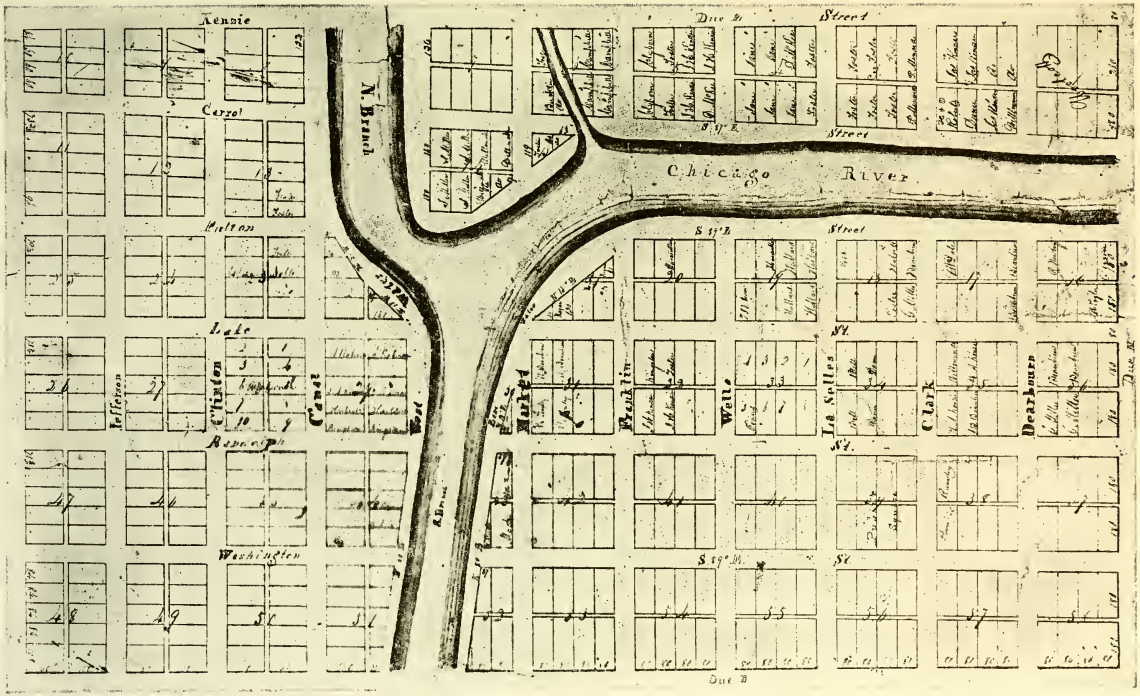
Under the sheltering walls of Fort Dearborn there had gradually developed a tiny settlement composed of civilian employees of the government, the families of discharged soldiers, and the establishments of the fur-traders. Many of the settlers were Frenchmen who had taken to themselves Indian wives, or were themselves the offspring of such alliances on the part of an earlier generation. It is not possible to determine the precise population of this civilian community at any given time, but its approximate size and importance is clear. As early as the spring of 1812, when the Indians murdered two of its members on the South Branch, Captain Heald was able to enroll a force of "Chicago militia" fifteen in number from the residents of the settlement without the fort. A fate as tragic as any in our military annals shortly befell this pioneer body of Chicago's soldiery. Three of them deserted to the Indians, indicating by this act their greater affiliation with that race, while the loyal twelve remaining perished to a man in the massacre of August 15.

A new Fort Dearborn arose from the ashes of the old in the summer of 1816, and contemporaneously therewith a second civilian settlement began to develop outside the fort. At the time of the Winnebago trouble in 1827 a second Chicago militia company was mustered, but its history, unlike that of its predecessor, is wholly comic. The fire which destroyed the Fort Dearborn barracks at this time is said by a contemporary to have been witnessed by about

forty spectators; their number included, we may be sure, every soul then present in the community. By 1830 its population was probably upwards of three or four score.

The habitations of the settlement had been built at the forks of the river and along the main stream running eastward to the military reservation. This territory was a part of Section Nine of the United States land survey, one of the alternate sections which by congressional grant had fallen to the Canal Commission. In modern terminology, this section extended from State Street west to Halsted, and from Madison north to Chicago Avenue. On it the surveyor employed by the commission, James Thompson, proceeded to lay out the town plat; but since considerably more than half of the section lies north of the river, he chose to plat only that portion of it extending northward from Madison to Kinzie streets and westward from State to Des Plaines. Within this area of about three-eighths of a square mile, forty-eight blocks and fractional blocks were laid out on the familiar checkerboard plan with parallel streets running north and south and east and west, the only irregularities being such as were rendered unavoidable by the course of the river. East of the town plat, between State Street and the lake, south of the river, lay the Fort Dearborn reservation and north of it a fractional quarter-section which was entered the next year by Robert Kinzie on behalf of the heirs of his father, John Kinzie, the old Chicago trader. With the exception of Canal, Market, and Lake, and the several Water streets, the derivation of which is sufficiently obvious, Surveyor Thompson named his streets in honor of national or local characters. Running east and west were Washington, Randolph, Lake, South Water, Carroll, and Kinzie. North and south streets were Dearborn, Clark, Market, East Water, West Water, Canal, Clinton, and Jefferson.

The survey was completed and the town plat filed for record on August 4, 1830, which may be taken as the first



THE FIRST CITY PLAN OF CHICAGO

Reproduced from the original town plat made by James Thompson in 1830.

definite date in Chicago's corporate history. The public land sale, held the following month, developed but a moderate enthusiasm on the part of bidders over the question of real estate values. For 126 lots an average price of $35 was bid, while two eighty-acre tracts lying just beyond the limits of the town plat went for $1.25 an acre, and another similar tract for a few cents more. Many of the purchasers were, of course, residents of the place, who were simply buying in their homes which had been built on land to which they had no legal title. Aside from these, the purchasers, whether residents or outsiders, were evidently actuated by speculative considerations.

There is little to indicate that as yet those most familiar with Chicago had any inkling of the revolution in real estate values which was so soon to be witnessed here. A delightful story in this connection is preserved by Mrs. Juliette Kinzie. A few months after the land sale of 1830, roused by such developments as had already taken place, Robert Kinzie journeyed to the land office at Palestine and there entered, on behalf of the Kinzie family, the fractional quarter-section lying north of the river and east of State Street which included the old Kinzie home. The tract, lying in the angle formed by the river and the lake, comprised but 102 acres instead of the full quarter-section which a claimant was entitled to enter. Kinzie, who might have entered 58 additional acres elsewhere, returned home without troubling himself to do so. His mother, on learning of this, urged him to claim the cornfield at the forks of the river. Although Kinzie was a business man his response to her argument was a hearty laugh. "Hear mother," he said, "we have just got 102 acres—more than we should ever want, or know what to do with, and now she would have me go and claim 58 acres more!"

The additional acreage was not claimed, because in the judgment of this man, who had spent his entire life at Chicago, it would be a mere waste of effort to do so. That he

was not alone in his inability to see the future which Chicago held in store, may be seen from a comparison of the prices paid at the sale of 1830 for certain tracts of land with the value of the same tracts twenty-three years later. Thus, the eighty acres which Thomas Hartzell acquired for $124 in 1830 might have been sold for $800,000 in 1853. James Kinzie's eighty, purchased for $140, was valued at $600,000 at the later date. The lot for which William Jewett in his excitement parted with $21 at the land sale of 1830, if retained until 1853 would have netted him $17,000; while John H. Kinzie's larger investment of $119 multiplied itself in the same period to $163,000.

These figures imply, of course, a great growth in population and a corresponding increase in commercial importance. For the first few years, however, the growth was exceedingly slow, and the speculators of 1830 may well have bemoaned, during this period, their recklessness in parting with good money in return for titles to town lots in the wilderness. The season of 1831 witnessed little outward change at Chicago, which continued to present the aspect of a village of log huts, with not a single frame structure in the place. Yet the season was marked by two occurrences significant of the trend of future events. A number of settlers passed through the town, intent on finding homes in the valleys of the Des Plaines and the Du Page; while Cook County was created by legislative enactment, and Chicago became the county seat.

The season of 1832 was in every way abnormal. With the spring came the panic occasioned by the incursion of Black Hawk's warriors into Illinois. Fort Dearborn had been without a garrison since May, 1831, but its walls afforded the only shelter available to the settlers of the Des Plaines and the Du Page, and to Chicago they fled in wildest terror. The normal population of perhaps 100 souls was quickly swelled to five times this number, and the confusion and crowding were presently intensified by the arrival of detach-

ments of Michigan militia and regular soldiers. Housing accommodations were strained to the utmost in the effort to shelter the fugitives, and even the food supply soon became inadequate for the sustenance of the multitude which had so suddenly assembled.

In July came General Scott, bringing several hundred soldiers from the East to the scene of the Indian war. With him came also the Asiatic cholera, and at the news of its approach the Indian peril was forgotten. Townsmen and settlers alike betook themselves to sudden flight before the dread presence, and over night, as it were, Chicago was emptied of its civilian population. Only those remained who were compelled by the stern demands of duty, and for weeks the place was but a military lazaret whose occupants were engaged in fighting the plague, and giving hasty burial to those who fell before it.

Ere autumn, war and cholera had alike departed. The townsmen returned to their abandoned homes, and life at Chicago resumed once more its wonted aspect. Meanwhile, far away from the tiny Fort Dearborn community events had been preparing which were shortly to terminate, rudely and forever, Chicago's long slumber. For a generation, by Wilderness Trail and National Road, settlers had been pouring over the mountains and down the Ohio into the lower West. With the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 was afforded for the first time a practicable highway connecting the settled East with the Great Lakes. Along it in the ensuing years streamed an ever-increasing host of settlers, taking possession of western New York and northern Ohio, and pouring on into the wilderness of southern Michigan and northern Indiana.

For Chicago, the Indian war had two results of exceeding consequence. It brought about the extinction of the Indian title to the land between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, and the removal of the red man farther west. Of equal significance, perhaps, it caused hundreds of men to be taken

upon an enforced excursion through the entrancing wilderness of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin. The effect produced upon their minds we have already seen illustrated in the case of their commander, General Scott. They returned to their homes carrying marvelous tales of the country's surpassing beauty, and of the wealth in forests, mill sites, and farms which awaited the coming of the settler. In hundreds of eastern communities these reports were absorbed with keenest interest, and the ambition was kindled in the breasts of the hearers to become sojourners in this new land of promise.

The first wave of the tide of migration into the new Northwest reached Chicago with the spring of 1833. Most of the homeseekers passed through the place to find locations farther on. Some, however, attracted by the commercial promise of Chicago, ended their journey here. In either event they made their contribution to the city's upbuilding, for its growth depended upon the development of its back country, and every homestead established in the wilderness west of Lake Michigan involved the addition of another source of tribute to Chicago's permanent prosperity.

At the beginning of 1833 the place was still a village of log huts, the only frame building being the warehouse of George W. Dole, which had been erected the summer before. The season was one of feverish activity, however, and at its close dozens of new frame buildings might be seen where but one had stood before. They were, to be sure, of flimsy construction, hastily thrown together in the cheapest and rudest manner, but their presence afforded convincing evidence that a vigorous, throbbing life had replaced the langorous atmosphere of old at the forks of the Chicago.

Building developments aside, the season was marked by two other occurrences of note. A canal implied a harbor for shipping at Chicago. Congress had long since lent its countenance to the canal project, but as yet there was no

harbor, by reason of the sandbar which blocked the mouth of the river. In March, Congress voted $25,000 for a harbor at Chicago, and on July 1 the work of construction was begun. By cutting a channel through the sandbar the river was afforded a direct outlet to the lake, and the work begun by the army engineers was completed in the spring of 1834 by the Des Plaines River, which sent its vernal flood down the Chicago with such force as to dredge the channel deep enough to permit the entrance of the heaviest vessels. Piers to north and south of the new river-mouth, extending five hundred feet into the lake, completed the work of the engineers, and for the first time shipping found safe and adequate anchorage at the south end of Lake Michigan.

The other event of importance in the expanding annals of Chicago was its incorporation as a village in August, 1833. At a preliminary election held on August 5 to elicit the will of the townsmen on the question, twelve votes had been cast in favor of the measure and only one in opposition. The negative vote was given by a man who lived up the South Branch, several miles away; on what theory he was permitted to participate in the election, contemporaries have neglected to enlighten us. Evidently the result of the preliminary election was a foregone conclusion, over which the majority of the electorate abstained from wasting valuable time. Far different was it in the election for town trustees, held five days later. The entire electorate, twenty-eight in number, came to the polls, and thirteen of them consented to appear in the role of candidates for office. The state law required at least 150 persons to form a corporate town, and it seems evident from this first election that Chicago's population was dangerously close to the minimum. The arrivals of 1833, however, were probably not eligible to vote.

The council and treaty held with the Potawatomi in the early autumn, one of the most picturesque events in Chicago's annals, brought together, in addition to several thou-

sand red men, a motley throng of white men, government officials, fur traders, claimants, speculators, and rogues of varying degree. In October occurred the sale at auction of the "school section," lying immediately south of the town plat and embracing the land between State and Halsted streets, extending southward from Madison to Roosevelt Road. This area embraces today the greater portion of Chicago's Loop, probably the most congested business district on the face of the globe. The intersection of State and Madison streets at its northeast corner is popularly supposed to be the busiest street corner on earth. The land had been subdivided into 144 blocks of approximately four acres each, and these were sold, mostly on credit, at an average price of $6.72 per acre.

The sum realized is said by one chronicler to have been "beyond expectations." Although the price paid marks a considerable advance over the $1.25 an acre paid at the land sale of 1830, it is evident that "expectations" were still far from extravagant with respect to Chicago real estate values. The blocks of the school section, cut up into lots, afforded, together with the canal lots in Section 9, the lots on which the speculative craze of 1835 and 1836 originally fed. As the mania grew, however, fresh "additions" were hastily platted and thrown on the market to feed the flame.

We may leave to the professional economist the task of expounding the forces which lead men periodically to embark upon an era of hopeful speculation with its inevitable aftermath of financial stagnation and despondency. Here it will suffice to note that the middle thirties saw the development of the wildest land craze the country has ever undergone, while 1837 ushered in perhaps its severest period of depression. At Chicago, the focal point of the western migration, the speculative mania raged with peculiar intensity. Throughout 1834 the tide of settlers thronged the town, and under this stimulating influence signs of a real estate boom became evident. Confined within reasonable bounds, such

a movement would have been justified by the substantial facts of the economic situation. But with the passing months legitimate business transactions gave place to frenzied speculation for its own sake. Numerous tales of individual experiences have been handed down to us by contemporaries, but the underlying spirit of the time is perhaps best illustrated by the story, reported in the first issue of Milwaukee's first newspaper, of this conversation between two Chicagoans:

"I say," inquired one of the gentlemen, "what did you give for your portrait?" "Twenty-five dollars," was the reply, "and I have been offered fifty for it."

Nor was the speculative mania confined to Chicago real estate. All around the shores of Lake Michigan, on every inlet and creek, and for scores of miles inland, town-sites were platted with enthusiastic zeal, and lots in them were bartered with eager abandon at ever-mounting prices. The pioneer historian of La Salle County relates that he set out some small apple trees on his farm, and stuck a stake in the ground by each tree to mark the location. A passing stranger soon stopped to inquire the name of the town he had laid out. On another occasion he called at a log cabin where half a dozen farmers were assembled. They had evidently been engaged in high speculation throughout the day, for one of them, addressing the newcomer, said with a complacent slap of the thigh, "I have made $10,000 today, and I will make twice as much tomorrow." From the further conversation it developed that he had been the least successful of the entire company.

The pretentious scale of these paper towns may be illustrated in the case of Kankakee City, at the junction of the Des Plaines and the Kankakee. In its palmiest day this metropolis never contained more than seventy inhabitants; yet its promoters had provided ten public squares, with parks and avenues enough to have afforded a fair nucleus for another New York City. The plat, with its many

"additions" covered 2000 acres, and in all the prominent centers of real estate speculation highly ornamented engravings of this city, beautiful with magnificent buildings and busy with the traffic of capacious warehouses and crowded wharves, were on display.

When, in 1837, the bubble burst it brought ruin to most of those who for a season had been reveling in paper fortunes. For many this meant little loss of real wealth, but merely a return to the status from which they had soared. An illustration may be seen in the case of John S. Wright, long a useful citizen of Chicago. He first landed here, a penniless boy of seventeen, in 1832. Four years later, still a minor, he was worth $200,000. The panic now ensued. Wright was unable to meet his extended obligations, and presently he was as penniless as in 1832. Some, shrewder or more fortunate than the majority, turned their profits into cash in advance of the collapse. Thus Arthur Bronson, of whose advent to Chicago we have already taken note, in the autumn of 1834 bought a tract owned by Captain (afterward General) David Hunter for $20,000. In the spring of 1835 he resold it to his friend, Charles Butler, for $100,000. Butler caused the tract to be subdivided, and offering it for sale within a month, realized the entire purchase price from one-third of the lots.

Although the panic brought ruin to numberless individuals, and stayed the growth of Chicago for a season, it was of no significance in the tale of the city's ultimate growth. The conditions determining that growth cannot be better stated than in Charles Butler's account, already noted, of the impressions he formed in 1833 with respect to the city's destiny. With paper fortunes vanishing like the morning mist, men awoke to a realization of the fact that something more than the art of the lithographer is requisite to the building of a city, and after a season of stagnation they bent themselves anew to the task.

The span of Chicago's existence as a village was four years,

CHICAGO AS SEEN FROM THE PRAIRIES IN 1845
Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from Morris' City Directory.

from the summer of 1833 to the spring of 1837. In this period the population increased from about 150 to 4170. The village fathers entered upon their duties with becoming gravity, one of their first public acts being the establishment of a free ferry across the river at Dearborn Street. A donation had been made by the state of certain lots in Section Nine to aid the new town, and a portion of these, set apart for a public square, still remains the seat of county and city government. On this square the first prison, a log structure, was erected the first autumn, and in November a code of ordinances for the government of the affairs of the village was adopted. The first financial obligation was incurred in October, 1834, when the sum of sixty dollars was borrowed to drain and otherwise improve State Street.

In the autumn of 1836, under the influence of the expansive ideas of the period, a movement was begun to secure from the legislature a charter for a city. It was successful, and on March 4, 1837, the change to the new form of government was made. Although the population was but little over 4000 the corporate limits of the new city were drawn to embrace substantially all of the territory between Twenty-second Street and North Avenue, extending westward from the lake to Wood Street, an area of ten square miles.

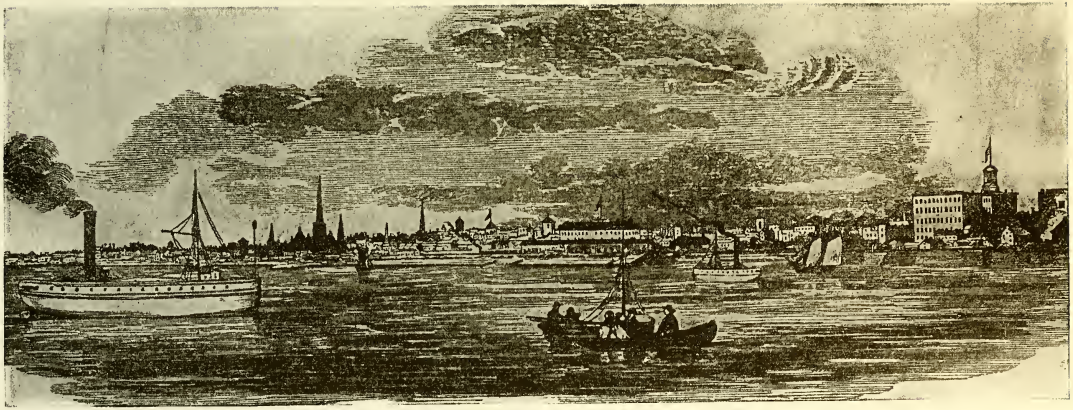
For three years, after its incorporation, the city stagnated. Vivid, indeed, are the recollections which contemporaries have put on record concerning this trying period. Of similar tenor is the evidence afforded by the census statistics of 1840. But 300 had been added to the population in the three-year period. The city now resumed its onward march, and in 1843 the census revealed a population of 7580, an increase in three years of 3100, or almost 70 per cent. Three more years saw the population of 1843 practically doubled, and in the ensuing four years it doubled again, the census figure of 1850 being 28,269. By 1853 this figure had considerably more than doubled, the three-year increase amounting to 32,400. The next four years

saw approximately the same increase and by 1857, the closing year of the period under review, Chicago had become a city of 93,000 souls.

In the light of more recent developments this figure does not seem particularly impressive. Yet all human values are relative in their importance, and the significance of the achievement of these two decades in increasing twenty-three fold the population with which the city had started out in 1837 can scarcely be over-emphasized. Thereby Chicago had become the giant of the Northwest, and had stamped the country west of Lake Michigan with the seal of her commercial supremacy.

The explanation of this achievement is not obscure or difficult. Commerce is the life blood of an industrial city like Chicago, and the city's highways are the arterial system through which it circulates. Eastward from Chicago stretched the waters of Lake Michigan, affording throughout nine months of the year a natural highway of unlimited capacity. Westward, in the beginning, the highways remained to be created, and it was apparent to all that the future of the city was dependent upon her success in making connection with the back country. The work of establishing this connection was begun within a few months after the laying out of the town site by Surveyor Thompson in 1830. It continued throughout the ensuing years until in time a series of radial highways stretched out from the city in all directions, affording connection with all points that lay within practicable distance of Chicago.

To trace in detail the evolution of these highways and describe the life that passed to and fro upon them will be the function of the succeeding chapters. The modern physician places a drop of blood under the microscope and from the examination of it derives important information with respect to his patient's welfare. Along Chicago's historic highways pulsated the commerce of the time, and from an examination of this traffic we may draw a remarkably vivid conception of the life of that bygone period.



CHICAGO AS SEEN FROM THE LAKE IN 1852

Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from the *Chicago Magazine*, March, 1857.

CHAPTER II

THE ROAD TO CHICAGO

WHEN, in the thirties, the dweller on the Atlantic seaboard began to listen to the call of the great West, the choice of route and of time for making the journey were among the matters most anxiously debated. Numerous guide books had been published, all with the purpose of affording the traveler needful information concerning the West and the several ways of reaching it, yet families preparing to migrate thither frequently sent out some member to spy out the land, before committing themselves to the momentous project.

In November, 1831, the editor of the *Illinois Monthly Magazine* published for the benefit of prospective immigrants to this state a collection of "hints" which afford the present-day historian, intent upon his task of reconstructing the life of that bygone period, no less enlightenment than they brought the contemporary reader for whose aid and comfort they were written. The season of the year for making the journey will depend, we learn, upon the mode of conveyance adopted. In springtime, west of the mountains, all natural roads are bad from the time when the ground thaws until warm weather; as for *artificial roads*, or turnpikes, these are so infrequent in the West as to afford but little aid in such a journey and the traveler should leave them entirely out of account in planning his migration.

In the spring-time the bottom lands along the rivers are overflowed, the channels of the streams are full, and travel in any direction is impeded, and at times wholly prevented, by high waters. Since "great channels of trade and intercourse" are not yet fixed, all roads are new. The population is increasing rapidly, and trade fluctuates from

one point to another, so that the courses of the roads are often changed before a permanent route is adopted. As a consequence, few roads in the western country are so fixed as to location as to have become beaten by travel or improved by art; and the traveler who ventures forth in the spring must expect to wade through mire and water ankle deep, knee deep, and "peradventure" deeper still.

But the same reasons make the spring the best season in which to travel by water. The streams are now swollen, the largest rising thirty to fifty feet above their low-water mark. Rocks, snags, and sawyers[1] are buried far beneath the surface, and the steamboat glides without interruption from place to place, ascending small rivers and finding its way to points far distant from the ordinary channels of navigation. Business becomes active, and the number of boats is increased to meet the demand; the traveler by water at this season meets with no delay, while "the hapless wight who bestrides an unlucky nag is wading through ponds and quagmires, enjoying the delights of log bridges and wooden causeways, and vainly invoking the name of McAdam as he plunges deeper and deeper into mire and misfortune."

Early in May the waters begin to subside, and for a short period the traveler may proceed in comfort, either by land or water. But this season is brief, and not to be relied upon other than by those who are on the ground and in readiness to take instant advantage of its propitious moments. It is like a cessation of arms in war, or a calm in the political world, when the demons of discord are on the fence, ready to pounce down upon the unsuspecting public on either side. If the spring has been a wet one, the roads are still miry, and the traveler who has been allured by the bright sun and brilliant flowers to forsake the steamboat, will find

[1] A "sawyer" was an uprooted tree, submerged in the channel of the river. Its jagged branches, capable of piercing the sides of the flimsily-constructed boats, constituted one of the deadliest menaces to the safety of river navigation.

the effects of winter "lingering in the lap of May." If, on the other hand, the spring has been unusually dry, the waters subside earlier than common, and travel by river becomes uncertain and precarious.

In the autumn, west of the mountains, there is ordinarily but little rain and the weather is mild and steady. The roads become dry and good; many of the smaller streams become entirely dry, while others are so diminished in volume as to render crossing them at the fording places a safe and easy matter. But few rivers can be navigated by steamboats at this season, while all roads are passable, and many in excellent condition.[1] Autumn, too, is the season of abundance, with ripe crops and fat cattle, when food may be cheaply and easily procured.

Those, therefore, who plan to come west by water should make the journey in the spring; those who elect to travel in stages or by their own conveyance should set out in September. As for midsummer, this season, like the winter, is objectionable on account of the inclemency of the weather. Considerations of both health and comfort unite to urge the immigrant to avoid both of these seasons. With good taverns to be found only on main roads and in large villages, he must expect to meet with hardships to which his life in the East has not accustomed him. Long stages must be made at times; the night's shelter may be a one-room cabin, filled to overflowing, or no house at all, with consequent exposure to the weather. At the best, the journey will prove a drain upon his energy and vitality; if made under the conditions either of winter or of midsummer this strain is needlessly increased. In spring the traveler is saved from both personal exertion and exposure to the weather; in autumn, the air is mild and salubrious, and such exposure is but little felt.

[1]The reader should not too hastily visualize, from these words, roads comparable to modern improved highways; the writer's adjectives are justified only from the relative viewpoint of the superiority of the prairie roads in autumn over their bottomless condition in springtime.

From this informant we learn that the most expeditious route for one setting out from Boston to Illinois ninety years ago was to journey by stage to Providence or New Haven; thence to New York by steamboat; from here to Philadelphia either by steamer or by stage; to Baltimore by steamboat, thence to Wheeling by stage over the National Road; down the Ohio by steamboat to Louisville, and thence by stage to Vandalia, or on to Shawneetown or to St. Louis by water. The route to Illinois by way of the Erie Canal and Lake, and thence across by connecting waterways to the Ohio River, was longer and more circuitous, but preferable to the foregoing when heavy freight must be transported. If an all-water route to Illinois was desired, the traveler might journey by sea to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi and the Illinois or other tributary to his ultimate destination. The cost of making the combined land and water journey from Philadelphia to St. Louis was estimated at $55, everything being provided. If one chose to take "deck passage," however, providing his own food and shelter, and indeed everything but the mere vehicle of transportation, the journey might be made for a considerably smaller sum.

These "hints" were written at a time when settlement was confined to the southern half of Illinois, and a traveler might journey from Peoria to Chicago without encountering a single human habitation other than those belonging to the red man. Our interest, however, is more largely concerned with the tide of settlement which began pouring into the new Northwest at the close of the Black Hawk War, coming chiefly from New England and the Middle Atlantic states across New York to Buffalo, and thence westward to Chicago and points beyond. It requires but a glance at the map to disclose that to these immigrants to the West the choice of traveling either by water or land was open. If they elected to make the journey by water, as did most aliens, whose landing port was New York, as

well as many residents of the seaboard states, the route from New York City was by steamboat up the Hudson to Albany, and thence across New York by canal-boat to Buffalo. Here the chain of the Upper Lakes, stretching away for a thousand miles and more, offered the immigrant an unbroken, albeit circuitous water passage to Chicago. If he chose to make the journey by land, the Genesee Turnpike, evolved from the old Iroquois Trail of the red man, afforded a thoroughfare leading across New York to Buffalo approximately parallel to the Erie Canal. Westward from Buffalo the road ran along the south shore of Lake Erie, and across southern Michigan and northern Indiana to the fast-rising city at the forks of the Chicago.

In actual practice, western travelers made up numerous variations and combinations of these two main highways to Chicago. Those coming from New England struck the main thoroughfare at Albany, while settlers from points farther west, in southern New York, western Pennsylvania, or Ohio, made connection with it at such points as might be most convenient. These minor streams of travel were not unlike the tributaries of a river system, which sooner or later mingled their current with that of the great parent stream pouring westward from Albany to Chicago. Some made connection with it at Buffalo, others at some point in Ohio, across which state ran several highways connecting the Ohio River with Lake Erie. One great affluent, indeed, the Michigan Road, entered the parent stream only at Michigan City, scarce fifty miles from Chicago. Starting at Madison, on the Ohio River, it crossed the entire state of Indiana from south to north, affording a highway over which thousands of settlers from Virginia and Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina, made their way to the region west of Lake Michigan. At Indianapolis it crossed the great National Road, diverting thus a portion of the stream of migration along this thoroughfare northward through the Chicago gateway. Still another thoroughfare across Indiana

ran from Louisville northwest to old Vincennes on the Wabash, and thence onward to Terre Haute, where it struck the National Road as did the Michigan Road at Indianapolis. From Vincennes or Terre Haute the settler might pursue his way due north to Chicago or westward into Illinois and the trans-Mississippi region.

For those immigrants who availed themselves of the water route at all, Buffalo was the great port of embarkation. Once afloat on the Lakes, most travelers continued by water until they reached Chicago;[1] but the journey across Lake Huron and Michigan was long and frequently stormy, and many preferred to avoid it by landing at Monroe or Detroit and making their way by land across southern Michigan and northern Indiana. If this phase of the journey was begun at Monroe, the traveler followed the highway known as the La Plaisance Bay Road to its junction with the great Chicago Road running from Detroit to Chicago. Still a final variation in the route remains to be noted, for early in the thirties was opened the highway known as the Territorial Road, crossing Michigan from Detroit to St. Joseph by way of Ann Arbor, Jackson, and Kalamazoo.[2] Arrived at St. Joseph, the traveler crossed the lake to Chicago in a schooner or (later) steamboat plying between these points; while those who followed the Chicago Road to Niles sometimes abandoned it here in favor of a passage by boat down the St. Joseph and thence across the lake.

The history of travel on the Great Lakes would in itself afford material for an interesting volume. The first vessel other than the bark canoe of the red man to plow the waters of the Upper Lakes was the tiny sailboat launched by the redoubtable La Salle in 1679, within sound of the thunder of Niagara, to be used in prosecuting the fur trade. La Salle's

[1]Many, destined for Wisconsin points, landed at Milwaukee or some other Wisconsin port. But the great line of lake travel was between Buffalo, and Chicago, and many, even of those who expected to find homes in Wisconsin, terminated their lake voyage at Chicago.

[2]The present track of the Michigan Central Railroad is substantially identical with this route as far west as Niles.

Griffin sailed as far as Green Bay, but on the return journey to Niagara with her maiden cargo, vessel and crew alike vanished from human ken. Thus began, with the first sailboat on the Upper Lakes, the still-lengthening role of maritime tragedies which characterizes the navigation of these inland seas. Through the French and British periods and into the nineteenth century, tiny successors of the *Griffin* continued to sail the lakes in slowly increasing numbers, catering to the wants of the fur trade and the remote interior garrisons.

The advent of steam-propelled vessels, which closely coincided with the building of the Erie Canal, marked the opening of a new era in the navigation of the lakes, and in the development of their tributary regions. Although the earlier steamboats were but small and of poor construction, and equipped with engines so feeble as to be unable at times to breast the current of the western rivers or tempests on the lakes,[1] they nevertheless signalized the advent of a power which ignored the vagaries of the wind, and given stouter vessels and more powerful engines, would ignore the violence of the tempest as well. Travel on the lakes became, for the first time, a matter of reasoned calculation and men laid their plans for a journey with fair assurance of completing it according to schedule.

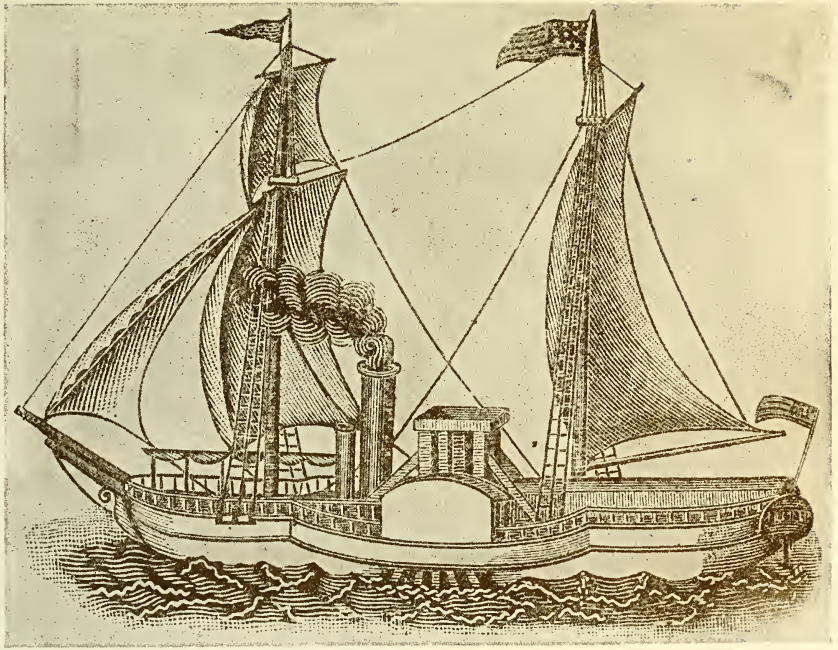
The first steamboat to make its appearance on Lake Erie was the *Walk-in-the-Water* in 1818—named not with reference to its rate of progress, but in honor of an Indian chief. Probably no government inspector could be found today so venial or with standards so lenient as to permit the *Walk-in-the-Water* to navigate on a mill-pond; yet for

[1]Ludicrous stories abound in the narratives of travelers concerning the construction and operation of early western steamboats. The steamer *Catfish*, which plied the placid Illinois in 1836, was capable of attaining a speed of "six miles an hour down stream." The boat had acquired its singularly unpoetic name from the close resemblance of its bow—having no deck forward and with hold exposed to the elements—to the mouth of a catfish. Noah M. Ludlow, pioneer western dramatist, tells of a steamboat journey up the Cumberland River in 1822, whereon after repeated vain attempts to breast the current the captain at length procured the aid of two yoke of oxen, and the vessel under combined steam and bull-power moved triumphantly on her way.

several years, until she finally foundered, this tiny vessel, plying between Buffalo and Detroit, was the only steamboat on the Upper Lakes. Not until 1827 did a steamboat enter Lake Michigan, and five years more elapsed before one reached the head of the lake.

The first steamers that ever made the port of Chicago were those composing the tiny fleet which bore General Scott's army westward to the scene of the Black Hawk War in the summer of 1832. Strictly speaking there was then no "port" to make, since the bar precluded entrance into the river, and the vessels anchored in the open lake, the passengers and baggage being transferred to land in rowboats. The following year, however, saw the beginning of a harbor at Chicago, coincident with the setting in of the first great tide of immigration. Lake traffic, like all things else connected with Chicago, rapidly increased, and new vessels were put in service to meet the ever-rising demand for shipping. For many years, however, the demand continued to outrun the supply; sailing vessels continued to transport the larger part of the freight on the lakes, and even much of the passenger traffic.

As trade and travel increased, contemporary observers found the resources of the language inadequate to afford expression to the feelings of admiration and amazement excited by the spectacle of the scores of freighters and "palatial" passenger boats which vexed the blue waters of the lakes. For several years Chicago had no appreciable export trade, and vessels eastward bound resorted to the sand of the lakeshore for ballast. With the filling up of the interior, however, and the development of a system of radial highways giving it access to Chicago, was begun the process which in less than a generation was to make the city the greatest provision market, and one of the greatest ports, on the globe. Ten years after the first export statistics were recorded at Chicago in 1836, there were 1,400 departures of vessels from the harbor in a single season, while fifty



THE *WALK-IN-THE-WATER*, FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE UPPER LAKES
There is no authentic picture of the *Walk-in-the-Water*. The one here shown is from a drawing made for the bills of lading printed for the vessel. Reproduced by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society.

years after the coming of the first steamboat there were over 26,000 arrivals and clearances of vessels, a number greatly in excess of the totals for San Francisco, New Orleans, and New York combined.

Although western steamboats were characterized, in the florid newspaper allusions of the time, by such adjectives as "palatial" and "magnificent," the emigrant who entrusted himself and family to their custody encountered a multitude of hazards and discomforts unknown to the present generation. In particular, to the numerous ills of sailboat travel, was added the new and ever-present menace of destruction by fire. With no government inspection either of the construction or the operation of steamboats, the natural greed of unrestrained competition on the part of builders and operators alike, led to disasters of appalling magnitude and frequency. To elucidate the complaisance of the long-suffering public under the accumulated hazards and ills to which all who traveled on the lakes were exposed would afford the theme for an interesting study; more significant is it here to note, however, that on occasion even the easy-going good nature of the age of Jacksonian democracy revolted, and a numerously signed "card" would appear in some paper published at the port where the voyage terminated, retailing to the public the woes experienced on the passage from the misconduct of the captain, or the miserable character of the vessel.

Whatever their starting point might be, all land highways leading toward Chicago converged sooner or later upon the great thoroughfare between Detroit and Chicago familiarly known as the "Chicago Road," which constituted, in effect, an extension of the Erie Canal and the Genesee Pike. The latter, projected west from Buffalo across northern Ohio, crossed the Maumee River at Perrysburg. From this point one route led northward to Monroe and Detroit, and another northwestward through Tecumseh to a junction with the Chicago Road. The portion of this

road through western Ohio was known as the Western Reserve and Maumee Pike. Beyond Perrysburg the road ran through the famous Black Swamp, which covered much of northwestern Ohio. This portion of the route was a source of terror to travelers for many years, until at length a macadamized highway was built through the swamp. In the days before this improvement, the thrifty inhabitants of the locality turned the misfortunes of the emigrants to their personal profit by providing relief to travelers who became stalled in the successive "mudholes." So extensive did this industry become, that certain landlords equipped themselves with extra yokes of oxen with which to extend such assistance, and the rights of residents to the "mudhole" nearest them were mutually recognized. It is even recorded that one tavernkeeper, who had long exercised undisputed control over one particularly fine "mudhole," which he had cultivated with particular care for the profit it brought him, offered his interest for sale on preparing to leave the country, and actually found a purchaser for his self-created franchise.

The beginning of the story of the Chicago Road is lost in the mists of antiquity. Like most great American thoroughfares, it was originally marked out by the red men, if not, indeed, by the buffalo. From time immemorial an Indian trail had passed southward from Green Bay to Chicago, and on around the head of Lake Michigan to Detroit. Another, known in later years as the Great Sauk Trail, passed eastward across Illinois from the Mississippi to the head of Lake Michigan, effecting a junction with the trail from Chicago as it rounded the head of the lake. At Parc aux Vaches—the cowpens—near the modern city of Niles, where the Sauk Trail crossed the St. Joseph River, numerous important trails focused. One ran southward from the ancient Ottawa town of L'Arbre Croche above Little Traverse Bay; another, from Saginaw Bay southwestward across the state of Michigan. Still another came in from

Fort Wayne — the Kekionga of the red man — which was in its turn the focus of a widespreading system of trails.

Over the Great Sauk Trail for unnumbered generations bands of red men had trooped in single file, intent on missions of peace or of arms, until with the passage of time they had beaten a narrow pathway deep in the soil. From the time of the earliest French occupation of the interior the traders had utilized it, La Salle being probably the first white man to pass this way. After the establishment of military garrisons at Fort Wayne and Chicago, the trails between these places and Detroit acquired a new importance for the white man. Over them passed the earliest postmen in the Northwest, soldiers carrying the meager mails or official dispatches, between the several posts. Schoolcraft, who was at Chicago, in 1820, describes the trail, from the point where it left the lake shore at the mouth of Chemin River,[1] as a "plain horse path, which is considerably traveled by traders, hunters, and others." He added that numerous cross paths intersected it, leading to different Indian villages, so that a stranger could not follow it without the services of a guide.

The Chicago Road, like many another western thoroughfare, was originally developed as a military highway connecting the forts at Detroit and Chicago. By the treaty negotiated at Chicago in 1821 with the allied tribes of Chippewa, Ottawa, and Potawatomi, the government acquired the right to construct and use a road through the Indian country from both Detroit and Fort Wayne to Chicago. By an act of April 30, 1824 Congress authorized President Monroe to have made such surveys and plans of routes, of roads and canals as he might deem of national importance from either a commercial or a military point of view, or needful for transporting the mails. To carry out this work the sum of $30,000 was placed at his disposal. Among the

[1]Chemin River—the river of the road—was called by the English, Trail Creek. It empties into the lake at Michigan City, Indiana.

routes which the President selected for survey was the one from Detroit to Chicago, and one-third of the entire appropriation was apportioned to it.

The actual survey was begun from the Detroit end in 1825. The engineer in charge began the work on the plan of running the road on nearly straight lines. He soon found, however, that this plan, which entailed cutting a vista for his compass through the dense timber, and spending much time in searching out good routes and eligible river crossings, would entail a far larger expenditure than the sum at his disposal. He therefore hit upon the expedient of following the ancient Indian trail. From certain points of view this was an excellent plan, since the red men, in laying out the trail, had in general avoided the worst marshes and sought out the best fording places. They had also traversed the most attractive prairies to be found in southern Michigan, so that when settlers began to come west along the Chicago Road they found the choicest places for settlement lying directly upon the great interior highway.

But the trail, viewed as a thoroughfare for the white man, had one great drawback; time was of no particular consequence to the Indian and he wasted no energy in removing natural obstacles from his pathway, preferring to go around them. The ancient Chicago trail was, therefore, a highly sinuous pathway, and if the tales of the pioneers are to be credited the survey of the Chicago Road followed its sinuosities with almost meticulous fidelity. Thus, it is described by one who came in boyhood to settle with his parents upon it as "stretching itself by devious and irregular windings" from east to west, looking, when viewed from some eminence, "like a huge serpent, lazily pursuing its onward course, utterly unconcerned as to its destination."

From Detroit the Chicago Road passed westward up the main channel of the River Rouge and along its southern branch to Ypsilanti in Washtenaw County. Here it turned to the southwest, passing through the village of Saline and

on to the crossing of the River Raisin at Clinton, near the border of Lenawee County. From Lenawee the road passed into Hillsdale County near its northern boundary, running due west to the village of Moscow and thence southwestwardly through Jonesville to Coldwater in central Branch County. From here, still bearing to the south, the road crossed Bronson Prairie and Township, and shortly after entering St. Joseph County came within three miles of the Indiana line. From this point to Bertrand on the St. Joseph, a distance of fifty miles, sinuosities aside, the route kept a due westerly course, passing through the villages of Sherman, White Pigeon, Mottville, Adamsville, and Edwardsburg. A few miles west of Bertrand the road crossed the state line and traversed the northwest corner of St. Joseph County, Indiana. Entering La Porte County, it passed southwestward through the famous Door Prairie to La Porte, and thence on to the lake shore at Michigan City. From this point it followed the beach the remaining sixty miles to Chicago.

Although the government survey of the Chicago Road was begun in 1825, the transformation of the Indian trail into a highway for civilized travel was made only gradually with the settlement of the adjoining country. Not until 1832 was the survey completed through western Michigan, but a semi-weekly stage had been running out of Detroit to Ypsilanti and Tecumseh as early as 1830. In 1832 the stage line was extended to Niles, the trip between this place, and Detroit being made, when no mishaps were encountered, in three days' time. This was the year both of the cholera and the Black Hawk War, and in consequence of these twin scourges settlement and travel along the Chicago Road were much retarded. With the increased migration which set in the following year, however, stage facilities between Detroit and Chicago underwent a marked development. A tri-weekly line of stages between Detroit and Niles was established, with Concord coaches and stage wagons, and

changes of teams at the end of every twelve or fifteen-mile section. In September, stage service was established for the first time between Chicago and Niles. We are fortunate in having the narratives of two English travelers who went through on the first stage, each of whom went home and wrote a book upon his American experiences. So deep was the impression made upon each by the vicissitudes of the journey from Niles to Chicago that their narration occupies no inconsiderable portion of each volume.

In 1834, the various interests engaged in operating stages upon the Chicago Road were consolidated under the name of the Western Stage Company, with headquarters at Detroit. The route was soon parceled out into sections, and the western portion, between Jonesville and Chicago, placed under the superintendency of William Graves, with headquarters at Niles. Travel had increased so much by 1835 that daily stages were run from Chicago to Detroit, and travelers were compelled to make reservations in advance in order to secure seats. So great was the pressure that places in the coaches became an object of speculation. Later in the season a double daily was put on the road, and in addition to this service "extra" wagons were often called into requisition to transport the throngs of passengers.

Of the stream of settlers which poured westward over the famous old highway from 1833 onward, interesting glimpses have been preserved in the journals of certain travelers of the time. The Chicago Road was at this period one of the great thoroughfares of the country, and the migration which poured along it into the newer West was no less significant or picturesque than that which at a somewhat later period was to immortalize the Oregon Trail. Some indication of its volume may be gained from the figures given us by Amos A. Parker, who in 1834 made a tour from New Hampshire west to Chicago and southward to Texas. He records that 80,000 western immigrants embarked from the port of Buffalo alone that season; no exact figures could be given

of the number who continued the journey by land along the south shore of Lake Erie, but an observer informed the writer that he had counted 250 wagons in a single day. This statement finds support in the record of a pioneer who settled at Jonesville in 1836 that "a line of wagons almost continuous" passed through the village daily.

The first real improvement of the Chicago Road came with the establishment of stage coach service upon it. This, as we have seen, was begun at the Detroit end of the line in 1830, and gradually extended westward to Chicago in the autumn of 1833. To fulfill their contracts for carrying the mail the contractors must send the stages through, and they consequently made such minimum improvements as were calculated to insure this result. The comfort of the passengers was, of course, quite another matter; not even the most enthusiastic optimist would have ventured to underwrite this.

As late as December, 1836, a Detroit paper described the oldest-settled portion of the road lying between that city and Ypsilanti, as resembling at times the route of a retreating army, "so great is the number of wrecks of different kinds which it exhibits." Six months earlier than this, in June, 1836, the talented English writer, Harriet Martineau, had traveled from Detroit to Chicago, making the journey in an "extra" supplied by the stage company for the use of her party. As soon as they entered the woods outside Detroit the road became "as bad as roads ever are." Soon something snapped, and the driver of the vehicle cried out that they were "broke to bits." Repairs were made, and the stage proceeded, only to encounter a second breakdown before noon. "Juggernaut's car," observes the author, "would have been 'broke to bits' on such a road."

Jonesville was reached on the second day, with no mishap more serious than running over a hog in the road. But the road the third day between Jonesville and Sturgis Prairie, proved "more deplorable than ever." The passengers

were several times compelled to leave the coach while it passed the more dangerous places, and these quagmires were, naturally, the places most difficult for pedestrians to negotiate. "Such slipping and sliding; such looks of despair from the middle of a pond; such shifting of logs, and carrying of planks, and handing along the fallen trunks of trees" as ensued, might well have discouraged any traveler less persistent than Miss Martineau.

From Detroit to Michigan City the country through which the Chicago Road passed presented the usual alternation of woodland and prairie, whose deep rich soil held much of promise to the farmer, but of woe to the traveler. From Michigan City, where the road gained the shore of Lake Michigan, to Chicago the character of the highway was completely changed. Nature has made of this section of the Lake Michigan shore line a vast accumulation of sand hills, whose plant life and geological formations combine to produce an environment of peculiar character and interest. The ancient trail clung to the sandy shore of the lake all the way from Michigan City to Chicago, and for some years this was the route of the Chicago Road. Viewed as a highway, its character varied with changing weather conditions, from that of a splendid boulevard to the most exhausting and tedious roadbed known to civilized travel. "While we kept at the water's edge," records an immigrant of 1834, "with gentle swells rolling in among the horses' feet, the wheels of our stage would hardly leave a mark on the wet sand, while fifty feet inland the dry sand was nearly impassable." "After a northwest storm," relates another pioneer, "when the sand was packed by the waves, the drive was just splendid; but when the sand was dry and loose it was just horrible. A good team would make the distance [from Michigan City to Chicago] in six hours when the way was all right, and it was a six days' good drive when the way was all wrong."

How quickly it might on occasion change from one condi-

tion to the other is graphically revealed in Charles Fenno Hoffman's narration of a trip to Chicago in December, 1833. Near Michigan City the exhausted horses proved unable longer to pull the stage-coach and the travelers, despairing at length of making further progress with the vehicle, abandoned it and mounted the horses. They gained the lake shore just at sunset, and the horses sank to the fetlocks in the deep sand, compelling them to proceed as close to the water's edge as possible. Before long, however, the beach for twenty yards from the surf was frozen hard as stone, so that "the finest macadamized road in the world" would not compare with it. Over this magnificent highway, lighted by the stars of heaven, the travelers rapidly galloped the intervening miles to their destination for the night.

Apparently the way was more often "all wrong" than right, however, for before many years the stage abandoned the beach in favor of a route by way of Baillytown, Thornton, and Blue Island. On both the beach route and the newer one the crossing of the Calumet River was a point of much concern to travelers. The river itself was unfordable but where it debouched into the lake the combined action of river and lake currents had caused a sandbar to be built up beneath the water of the lake on which it was possible for a driver who knew the way to pass around the mouth of the stream. Since the location of the bar was continually shifting, however, and since strangers could not in any event be familiar with it, this excursion into the waters of Lake Michigan was always an adventure of no slight consequence.

Of one such passage made in the spring of 1835 by a youth of nineteen years, a vivid recollection was retained for more than half a century. The narrator of the incident had fallen in with a Virginian en route to Illinois with a prairie schooner which contained, in addition to material trappings, his wife and numerous daughters. They had never seen a large body of water before, and gratefully accepted our pioneer's

offer of assistance in passing the mouth of the Calumet. His wagon, drawn by oxen, was first driven successfully over its dangerous course. When it came the turn of the Virginian's wagon, however, the women begged the guide to draw nearer the shore. In response to their pleadings he precipitated them into the very danger they sought to avoid, for the bar was formed at the point where the river current lost its force, and the course of safety lay well out in the lake away from the mouth of the river. Veering in too close, the wheels sank in the softer sand near the river and wagon and freight were stalled. Into the water to his armpits plunged the guide, an extra yoke of oxen was attached, and the wagon with its cargo of panic-stricken women was pulled safely to shore.

When the stage road was moved inland from the lake shore, about the year 1837, it crossed the Calumet on a bridge of such wondrous construction that memories of its passage were stamped indelibly on the minds of the pioneers. The structure was over sixty rods long, built of poles throughout. Cribs were built of poles for piers, poles were used for stringers, and small poles and split timbers were laid across these to form the floor. One pioneer, familiar with the lake passage around the mouth of the river, had far more fear of the "ever-to-be-remembered-by-those-who-crossed-it" bridge. The effect produced upon travelers by the first sight of the structure is sufficiently indicated in the simple record that they commonly walked across it, rather than ride over in the vehicle. On one occasion a woman and young child came along, and just before reaching the bridge encountered a hornet's nest. The maddened horses dashed over the crazy, swaying structure at full speed, while the woman, unable to check them, in some way managed to place the child on the bottom of the wagon and holding it down with her feet to save it from being jolted overboard, clung grimly to the reins throughout her perilous ride. To the chronicler it seemed that a special Providence must have intervened to save the couple from destruction.

The Chicago Road was the first highway in the Northwest to yield to the advance of the iron horse, which was shortly to relegate the stage coach to oblivion. Across the ocean George Stephenson in 1829 had made his famous trial trip with the "Rocket" on the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, and in the autumn of 1830 the first regular railway passenger service in the world was established by this line. Within a year and a half from this time the territorial legislature of Michigan granted a charter for the construction of a railroad from Port Lawrence (now Toledo) northwestward to the village of Adrian, and thence to some point on the Kalamazoo River. The road was to be known as the Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad, and the charter permitted the use of animals, locomotives, or any other force as a motive power.

For several years after the granting of the charter the project slumbered, but in 1836 ten miles of line were put in operation and the following year twenty-three miles more, completing the road as far as Adrian. Until August, 1837, horses supplied the motive power on this, the first railroad of the Northwest. Then a locomotive which had been contracted for in the East was put in operation, and some time later a second engine was procured.

The equipment and operation of this first western railroad bore but a remote resemblance to the railways of the twentieth century. The engines were about twenty horsepower, and six cars of two tons capacity made a good-sized train. The first passenger coach was a three-compartment affair of twenty-four passenger capacity, whose appearance somewhat resembled a dwelling house of gothic design. The engine was a wood burner with an enormous stack, its fuel being procured from the forests adjoining the right of way and its water from the wayside ditches. The track was ironed with flat bars, known as "strap rail." The ends of these, torn from the stringers by the passing wheels, were not infrequently projected upwards through the bottom

West, Michigan, Chicago, and Wisconsin Territory"—running, of course, over the Chicago Road. Although the panic of 1837 brought financial embarrassment to the road, its demonstrated success as a carrier of passengers and commerce spurred the business men of Detroit to emulate the example set them by residents of Adrian and Port Lawrence, and in February, 1838, the first train ran from Detroit to Ypsilanti over a track which has since evolved into the Michigan Central Railroad.

Meanwhile, in March, 1837, under the urge of the internal improvement craze of the time, the legislature had made provision for no less than three railroad lines across the infant state, a "southern," a "central," and a "northern," road. The "central," whose opening as far as Ypsilanti we have already noted, was to cross the state on the line of the Territorial Road to its western terminus at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. The southern road was to run from Monroe on Lake Erie to New Buffalo on Lake Michigan. Work on these several lines was begun hopefully enough, but the financial crisis which soon ensued involved almost endless delay and difficulty. On the last day of the year 1840, notwithstanding, the southern line ran its first train into Adrian.

In May, 1842, the state commission, which had operated the road thus far, placed a superintendent in charge of it. He proved to be an efficient executive, who brought about a material improvement in the condition of the road. Upon taking charge he found the line in possession of two locomotives, three passenger cars, and a number of freight cars. He succeeded in establishing direct steamboat connections between Buffalo and Monroe, and promptly put forth, for the beguilement of travelers, an expansive advertisement of the "most direct, expeditious, and safest" route for passengers to Indiana, Illinois, and other western points. In September, 1843, the line was opened to Hillsdale, and to care for the increased traffic additional cars and a third

engine were purchased. Until this time the passenger cars in use were built on the plan of the cars first used on the Erie and Kalamazoo, having four compartments in each of which were two seats facing each other, with room for four persons in a seat. The compartment was entered by a side door, and had a running board along each side, along which the conductor walked when engaged in collecting tickets. The new cars were built on the general plan of modern passenger coaches, being open from end to end, and having seats on either side of a central aisle.

Hillsdale continued for several years to be the western terminus of the road, and from this point travelers for the West must still proceed by stage or other conveyance over the Chicago Road. In 1846, the state, sick of its experiment with railway ownership and operation, authorized the sale of the southern line, and in December it passed under the control of a private corporation. Under its auspices the road finally entered Chicago in the spring of 1852. Although some settlers still continued to come West over the Chicago Road, its traffic henceforth was chiefly local. As a national thoroughfare, with the building of the railroads it passed into history.

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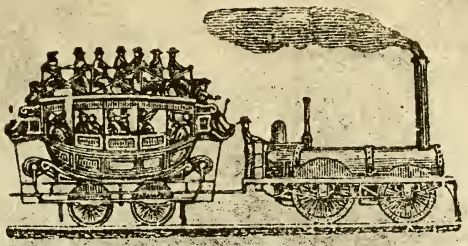

TO EMIGRANTS AND TRAVELERS.

The Erie and Kalamazoo Railroad is now in full operation between

TOLEDO AND ADRIAN.

During the ensuing season trains of cars will run daily to Adrian, there connecting with a line of Stages for the West, Michigan City, Chicago and Wisconsin Territory.

Emigrants and others destined for Indiana, Illinois and the Western part of Michigan

Will Save Two Days

and the corresponding expense, by taking this route in preference to the more lengthened, tedious and expensive route heretofore traveled.

All baggage at the risk of the owners.

EDWARD BISSELL, }
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A. HUGHES, Superintendent Western Stage Company.

AN EARLY ADVERTISEMENT OF THE ERIE AND KALAMAZOO RAILROAD
The cut of the passenger coach is purely conventional, being modeled after the earlier stage coach. The coaches actually used on this road are shown in the following illustration.

CHAPTER III

THE VINCENNES TRACE

THE birth of modern Chicago in 1833 was directly occasioned by the tide of settlement which poured westward by way of the Great Lakes in the years immediately subsequent to the opening of the Erie Canal. But the earliest advance of white settlement into the Chicago area was made by men of southern birth and lineage, who about the close of the War of 1812 began pouring into the valley of the upper Wabash. To them we are indebted for the most picturesque and colorful chapter in the life of early Chicago, and from the traffic which they carried on have come the names of two of the city's most famous streets.

When, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the French took possession of the interior of the continent, one of their main routes of communication between Canada and Louisiana ran from Detroit by way of the Maumee, the Wabash, and the Ohio to the lower Mississippi. To hold this against the encroaching English traders, and to maintain their influence over the native tribes, a line of posts situated at strategic points along the route was early established. On a beautiful site 160 miles above the mouth of the Wabash was located the post of Vincennes, and this became, in the course of half a century, a considerable town, ranking with Detroit and Kaskaskia as one of the chief centers of French influence in the interior of the continent.

When New France fell, in 1763, there began for Vincennes a period of decline, but the glory of the place had not yet departed. When, in the Revolution, George Rogers Clark laid his plans for the conquest of the Northwest, it was his first desire to march directly against Vincennes, but conscious of his inability to take the place by direct

attack, he turned his course against the Illinois towns. These having been taken, and the French inhabitants won over to the American cause, Vincennes yielded itself voluntarily to the invaders. A few months later Governor Hamilton of Detroit descended the Wabash with 500 British and Indian allies, and the Union Jack floated once more over Vincennes. Upon learning the news of this disaster, Clark led his tiny army, consisting largely of French settlers, across Illinois in midwinter and suddenly appearing before Vincennes captured the British fort, to the great delight of the townsmen. Governor Hamilton was consigned to a Virginia dungeon as a reward for his inhuman treatment of the Americans, and Vincennes passed permanently under American control. Thus in the distant valley of the Wabash, at a point remote from the English settlements, was performed a feat which completely broke up the British plans for the campaign of 1779, saving the sorely-pressed American cause and gaining the Old Northwest for the United States in the Treaty of Paris of 1783.

Under American domination Vincennes attained a new importance. In June, 1790, following the organization of the Northwest Territory, the county of Knox was created with Vincennes as the county seat. Knox County ran from the Ohio River on the south to Canada on the north, embracing, in addition to all of modern Indiana, large portions of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Most of this region was a wilderness, of course, inhabited only by the Indians.

On July 4, 1800, Indiana Territory came into existence with Vincennes as its capital. It included, besides the modern state, all of Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Under the vigorous rule of Governor William Henry Harrison, Vincennes was for years the chief center of governmental activity in the Northwest. Here was waged the long contest with the great Tecumseh, who had established his Indian Utopia at the mouth of Tippecanoe Creek, 150 miles

up the Wabash from Vincennes. Repeatedly during the years of controversy Tecumseh led his followers down the Wabash to pour into the ears of the Governor his scorn and defiance of the white man. Yet the latter held steadily to his course, which was to eventuate not only in war with the red men but with Great Britain as well. In the autumn of 1811 Harrison took the field against the tribesmen. Advancing up the Wabash, he built Fort Harrison on the site of Terre Haute, after which the natives were overthrown in the bloody battle of Tippecanoe. It was the opening stroke in a war which was to involve the red men in permanent ruin and give to the United States undisputed control over the Northwest. To Tecumseh the conflict brought a fallen people and a nameless grave; to Harrison, the presidency of the United States. Of more immediate interest to our story, the crushing of the Indian tribes opened the valley of the Wabash to the settlers, and with the close of the War of 1812 they began to take possession of it.

"Over the trail of the savage passes the foot of the white man and civilization dawns." So it was with the settlers who passed into the valley of the Wabash and thence onward to the Kankakee and the Des Plaines. From the falls of the Ohio, across southern Indiana to Vincennes ran the famous Buffalo Trace, which had been marked out and trodden broad and hard by the countless herds of buffalo which made their seasonal migrations from the Grand Prairie of Illinois to the salt-licks and blue grass meadows of Kentucky. Another Indian path ran due south from Vincennes, reaching the Ohio River where now is the foot of Main Street in the city of Evansville. From Shawneetown, farther down the Ohio, a trail led northward up the valley of the Wabash. There were, of course, still other routes by which the Indians passed from the Ohio to the Wabash, and the latter river was itself a natural highway, traversed by the red man and the trader in canoes and by the white man in flatboats, broadhorns, and steamboats.

The Vincennes Trace was in reality a thoroughfare from the Wabash to Chicago. From Vincennes, its southern terminus, an ancient trail led northward through eastern Illinois to the salt springs of the Vermilion, where the city of Danville has grown up. From here it continued northward, keeping in general to the higher ground which separated the streams flowing into the Wabash from the tributaries of the Illinois. Other trails led up the Wabash from Vincennes to the old Wea towns near the site of modern Lafayette, and on to the Miami stronghold of Kekionga, the site of modern Fort Wayne. From the Kickapoo Falls of the Wabash, near Williamsport, Indiana, an important Potawatomi trail ran northward through Benton and Warren Counties, entering Illinois near the town of Sheldon, Iroquois County. Here it united with the trail from Vincennes to Chicago by way of Danville, which in the pioneer period came to be known as the Hubbard Trace. At Parish's Grove, in Benton County, Indiana, the main Potawatomi trail was joined by a feeder which came from the Wea towns. In the years when the lordly Potawatomi held sway over the region around the south end of Lake Michigan, this trail was a thoroughfare of much importance to the nation. Running the whole length of the Potawatomi domain, from Lake Michigan to the Wabash, it served to unite all the villages in this region, led directly to the great fishing and hunting grounds of the Iroquois and the Kankakee, and connected the different bands with the trading-post at Chicago on the north and with the ancient Wabash trade centers of Ouiatanon and Vincennes on the south.

The red man left no record of his travels, other than the marks made by his feet in the soil in passing, and for a picture of the life of the old trail we must depend largely upon the imagination. Over it, undoubtedly, passed the Wea war bands to Chicago in 1715, stirred up by the French to aid in the proposed extermination of the Foxes of Wisconsin. The hopeful enterprise totally miscarried, but a

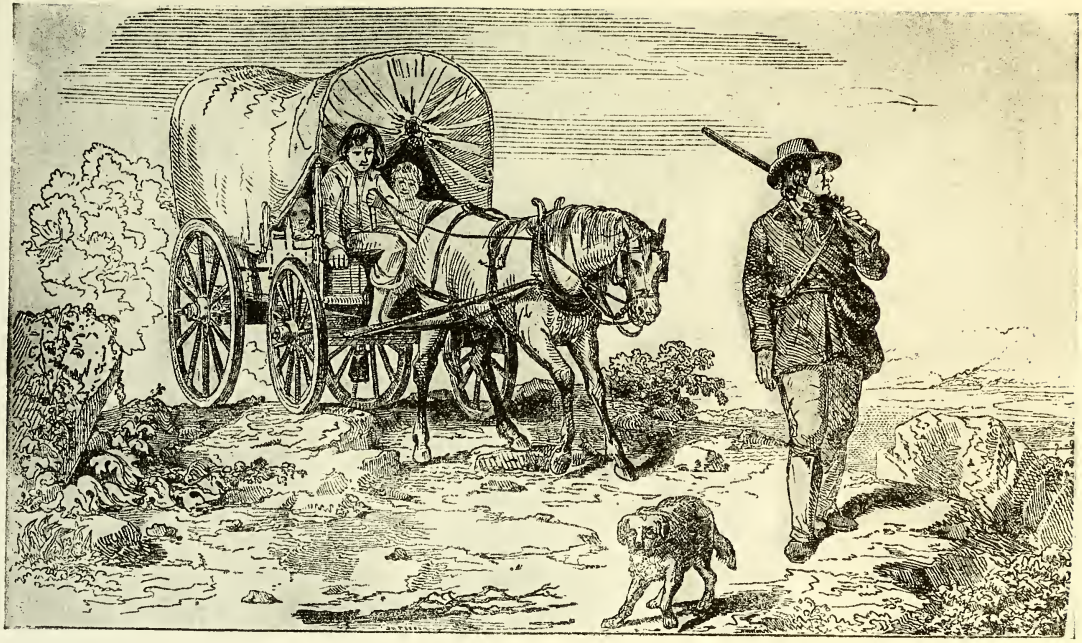
few years later, in 1730, warriors from the Wabash participated in the great siege and destruction of the Foxes by the French and their red allies in the vicinity of Starved Rock. An expedition of different character over the ancient trace was that of Captain Heald of Fort Dearborn, who in the spring of 1811 brought his charming bride on horseback through the wilderness from Kentucky to Chicago. In the rooms of the Historical Society one still may see the little trunk in which Rebekah Heald transported her wedding finery and personal treasures on this journey. With the bride came Black Cicely, her slave girl, only to die beneath the tomahawk in the massacre of 1812. For that occasion the Potawatomi, knowing the hated foe was at last in their power, gathered with eager feet from over all their widespread territory. Most implacable of all were the Wabash bands, who hastened northward with utmost speed along the ancient trail to the anticipated carnival of blood, only to learn on approaching their destination that the work of destruction was over and they had arrived too late.

Four years later a new Fort Dearborn rose from the ashes of the old; the might of the Potawatomi and the Kickapoo had vanished, and although they lingered on for a time in their ancient haunts the work of dispossessing them was about to begin. The period from 1816 to 1825 was one of unprecedented immigration to Indiana, the settlers crowding up the southward-flowing streams well beyond the center of the state. Near the spot where in 1811 Fort Harrison had been established as a wilderness outpost, six years later the town of Terre Haute was founded and lots to the value of $17,000 were sold in a single day. The Indian cession which was known as the "New Purchase," opened all the lands south of the Wabash to settlement, and led to the founding of Indianapolis to serve as the permanent capital of the state. By a cession secured from the Kickapoo in 1820 the Wabash was opened to settlement as far north as Lafayette. In 1824 land sales were begun at Crawfords-

ville, and this point became the focus for all settlers northwest of Indianapolis. Lafayette was laid out in 1825, and a year later became a county seat; while two years later Logansport was founded at the mouth of Eel River.

Over the several highways leading to the Wabash poured a steady stream of settlers. "Nothing is more common," reported an Indianapolis observer in 1826, "than to see fifteen or twenty wagons passing in a single day, each carrying the little belongings of the family that trudges along by its side. Indiana is now teeming with the hordes of immigration. Their destination is the Wabash country above Terre Haute." In the seven years ending with 1827 twenty-one new counties were organized in the New Purchase, and already their population amounted to over 80,000. Indianapolis had become what it has ever since remained, the great focal center of the state, and through it the immigrant stream moved westward over the Terre Haute, Logansport, and Crawfordsville trails. "Our streets are one moving mass of living men, women, and children, carriages, wagons, horses, hogs, and sheep," reported an Indianapolis editor, "all joyously wending their way to their habitations. The old, middle-aged, and young go together."

Ere long this tide of travel began to press on beyond the Wabash, although settlement in Illinois west of the state line naturally followed after that in Indiana. The salt springs on the Vermilion River were a lodestone which early drew settlers into this portion of the Wabash Valley. Here from ancient times had been an important Piankeshaw village, and here for unknown generations the red men had made salt and wild beasts had resorted from all directions to lick up the salty earth at the spots where the mineral water welled forth. Attracted by these deposits, several families began in 1819 the settlement which developed into the town of Danville. It was an important point on the Chicago-Vincennes Trace, being itself the focus of a number of trails. By 1830 settlers had located in Iroquois County, at Mil-



EN ROUTE TO THE LAND OF PROMISE

This picture of an emigrant on the march to the West is reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from Sears' *Pictorial History of the United States*, published in 1849.

ford and Old Bunkum, and others were pushing on by way of the Iroquois and the Kankakee to the vicinity of Joliet and the lower Des Plaines Valley. On Hickory Creek, a tributary of the Des Plaines in northwestern Will County, Aaron Friend and Joseph Brown had located as early as 1829. Comparatively little is known of these men, although the settlement they began is of much interest to the story of Chicago's historic highways. Friend is described by the historian of Will County as a "kind of Indian trader." He always had a rather rough set of French half-breeds and Indians around him, and when the latter removed to the West, Friend followed them. It was at the house of Friend that the ball occurred in the winter of 1831, the story of which Mrs. Kinzie has preserved in *Wau Bun*. To Hickory Creek on this occasion fared three of the five bachelors who then resided at Chicago. With their "city" airs and holiday finery they had little trouble in winning the favor of the girls of Hickory Creek, to the evident chagrin of the uncouth males who lived in that vicinity. But the satisfaction of the Chicago youths over their triumph was somewhat lessened when on going for their steeds, after a night of merriment, to begin the return journey to Chicago, they discovered that these faithful brutes had been shorn of their manes and tails.

Of Joseph Brown we know little, saving the information that he died in the autumn of 1830. His claim to fame is a posthumous one. At the first session of the board of commissioners of the newly-organized Cook County, held in March, 1831, three voting precincts were created, designated respectively as the Chicago precinct, the Hickory Creek precinct, and the Du Page precinct. A month later the Board made provision for marking out the first two county highways of Cook County, designed to connect the three precincts which had thus been created. One of these roads ran on the line of Madison Street and Ogden Avenue to the house of Barney Lawton at Riverside, and from

thence "to the house of James Walker, on the Du Page River, and so on to the west line of the county." The other road was to run "from the town of Chicago, the nearest and best way, to the house of Widow Brown on Hickory Creek." It was laid out along the line of State Street and Archer Avenue.

The history of State Street will be forever associated with that of the Vincennes Trace. For the modern beginnings of this thoroughfare we must go back to the closing days of the fur-trade era, and the doings of Gurdon S. Hubbard, one of Chicago's greatest pioneers. Hubbard was a native of Vermont, whose parents had removed to Montreal. Here, while still but a boy, he fell under the romantic spell of the fur-trade, with its aroma of adventure in distant wilds. Engaging as an apprentice with the American Fur Company, he was sent out to Mackinac in the summer of 1818. Here he was assigned to the Illinois River superintendency, and joined the trading "brigade" which each autumn made the long journey in open boats down the eastern shore of Lake Michigan to Chicago, and thence by way of the portage down the Illinois River. At various points along the river trading stations were established, from which during the winter the men carried the goods on their backs to the Indian hunting grounds. With the opening of spring all assembled on the river and the return journey to Mackinac with the season's accumulation of furs was begun.

The chief obstacle to this traffic was the difficulty of passing the Chicago Portage. It was bad enough in springtime, when the boats must make their toilsome way against the vernal flood on the Des Plaines at the rate of seven or eight miles a day, the men wading frequently to their armpits in the icy water. But in autumn, when the Des Plaines had shrunk to a series of pools scattered at intervals along the channel, and Mud Lake, between the Chicago and the Des Plaines, had become a stinking morass of ooze and filth, through which the men must wade pushing the boats

along by main force, and frequently clinging to them to escape being engulfed in the swamp, the passage was infinitely worse.

In 1825 Hubbard was made superintendent of the Illinois river trade and he immediately decided to put in force a project he had long urged upon his predecessor. This was to leave the boats at Chicago on reaching there in the autumn, and transport the goods to the Indian country on pack-ponies. By this plan not only would the difficult and wearisome passage through Mud Lake and down the Des Plaines be avoided, but the goods would be taken directly to the Indians at their hunting grounds, instead of being carried to them by the men in packs on their backs.

Hubbard had already spent one winter on the Iroquois River, his trading station being at the mouth of Sugar Creek, a little below the site of modern Watseka. On becoming superintendent of the Illinois trade in the autumn of 1823, he again located on the Iroquois, fixing his station this time at Old Bunkum, on the site of modern Iroquois. Leaving Chicago with a pack-train of fifty ponies, which had been purchased from Chief Big Foot's village at the head of Lake Geneva, he marked out the trail to his Iroquois River post.

From his station at Old Bunkum Hubbard continued for several years to carry on his trading activities. A farm of eighty acres was put under cultivation, the first in Iroquois County, a log house, together with the necessary outbuildings was erected, and the establishment became the headquarters for the trade of a wide region. Being a man of enterprise and ability, Hubbard opened a line of trading stations southward along the Indian trail almost to the mouth of the Wabash, the post at Danville being the most important inland station. From his headquarters at Bunkum he visited the several posts as occasion might require, and in the spring the furs acquired during the winter's trade were conveyed on pack-ponies to Chicago, and from there

sent on to Mackinac in the customary bateaus of the trader.

As the settlements increased along the line of trading posts the Indian trade fell off, and Hubbard gradually gave up his southern posts. Those on the Embarras and the Little Wabash were abandoned in 1827, and shortly thereafter Hubbard built the first frame building—a storehouse—ever erected in Danville. For over fifty years this continued to stand on the south side of the public square. This became the headquarters for the Indian trade for the surrounding region. The red men would file into town on their ponies, sometimes fifty or a hundred in number, with their furs, their squaws, and papooses, and for several days business would be brisk at Hubbard's corner of the square. The days of the Indian in Illinois were numbered, however, and in 1832 Hubbard converted his stock into "white goods" as merchandise for white people was called. The following year he removed to Chicago, where for over half a century he continued a leading citizen of the place.

The "Hubbard trail," over which Hubbard carried on his fur trade during these years was, of course, but another name for the Vincennes Trace. From Chicago it ran southward a few miles west of the state line, passing through the towns of Blue Island, Crete, Grant, Momence, Beaverville, Iroquois, Hoopeston, Myersville, and Danville. From Bunkum (or Iroquois) to Chicago it was identical with the Potawatomi trail from Williamsport and Ouiatanon. During the pioneer period it became a great highway of travel and traffic between the Wabash country and Chicago. In 1834 the legislature caused a state road to be laid out between Vincennes and Chicago. The commissioners who located it tried hard to get a straighter line and better ground than the Hubbard Trail, but were forced to follow the old track with but little deviation. It was marked with milestones, and was commonly known as the State Road. With the coming of the railroads the old state road was superseded and abandoned, but within the city of Chicago its name still survives in that of modern State Street.

Many of the most picturesque incidents in the history of the Vincennes Trace are associated with the masterful personality of Hubbard. Alone of the fur-traders of Illinois he successfully made the transition from the trade of the wilderness to the commerce of civilization, and won prestige and wealth as a leader of modern business. Strange indeed was the contrast between his life as an Indian trader and his later business career. The trader's life was one of continual hardship and danger, not less from the untutored red man than from the natural perils of the wilderness. Hubbard was a man of indomitable will, and he possessed a constitution of iron. While in the Indian country he habitually wore a buckskin hunting shirt or a blue capote belted in at the waist with a sash, or buckskin belt, in which was carried a knife and sheath, a tomahawk, and a tobacco-pouch made of mink or otter skin. In this pouch was a flint and steel, together with a piece of punk, to be used in striking a fire. Underneath the outer garment was a calico shirt, breech-cloth, and buckskin leggings. On his feet were moccasins and pieces of blanket wrapped around to take the place of stockings. His head was bare, and his hair was long and matted. In winter he carried a blanket, which he sometimes wore in the Indian fashion. Clad in such a garb, with face and hands browned by toil and exposure to the elements, there was but little in outward appearance to distinguish the trader from the savage.

A notable incident in connection with the Vincennes Trace occurred in the year 1827. This was the summer of the Winnebago War, and the settlers at Chicago were panic-stricken over the prospect of a descent of the hostiles upon the place. The nearest settlement from which aid might be procured was Danville, 125 miles away. Hubbard, who chanced to be at Chicago at the time, volunteered to undertake the mission. Starting between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, he reached his trading house at Bunkum at midnight. Pausing only to change horses, he sped on his way.

The night was dark and rainy, and on reaching Sugar Creek he found the stream over its banks and his horse refused to enter it. There was nothing to do but wait until daylight, when he perceived the cause of the animal's refusal; a large tree had fallen across the trail in such a way as to render the ford impassable. Hubbard swam the stream, and at noon rode into Danville. A settler at once set out to sound the alarm, calling for volunteers to assemble at Danville the following evening with five days' rations.

At the appointed time 100 men had assembled and organized themselves into a militia company with an old Indian fighter as their captain. It was, of course, a motley assemblage. Some of the men had flint-locks, others muskets, or squirrel-rifles, and some no arms at all. Most of the men were mounted on their own or borrowed horses; a few began the march on foot, but these were soon compelled by the condition of the trail to abandon the enterprise. As for rations, each man provided what he saw fit, but it is recorded that none were without the indispensable pint of whisky to "mix with the slough water" they must drink en route.

The march of this company of frontiersmen over the Hubbard Trace to Chicago presents a good illustration of travel conditions on an Indian trail. Although it was midsummer, heavy rains had turned the rivers into raging torrents, and the sloughs into open lakes. "We swam the former," records a member of the company, and "traveled through the latter sometimes almost by the hour. Many of the roads were so deep that our men dipped up the water to drink as they sat in their saddles."

The story of the crossing of the Vermilion affords one picture of what lay back of the laconic statement "we swam the streams." Like all the other rivers encountered on this journey, the Vermilion was running bank full with a swift current. The men and saddles were ferried over in a canoe, and an effort was made to compel the horses to swim. When the force of the current struck them, however, they would

circle about and return to the bank a few rods below their starting point. After several attempts had failed in this manner, Hubbard threw off his coat and called for "Old Charley," a large, steady-going horse which one of the settlers had brought along. Mounting Charley, he plunged into the water, the other horses being crowded in after him. In the swift current Charley became unmanageable, when Hubbard dismounted on the upper side, and ignoring the danger of being washed under the animal or struck by his feet and drowned, he seized the horse's mane with one hand, and swimming with the other, guided him to the opposite side.

Under such conditions of travel the march from Danville to Chicago consumed four days. A week or two of guard duty at Chicago were performed, when news was received that a treaty had been made with the Winnebago, and the Danville soldiers were free to return to their homes. Before their departure the grateful Chicagoans knocked in the heads of barrels of whisky, gin, and brandy, and all indulged in a glorious drinking bout. It is pleasant to be able to record that after the lapse of many years the men who took part in this campaign were rewarded for their services by the grant of eighty acres of bounty land. No textbook heralds to the rising generation the fame of Gurdon Hubbard's ride to Danville to bring troops to the rescue of imperiled Chicago; yet in comparison with it the "midnight ride" of Paul Revere was merest child play.

A character whose memory is forever bound up with those of Hubbard and the Vincennes Trace is the gentle Indian maid, Watseka, who was born at the Indian village on the site of old Bunkum about the year 1810. Competition was fierce in the Indian trade, and the trader who could win the friendship of a chief enjoyed an advantage over his competitors which was not to be ignored. In savage, as in civilized life, the favor of royalty is best secured and cemented through marriage alliances. In accordance with the custom of the forest, therefore, Hubbard entered upon a marriage of con-

venience by taking to wife a relative of Tamin, chief of the Kankakee band of Potawatomi. It was Tamin's first desire that Hubbard should wed his own grown daughter, but for reasons which may easily be imagined the latter declined this alliance. Instead he indicated his willingness to marry Tamin's niece, Watseka, then a child of ten years of age. A pledge to do so was given, and when the girl had arrived at the age of fourteen or fifteen years she was brought to Hubbard by her mother and the marriage was consummated.

Over this union, as over the career of Watseka, hovers much of pathos and tragedy. Watseka was a beautiful and intelligent girl, and Hubbard in after years testified to the ideal character of his union with her. It lasted about two years, during which a daughter was born and died. The advancing tide of white settlement spelled the doom of the Indian trade, however, and Hubbard, who possessed abundant foresight and shrewdness, laid his plans for abandoning his calling. This would involve severing his connection with Watseka's tribe and taking up life anew in a civilized community. Under these circumstances the couple separated by mutual agreement, "in perfect friendship," according to Hubbard. His account of the transaction is entitled to entire credit, yet one can readily imagine that it was dictated more by the strong-willed husband, member of the dominant race and sex, than by the submissive wife. Viewed from any angle it was a hard situation, and Watseka doubtless had the sense to perceive that acquiescence in her husband's wishes was the only course open to her. After the separation from Hubbard she became the wife of Noel Levasseur, whom Hubbard left in charge of his post at Bunkum on his own withdrawal from the place. After living with Levasseur for almost a decade and bearing him several children, this union was also dissolved, apparently much as the one with Hubbard had been. Watseka, still a comparatively young woman, now joined the remnant of the tribe in Kansas, while Levasseur, like Hubbard, remained in Illinois and contracted a new

marriage alliance, this time with a white woman. About the year 1863 Watseka is said to have made the long journey, alone and on foot, from Kansas to her childhood home, there to brood over the graves of her people. Sad indeed must have been the pilgrimage, and poignant the memories awakened by the sight of the scenes of her childhood. Her memory is permanently preserved in the town of Watseka[1] which was named in her honor.

For many years the only market for the produce of the settlements on the Wabash was distant New Orleans and thither, on flat boats, nine-tenths of all the surplus produce of the state of Indiana prior to 1840 was carried. Early in the spring, in almost every inland community, the carpenters would begin the work of building the arks employed in the river trade. The finest poplars of the forest, some of them eighty feet or more in length, were selected for the gunwales. By the first of March the boats must be completed and at the landing in readiness to receive their cargo. The work of loading them was a stirring community event. The boat-owners watched the stage of the river, and at the proper time word was sent out over the neighborhood to bring in the produce for shipment. Men and women alike turned out, the latter to cook for the workers and to assist in wrapping and stowing away the goods. A barrel of whisky stood open on the bank with a dipper conveniently near for all to drink at

[1]An Indian tradition concerning the significance of Watseka's name is so charming as to deserve preservation. It relates that on one occasion an Iroquois war-party fell upon the Potawatomi village situated on the banks of the river a few miles below Watseka, and drove out the occupants with great slaughter. The fugitives were collected in the night-time some distance away, engaged in lamenting their disaster. A woman of great spirit and resolution urged the men to return and attack the Iroquois, who would be rioting in the spoils of victory and unexpectant of danger. Since the warriors refused to respond to the woman's urging she at length said she would raise a party of squaws and lead them to attack the Iroquois; and that since death or captivity on the morrow would be the lot of the women, they might as well perish in the attempt to regain their homes. The bravery of their wives and daughters inspired the warriors with renewed courage, and returning to the field of combat they surprised and utterly defeated the Iroquois.

The heroine who suggested and bore an active part in the enterprise was Watch-e-kee. To perpetuate the story of her heroism the warriors decreed in solemn council that after her death her name should be bestowed upon the most accomplished maiden of the tribe, and in this way be handed down through successive generations. The last person to bear the name—transformed by the whites into its present form of Watseka—was she who became the wife of Hubbard.

pleasure, and with much bustle and gayety the great work was accomplished.

An indication of the extent of this down-river traffic is afforded by the record that as early as the spring of 1826, 152 flat boats passed Vincennes loaded for New Orleans. A decade later it seems apparent that several hundred annually cleared from the Wabash. For the boatmen the journey was fraught with hardship and danger. River pirates infested the downward way, a particularly notable rendezvous of these bandits being the celebrated Cave-in Rock on the Ohio, near the mouth of the Wabash. The long and tedious return journey on foot led through a sparsely settled region where lurked highwaymen the recital of whose malodorous deeds causes the blood of the listener even yet to run cold with horror. Yet for many an inland dweller, like youthful Abraham Lincoln, the voyage was an enchanting adventure, affording a first glimpse of the great world which lay beyond his backwoods horizon.

The development of a market at Chicago in the early thirties afforded the dwellers on the Wabash a new outlet for their wares. The down-river trade did not cease, but youthful Chicago entered into vigorous competition with ancient New Orleans, and more and more the produce of the Wabash found its way over the Vincennes Trace to the lake-shore market in the huge prairie schooners of the Hoosiers, the direct offspring of the famous Conestoga wagons of Pennyslvania.

The extent of this traffic in the early years of Chicago's development seems at first sight astonishing. Few western communities produced any surplus for export in the earlier years of settlement, while most were compelled frequently to import even such staples as meat and flour. As lands were cleared and farms developed this situation tended to change, of course, but so great was the stream of migration into the country around Lake Michigan that for years there was a steady demand for the staple articles of consumption, which the Chicago market was depended upon to supply.

Since the Wabash country had a large annual surplus available for export the Hoosiers turned, as a matter of course, to the Chicago market. Thither from a distance of 200 miles or more they drove their livestock on foot, and hauled their wheat and other produce in their huge, slow-moving, covered wagons. Their advent was a welcome event to all classes of people in the lake-shore city, not least to the small boys, whose characteristics were akin to those of the street urchin of all times. "The Wabash was our Egypt," wrote one of these in after years. "Not only did we derive from there our supplies of smoked hams, bacon, poultry, butter, lard, etc., but also our dried and green fruit which was brought to us principally in the old-fashioned, huge Pennsylvania mountain wagons, drawn by eight or ten yoke of oxen or five or six span of horses."

Between the Hoosier wagoners and the city urchins existed a deep-seated cause of strife, and the latter labored conscientiously to transfer to their pockets a portion of the schooner's cargo of fruit. "It seemed cruelty to animals," continues the writer already quoted; "to stick a beautiful apple or luscious peach on a prong or dangle it by a string at the point of a canvas roof, as a sample of what the whole load was, and drive through a village with a big whip in the hands of a skilful Hoosier. Those Wabash fellows had never read 'lead us not into temptation' or they would not have done so. Of course they in turn deserved punishment for not reading the Lord's prayer. If they read it and deliberately disregarded it, they certainly should suffer. The justice-loving boys gaily assumed the responsibility of inflicting the penalty by filching the fruit."

The Hoosier in Chicago was as an alien in a foreign land. Lanky, good-natured, rustic, and uncouth, of lineage hailing from Kentucky, Virginia, or perchance the Carolinas, he was the standing butt of the witticisms of the sophisticated Yankees of the city. Lumbering along the street "with a tar bucket in one hand and a sheet of gingerbread in the other,"

inquiring of the passing citizen where an ox-yoke or a bucket of tar could be purchased, he was likely to be directed to a dressmaking or millinery store; while it was a favorite pastime of the city auctioneer to inveigle a slow-witted Hoosier into bidding against himself for the possession of some such treasure as a red bandanna handkerchief.

At times, however, the Hoosier turned the tables on the more nimble-witted Yankee. A story of one such occasion has to do with the building of the First Presbyterian Church of Chicago. The infant society had in some way secured possession of a lot at the corner of Lake and Clark streets, on which plans were made to erect a temple of worship. One morning before the work was actually begun, the members of the church awoke to find that some enterprising claim-jumper had erected during the night a small building on the front portion of the lot, and throughout the day the work of construction went steadily forward. But the children of light proved on this occasion more guileful than their despoilers. A member of the church sought out the lake-shore camp of the Hoosiers and held with a group of its denizens a mysterious conversation; its purpose became apparent on the following day, when the claim-jumpers awoke to find their new store building standing in the middle of Lake Street some distance from the church lot on which they had erected it. In the darkness of night a party of Hoosiers had quietly yet expeditiously fastened their heavy chains to the sills of the building, and under the motive power of numerous yokes of oxen it had proceeded to its new resting place. Immediately after this event the members of the church society erected a new board fence around their recovered premises.

The dwellers by the lake-shore might gibe at him, yet the slow-going Hoosier brought to early Chicago almost its only touch of romantic association. The picture he implanted on the memory of one pioneer resident is thus expressed: "Their large covered wagons, curved at each end like a Roman galley, are seen in our streets no more. The loud crash of their

far-reaching whips is lost in the metropolitan din. The whoa-haw, gee as the patient oxen draw their heavy loads, is merged in the shriek of the engine that does their labor for them. The tinkling of the many bells, suspended from their horses' heads, is the charming music of the shadowy past. The fires where they bivouaced on Michigan Avenue have gone out forever. The scent of their fried bacon and corn dodgers is lost in the evil odors of a mighty city."

The Vincennes Trace was a great thoroughfare leading into Chicago from the south. Like the road from the east it received many tributaries in its northward course. The Indian trail, as we have seen, led almost due north through eastern Illinois, receiving at Bunkum a great affluent in the Potawatomi trail leading from Williamsport and the Wea towns. Illinois in 1834 laid out the state road from Vincennes to Chicago, following approximately the course of the Indian trail. Indiana as early as 1829 made provision for extending the state road from Indianapolis to Crawfordsville over the Potawatomi trail to the Illinois line. From Crawfordsville the road was to run by Williamsport and "from thence to the State line, in a direction to Chicago." Thus was established what has ever since been locally known as the "Chicago Road." From Williamsport it ran northwestwardly past the site of the modern town of Boswell to Parish's Grove, and on to the state line near Raub. An extension of the road west of the line joined the Vincennes-Chicago State Road at Bunkum, the site of Hubbard's old trading post.

Although statistics are lacking, it seems not unlikely that the eastern affluent provided the major portion of the travel on the Vincennes Trace between Bunkum and Chicago. Over it, from an early date, a stream of emigrant wagons poured northward into the counties of northwestern Indiana and on to the still-vacant lands of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa. There were whole months, says a local authority, when "at any time, on any day," prairie schooners might be seen traveling across the plains northward from Parish's Grove. "The

old trail suddenly assumed a national importance. From Ohio, Kentucky, and all Indiana south of the Wabash, a tide rolled on that ultimately filled all the groves and prairies north of the Wabash, and overflowed into the newer territories to the north and west."

To accommodate this travel, and to supply the wants of the farmers and wagoners who piloted their schooner-laden caravans to the Chicago market, taverns and camping places were established at intervals of a few miles all along the route. The wagoners commonly cared only for a camping place where they could tether and feed their animals. They carried their own provisions, frying their rasher of bacon, and boiling their coffee over the camp-fire around which they passed the night. In Chicago their common camping ground was the open stretch of dry land between State Street and the lake shore. An observer records that on one occasion, from the roof of a warehouse at the corner of State and South Water streets he counted 160 Hoosier wagons assembled on this ground. Colorful, indeed, must have been the scene presented at such times by the fitful light of the many evening fires falling upon the white-topped wagons and the clumsy, contented oxen. The association of the Hoosier wagoners with this vicinity has been handed down to present-day Chicago in the name of Wabash Avenue, which, like State Street, takes its cognomen from the traffic of the old Vincennes Trace.

On his return journey the Hoosier carried back from Chicago such groceries and other "store goods" as the simple wants of his family, or the condition of his purse, might dictate. Frequently, too, he hauled a stock of goods for the village merchant, which had been purchased in New York or Boston and brought west to Chicago by way of the Erie Canal and the lakes. These things aside, the great staple of the return cargo was salt.

For a dozen years after the Vermilion salt works were opened by white settlers they continued to be a profitable source of business, and their product supplied the wants of the

A NIGHT ENCAMPMENT OF EMIGRANTS
Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from Sears' *Pictorial History of the United States.*

population over a wide extent of country. Prior to their opening, salt had been brought from Kentucky, chiefly by flat-boats up the Wabash and its tributaries, but the expense of this upstream transportation was so great that the use of the article was much restricted. Although 100 gallons of water must be evaporated at the Vermilion works to make a bushel of salt, it could be produced much more cheaply than it could be transported from Kentucky. People came to the works from a long distance in wagons or on horseback to procure it, readily paying $1.25 or $1.50 a bushel for it. Much of the output was transported down river, also, in flat-boats or pirogues to supply the lower country. The improvement of the Chicago harbor, however, dealt the industry a fatal blow. Salt from Syracuse could now be shipped by canal and lake-boat to Chicago, and hauled thence to the Wabash by the Hoosier wagoners more cheaply than it could be produced at Danville. Hence it came about that the Vermilion works fell into decay and the schooners returning from Chicago to the Wabash were commonly freighted with cargoes of salt.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROAD TO OTTAWA AND THE SOUTHWEST

OF all the thoroughfares out of Chicago the one of which the white man's knowledge was most ancient carried the heaviest volume of travel. The first white travelers in Illinois were the explorers, Jolliet and Marquette, who in the summer of 1673 came up the Illinois River and across the Chicago Portage to Lake Michigan. The ancient highway from Chicago to the southwest was also unique among early Chicago thoroughfares in being a combined land and water route, and its story can be adequately told only in connection with that of travel on the Illinois River and, later, on the Illinois and Michigan Canal.

Two factors combined to give this early Chicago highway the importance it enjoyed. In the first place it was the avenue of local communication between Chicago and the older-settled communities of central and southern Illinois. In addition to this it was a great national thoroughfare, since from about the year 1840, with the increase of commerce and travel on the Great Lakes, it became a favorite highway between the eastern states and the lower Mississippi Valley. An indication of this factor is seen in the large number of narratives of travel over this route which were published during the period reviewed by the present volume.

The conditions of travel between Chicago and southwestern points were determined by the geographical conditions affecting the Chicago Portage. The portage was, of course, the land transit that must be made in the period of travel by bark canoe and fur-trade bateau, between the Chicago River and the Illinois. At certain times, particularly in the spring when the rivers were flooded by the melting snow, boats could pass without interruption from Lake Michigan down the Des

Plaines and the Illinois. But during much of the year they must be transported across the divide between the South Branch and the Des Plaines, or even to the mouth of the Vermilion, a distance of one hundred miles.

Coming to the period of modern settlement and travel, the utmost point to which steamboats could ascend the Illinois was Ottawa, at the mouth of the Fox River. During much of the season, however, they could ascend no farther than Peru, some fifteen miles below, and when the canal was constructed Peru became, much to the disappointment of speculators in Ottawa real estate, its terminus. Ottawa or Peru, therefore, according to the condition of navigation, was the point of transfer from river boat to overland vehicle in the stage coach era; and although many travelers ignored the river service altogether, going through to their destination by land, at Ottawa the thoroughfares between Chicago and the Southwest centered.

One of the most interesting accounts of travel from Chicago down the Illinois in the primitive period is the narrative of Father St. Cosme, the Seminary priest, who came with a party of associates from Canada in the autumn of 1698 to spread the gospel among the tribes of the lower Mississippi. From Mackinac the party traveled in open canoes down the western shore of Lake Michigan. On nearing Chicago a sudden gale on the lake compelled them to throw all their baggage overboard and draw the canoes ashore in haste to save them from destruction. Leaving their servants to look after the boats, the three priests proceeded on foot to the house of Father Pinet, who had established at Chicago the Mission of the Guardian Angel. His house was built "on the banks of the small river, having the lake on one side and a fine large prairie on the other." Nearby was a Miami village of over 150 cabins, and a league up the river was another almost as large. Here lived Chicago's earliest resident clergyman, except in winter when, the natives being absent on their annual hunt, he went to spend the season among the Illinois. The visitors

record that little impression was being made on the adults, "grown up and hardened in debauchery," but the young were being instructed and baptized, "so that when the old stock dies off there will be a new Christian people."

Perceiving that the waters were extremely low, the priests made a cache on the lake shore and buried most of their baggage, to be sent for in the spring. On October 30 they began making the portage to the Des Plaines, but when they had gotten half way across they discovered that a little boy who had been entrusted to their care had become lost, and several days were spent in searching for him.

The advancing season at length compelled them to give over the search, and resume their journey. With extreme toil the little party made its way down the Des Plaines, carrying baggage and boats much of the way. Arrived at the junction with the Kankakee, they were still compelled by the low state of the water to proceed on foot, while the men towed the boats along, as far as Starved Rock. As an offset to their labors, however, game of all kinds was abundant, so that there was no lack of fresh meat. A few miles below the mouth of the Des Plaines they came upon the buffalo and from this point to the Arkansas these beasts were encountered every day.

At Peoria the travelers caught up with Father Pinet and another Jesuit priest. Here, even at this early date, was evidently a considerable settlement of Frenchmen. These bushrangers had taken to themselves Indian wives, whom the Jesuits had converted to the faith, so that the visitors were much edified "by their modesty and by their assiduity in going several times a day to the chapel to pray."

In all, some five weeks were consumed in the journey from Chicago to the mouth of the Illinois. Many villages of natives were encountered, who with but a single exception welcomed the Frenchmen cordially. "One cannot fast in this river," writes the chronicler, "so abundant is it in game of all kinds, swans, geese and ducks. It is skirted by very fine woods,

which are not very large, so that you sometimes meet fine prairies, where there are numbers of deer."

In the summer of 1821, a century and a quarter after St. Cosme's journey and on the eve of the white settlement of Illinois, Governor Lewis Cass came up the Illinois from St. Louis to negotiate at Chicago a treaty with the allied tribes of Chippewa, Ottawa and Potawatomi for the cession of several million acres of land in southern Michigan. The journal kept by his secretary, Henry R. Schoolcraft, affords our last picture of the Illinois River route in its primitive condition.

Between the mouth of the river and Peoria a few miserable huts of squatters were encountered, but from Peoria to Chicago there was at this date not a single white habitation. Peoria itself consisted of the ancient French village, begun in the days of La Salle. At Starved Rock the canoe was abandoned, and the remainder of the journey to Chicago was made on horseback. For a guide the party enjoyed the services of Peerish, a half-breed Potawatomi chief, who had passed over the route an uncounted number of times and was perfectly familiar with every stage of it. In general the trail, which is described as "a deep-cut horse path," followed the course of the river, although seldom within sight of it, until the Des Plaines was forded above Joliet. From this point to their destination the travelers were accompanied by an ever-increasing cavalcade of natives, converging from all directions upon Chicago, where the grand pow-wow with the "Great Father" was to be held. Mounted on horses and apparelled in all their savage finery, with decorations of medals, silver bands, and feathers galore, the jingling of their ornaments combined with their spirited horsemanship to produce a spectacle as novel as it was exciting.

The fur traders, equipped only for water transportation, had necessarily clung to the river, but with the white settlement of Illinois and the change to transportation by land the need arose for another and more direct thoroughfare. Even

before 1830 a few settlers had located in the valley of the Du Page near the northern border of modern Will County, the nucleus of the settlement being the beautiful grove just south of Plainfield which was long known as Walker's Grove. The Du Page settlement was included within the borders of the newly-created Cook County, and one of the first two highways established by the County Board in the summer of 1831 ran by way of modern Madison Street and Ogden Avenue to the house of Barney Lawton and from thence to James Walker's on the Du Page.

Lawton was a trader, who dealt particularly with the Potawatomi. As such, it behooved him to locate on a highway of Indian travel, and so he had established himself at the point where an important Potawatomi trail from the southwest crossed the Des Plaines River. His location was twelve miles from Chicago on the site of modern Riverside. James Walker had located at Walker's Grove in 1828, being perhaps the first actual settler in Will County. From Chicago to Ottawa on the Illinois in almost a direct route ran the Potawatomi thoroughfare known to the early settlers as the "high prairie trail," crossing the Des Plaines at Lawton's and passing through Plainfield, Plattville, Lisbon and Holderman's Grove. The action taken by the Cook County Board in 1831, therefore, was the first step in the transformation of the Indian trail into a white man's highway.

Over this route, on January 1, 1834, was despatched the first stage coach which ever ran west out of Chicago. Its proprietor, Dr. John L. Temple, had secured the government contract for carrying the mail between Chicago and St. Louis, and for the service he had procured from New York an "elegant, thorough-brace post carriage," which had been shipped around the lakes from Buffalo before the close of navigation. The establishment of mail and stage-coach service between these points was a great event in the life of budding Chicago, one fairly comparable in importance and public interest to the building of a new railroad line at the present

day, and the honor of driving the first stage was given to a rising young attorney of Chicago, John D. Caton, later and long famous as the chief justice of the Illinois Supreme Court.

How far this first coach actually ran is a matter of some doubt, but it is clear from the narrative of Charles Fenno Hoffman, who essayed to travel from Chicago to St. Louis two weeks later, that as yet stage-coach transportation between the two points existed as an ideal rather than as a material achievement. On a bright winter morning he set out from Chicago in a "handsome four-horse coach;" but the weather was cold and the snow abundant, and a few miles of travel sufficed to demonstrate the unsuitableness of the post-coach as a conveyance under such conditions. At Lawton's where was the first stage-station on the route, the driver was persuaded by the passengers to abandon the coach for a rude but substantial sled, in the bottom of which a plentiful bed of hay was placed. Reclining on this, and wrapped in buffalo robes, the travelers continued the journey in comparative comfort. The wisdom of exchanging vehicles was made manifest when drifts were encountered in which the horses plunged to their cruppers, and through which the heavy-wheeled vehicle could not have been pulled at all.

Night brought them to Walker's Grove, where now is the town of Plainfield, but which then consisted of two or three log huts "sheltered from the north wind under an island of tall timber." In one of these the party found shelter, the evening being passed before a huge open fire, whose flames shot up the enormous wooden chimney. In the morning, after a fruitless attempt by the driver to proceed with one team of horses a second span was attached, and the vehicle launched out upon the boundless expanse of prairie. The passengers, whose number was now reduced to two, beguiled the monotony of the long ride through the snow-covered waste by playing "prairie loo." This game consisted merely in betting upon the number of wild animals which either passenger should see on his side of the sleigh, a wolf or deer counting

ten, a prairie chicken one. The one who first counted one hundred won the game, and enough wild animals were seen to permit the playing of several games before noon.

An all day's journey, in the course of which tremendous drifts of snow were encountered, through which the horses floundered with utmost difficulty, brought the party at sunset to Ottawa. On the following day, on stopping for dinner and a change of horses at a log house on the prairie, it was found that no arrangements had as yet been made for the public conveyance going farther. Accordingly Hoffman, who was traveling for pleasure, devoted a day to an excursion to Starved Rock. Meanwhile the mail contractor, arriving opportunely at the cabin, learned the plight of the passengers and at once made arrangements to send them forward the next morning. They accordingly proceeded in a four-horse wagon with a good driver. In crossing a deep frozen brook later in the day the hind wheels broke through the ice, and the horses gave such a frantic leap, in the effort to free themselves, that the double-tree bolt was broken. A substitute was tinkered up, but in crossing another stream one of the horses broke through the ice and the driver, attempting to jump, was immersed to his knees in the icy water. The nearest house was several miles away, and although the horses were driven furiously, before it could be reached the poor man's feet were almost frozen. Fortunately a physician chanced to be at this place, and with his intelligent care not only were the driver's feet saved, but he was able the next day to begin his return journey.

In addition to the route from Chicago to Ottawa by way of Plainfield, there were two other routes which attracted a heavy travel. One of these was identical with the Plainfield route as far as Brush Hill; from here it ran west through Naperville and thence southwestward through Oswego, Yorkville, and Newark, following the general course of Fox River, until it regained the Plainfield road a few miles northeast of Ottawa. As far as Naperville this route was identical with the southern stage route from Chicago to Galena, opened in 1834.

A TAVERN OF THE THIRTIES

The Pre-emption House at Naperville, built in 1834 and still conducted as a tavern. The timbers and siding are of black walnut. Reproduced from a recent photograph.

The junction of these two important thoroughfares made Naperville an important center of travel, and here in 1834 was built the Prëemption House, one of the noted taverns of the day. The Prëemption House is still conducted under its original name, being probably the oldest tavern in the state. Between the traffic to which it catered in the olden time, however, and the travel of the present day a wide gulf lies. Over the great thoroughfares leading from Springfield in central Illinois and Galena the capital of the mining country, passed a constant stream of huge Pennsylvania wagons bearing the produce of the interior to Chicago. Naperville was a far-famed stopping place and the local historian records that during the season of travel more than fifty "prairie schooners" would anchor there every night. Whisky was twenty cents a gallon, and they had merry times. Far along the verge of the grove their shouts rent the air, and their campfires gleamed through the darkness till a late hour.

The other route between Chicago and Ottawa ran down the Des Plaines by way of Lockport and Joliet. The distance to Ottawa by this route was eighty-five miles, being several miles longer than the more direct roads by way of Plainfield and Naperville. Nevertheless much of the travel from Chicago to Ottawa and points beyond went by way of Joliet during certain years of the stage-coach era. The original line between the two points, established by Mr. Temple in 1834 followed the more direct route across country and this was the line taken by Frink and Walker's stages when they succeeded Temple in 1837. Just when the stage route by Joliet was established, or how long continued, it is difficult at this late day to say, but Mrs. Eliza Steele's charming narrative shows that it was in operation in the summer of 1840, and William Cullen Bryant followed it six years later.

Bryant was a traveler of much experience, having journeyed to all parts of the world, but he lacked the courage to encounter a second time the hazards of the stage ride between Chicago and Ottawa, and for the return journey he hired a private con-

veyance. His complaints against the public stage were varied, and applying the pragmatic test of his own trial thereof, well-founded. The vehicle itself, "built after the fashion of the English post-coach, set high upon springs," he considered the most absurd kind of carriage that could be devised for the roads of Illinois. It seemed to be set high in the air in order that it might the more easily overturn, and this catastrophe, he avers, was narrowly escaped as many as a dozen times in the eighty-five mile journey.

Once, indeed, it was not escaped, for reasons which we may permit the famous author to state in his own words. The stage had left Chicago in the morning, and toward sunset was about to cross for the second or third time the channel of the canal below Mount Joliet. "There had once been a bridge at the crossing place, but the water had risen in the canal, and the timbers and planks had floated away, leaving only the stones which formed its foundation. In attempting to ford the channel the blundering driver came too near the bridge, the coach wheels on one side rose upon the stones, and on the other sank deep into the mud, and we were overturned in an instant. The outside passengers were pitched head-foremost into the canal, and four of those within were lying under water. We extricated ourselves as well as we could, the men waded out, the women were carried, and when we got on shore it was found that, although drenched with water and plastered with mud, nobody was either drowned or hurt.

"A farm wagon passing at the moment forded the canal without the least difficulty, and taking the female passengers, conveyed them to the next farmhouse, about a mile distant. We got out the baggage, which was completely soaked with water, set up the carriage on its wheels, in doing which we had to stand waist high in the mud and water, and reached the hospitable farmhouse about half past nine o'clock. Its owner was an emigrant from Kinderhook on the Hudson, who claimed to be a Dutchman and a Christian, and I have no reason to doubt that he was either. His kind family made us free of

their house, and we passed the night in drying ourselves and getting our baggage ready to proceed the next day."

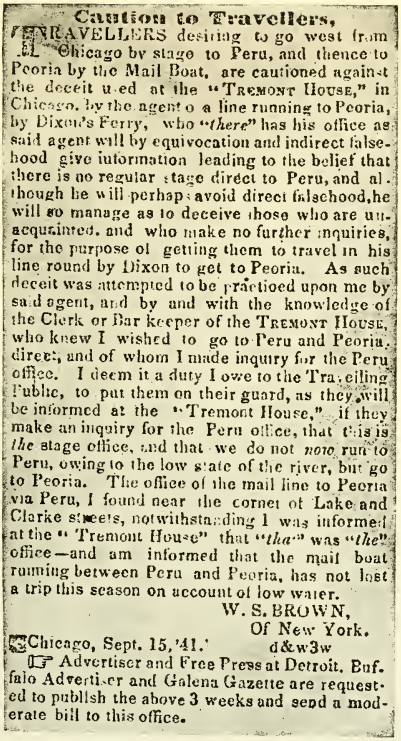
The second day of travel "over a specially rough road," brought the stage coach to Peru late in the night, the remainder of which the travelers spent at an inn on the bank of the river, "listening to the mosquitoes." In the light of the writer's experience it is perhaps little to be wondered at that he declined for the future to venture within an Illinois stage coach or that he took pains solemnly to warn all future travelers between Chicago and Peru against crediting the "glozing tongue" of the agent, promising that the journey would be made in sixteen hours, since "double the number" would be nearer the truth.

An incident of the year 1837 which has long since been forgotten pleasantly associates the Ottawa-Chicago road with America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster. Disappointed over the course of political events, Webster, toward the close of President Jackson's administration, planned to terminate his public career and begin life anew as a farmer on the prairies of Illinois. With this in view he purchased a thousand acres of land near La Salle and sent out his son, Fletcher, to begin the work of developing an estate. The project which would have transformed Massachusetts' most famous statesman into a Sucker farmer never materialized, but Webster's interest in the western country led him to embark in the spring of 1837 upon an extensive tour in the course of which he proceeded as far west as St. Louis, from which point he began the return journey by way of Chicago. Everywhere upon the tour the great statesman was received with transports of enthusiasm by the westerners, who assembled in vast throngs to greet him. The details of his journey from St. Louis to Chicago have unfortunately perished, but the traveler can hardly have failed to pay a visit to his incipient estate near La Salle, which he had named Salisbury in honor of his New Hampshire birthplace. He left St. Louis June 14, and reached Chicago at the close of the month. On his approach the joyful townsmen went

out in a great cavalcade ten miles to the Des Plaines to escort him into the city. Before the Lake House a great crowd assembled to listen to an address on the issues of the day. Although the speech has not been preserved it undoubtedly dealt largely with the financial panic which had burst upon the country since Webster's departure from the East, and which was to bring woe and ruin to a large proportion of his audience. On July 1 Webster left Chicago by boat for Michigan City, where he took up the stage journey to Detroit.

The journal of a traveler is commonly a two-fold mirror, reflecting the writer's own character and standards of conduct, no less than it reveals those of the country described by him. Of the many travelers who essayed to describe the life of pioneer Illinois, none was more sprightly, or more tolerant of new manners and customs than Mrs. Eliza Steele, whose *Summer Journey in the West* was made in the year 1840. When, at Peoria, she listened to a sermon by a backwoods preacher who drew all his similes from rural scenes, she "rejoiced that the Lord had placed such a faithful servant in these fair prairies." Or when some marvelous yarn was spun for the particular delectation of strangers, she listened with good-natured incredulity, although even she succumbed to the fiction-weaving talent of one uncouth farm boy, who unfolded a tale of his wolf-hunting horse who indulged the habit of chasing these quadrupeds down on the prairie and slaying them "with one stroke of his hoof."

At Chicago Mrs. Steele and her husband had purchased passage to Peoria, bed and board included, for the sum of eleven dollars each. The stage left Chicago at nine o'clock at night, and a twenty-four hour ride brought the travelers to Peru, where the steamboat *Frontier* was waiting to receive them. According to schedule they should have reached Peoria early in the morning, but a heavy fog held up the boat, and breakfast time found them many miles short of their destination. At Peoria the "Chicago line" terminated, and the travelers were delayed a day awaiting the arrival of a boat for St. Louis.



Caution to Travellers.

TRAVELLERS desiring to go west from Chicago by stage to Peru, and thence to Peoria by the Mail Boat, are cautioned against the deceit used at the "TREMONT HOUSE," in Chicago, by the agent of a line running to Peoria, by Dixon's Ferry, who "*there*" has his office as said agent will by equivocation and indirect falsehood give information leading to the belief that there is no regular stage direct to Peru, and although he will perhaps avoid direct falsehood, he will so manage as to deceive those who are unacquainted, and who make no further inquiries, for the purpose of getting them to travel in his line round by Dixon to get to Peoria. As such deceit was attempted to be practiced upon me by said agent, and by and with the knowledge of the Clerk or Bar keeper of the TREMONT HOUSE, who knew I wished to go to Peru and Peoria, direct, and of whom I made inquiry for the Peru office. I deem it a duty I owe to the Travelling Public, to put them on their guard, as they will be informed at the "Tremont House," if they make an inquiry for the Peru office, that this is *the* stage office, and that we do not *now* run to Peru, owing to the low state of the river, but go to Peoria. The office of the mail line to Peoria via Peru, I found near the corner of Lake and Clarke streets, notwithstanding I was informed at the "Tremont House" that "*tha*" was "*the*" office—and am informed that the mail boat running between Peru and Peoria, has not lost a trip this season on account of low water.

W. S. BROWN,
Of New York.

Chicago, Sept. 15, '41. d&w3w

☞ Advertiser and Free Press at Detroit. Buffalo Advertiser and Galena Gazette are requested to publish the above 3 weeks and send a moderate bill to this office.

COMPETITION IN TRANSPORTATION IN THE PIONEER ERA

A "caution" to travelers between Chicago and Peoria. Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from the Chicago American of September, 1841.

It proved to be the steamer *Home*, evidently one of the better class river boats of the day; yet some of the things observed on it sound strange enough to modern ears.

On going aboard voyagers were presented a book in which to record their name, place of residence, destination and politics. Possibly this last detail was due to the intense public interest in the "hard cider" presidential campaign of 1840, which was then being waged. Turning from the register, the eye of the traveler fell upon the printed rules of conduct, framed in pink satin and hanging on the wall of the cabin. Among other things, gentlemen were forbidden going to the table in their shirt sleeves, or from defacing the furniture, with pencils or otherwise. "Otherwise" alluded, evidently, to the prevalent American custom of whittling. Moreover, no gentleman was to lie down in his berth with his boots on, nor enter the ladies' cabin without permission from the lawful occupants of that retreat.

Indications that the travelers were nearing the Southland were found on the *Home* in the form of liquors on the table, gambling in the men's cabin, and a black chambermaid, who was a slave belonging to the captain. There was also a well-known "blackleg" on board, who traveled on the river boats during the summer, separating unwary passengers from their money by means of games of chance, and in winter retired to St. Louis or New Orleans to revel upon his dishonest gains. Among the passengers was an old woman who had removed from Kentucky to Illinois several years before. She was so rejoiced to see a slave again, that she quickly became intimate with the chambermaid, and the two would sit together on the deck, smoking and chatting by the hour.

Some statistics recorded by Mrs. Steele shed interesting light upon the traffic of the Illinois River at this early period. The captain of the *Home* stated that in the season of 1839 he had made fifty-eight trips between St. Louis and Peru and carried 10,000 passengers. In 1828, the first year for which a record was kept, there were nine arrivals and departures of

steamboats at Naples; in 1832, from March to June, there were 108; while at Beardstown there were 436 during the season of 1836. With the growth of the western country this traffic steadily increased, of course, until it was diverted from the river to the railroads.

The opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal to traffic in the summer of 1848 worked a revolution in the travel and commerce of the Illinois River route. Until this time the entrepot of the latter had been St. Louis, but after the opening of the canal the trade of the Illinois River became tributary to Chicago. Wheat, corn, oats and sugar (the latter from New Orleans) were the chief commodities carried northward to Chicago, while merchandise from the eastern cities and lumber from the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin comprised the major portion of the cargoes carried in the opposite direction. A steadily increasing proportion of the passenger traffic between the East and the West selected the all-water route from Buffalo to St. Louis by way of Chicago and the Illinois River. To accommodate this travel the canal was provided with packet boats, equipped to accommodate seventy-five or one hundred passengers. On the river, larger and faster boats were provided to transport the traffic between Peru and St. Louis. Until 1852 steamers in the Illinois River trade made weekly trips between these two points. Now, however, a new combination of rivermen reduced the schedule to five days, and from this circumstance the organization, known as the "Five Day Line," took its name. Among the boats in the service of the Five-Day Line might be found such colorful names as the *Amazon*, the *Cataract*, the *Belle Gould*, the *Garden City* and the *Prairie Bird*. Gould, the historian of western steamboat travel, avers that these boats were among the finest and fastest of their day on western rivers. But their glory soon passed, for by the middle fifties the railroad paralleled canal and river alike, and the through passenger travel promptly deserted the boats for the new and speedier mode of travel.

The change in highway travel southwest of Chicago which the opening of the canal brought about was as far-reaching as the change on the river. Chicago had afforded the only market for the farmers of Grundy and La Salle, and other counties even more remote. Now, in effect, the farmer found the Chicago market suddenly brought to the nearest accessible point on the river or canal. Along this route warehouses were erected and a market for grain of all kinds was brought within easy reach, while goods and supplies of all sorts needed by the farmer were easily secured. For the farmers within reach of the canal or river, the tedious and expensive trips to the Chicago market, which they had long been compelled to make, became a thing of the past.

Passenger travel, also, between Ottawa and Chicago abandoned the highways for the canal. The Red and Green packet lines which were quickly put in service were regarded as a marked improvement over the older method of land travel. "Traveling was placed among the luxuries," writes the historian of La Salle County. "The change from the ox team to the packets was as great to the early settlers as that from the boat to the parlor cars has been to later generations."

Canal-boat travel has long since been relegated to the limbo of the past, but we are fortunate in having a detailed description by an intelligent English traveler who toured the United States in 1850, of the luxuries of packet-boat transportation on the Illinois and Michigan Canal. The vessel, the "Queen of the Prairies," was scheduled to make the journey to La Salle in twenty hours, but on this occasion it consumed twenty-five. The cabin of the boat was 50 feet long, 9 feet wide, and 7 high, and in this space ninety passengers were to live, eat and sleep. Their baggage was stored on the roof and covered with a canvas for protection from the weather.

For the first few miles the "Queen of the Prairies" was towed, in company with three other canal boats, by a small steamer, but after passing the locks steam power gave place to horses, which traveled at the rate of five miles per hour.

Soon after leaving Chicago supper was served, "with the never-failing beef steak as tough as usual." The meal despatched, all the male passengers were ordered on deck while the cabin was transformed into a sleeping room. In less than half an hour they were permitted to return. In this brief space of time fifty berths had been erected, and beds for twenty spread on the floor. One end of the cabin had been curtained off for the ladies, and the sleeping places consisted of three tiers of shelves placed three feet apart along the entire length of both sides of the cabin.

The narrator, being a stranger, was politely offered first choice of berths, but "where all appeared equally uncomfortable," he found the process of selection difficult. The other passengers made selection in the order of their ticket numbers, and all clambered into bed as best they could. With all windows tightly closed, the air in the cabin soon became intolerable. In those days "night air" was commonly believed to be highly unhealthy, and although our traveler awoke in the morning with a severe headache, the result of the nauseous atmosphere, he found consolation in the reflection that he had avoided contamination from breathing the "malarious" air of the marshland adjoining the canal.

Sliding from his shelf at early dawn, he washed in a water bucket on deck before his fellow-passengers had arisen. Shortly after breakfast the junction of the Des Plaines and the Kankakee was reached, and about nine o'clock the boat arrived at Morris. Continuing at this sedate rate it tied up at La Salle at six o'clock in the evening, twenty-five hours after the departure from Chicago.

CHAPTER V

THE THOROUGHFARES TO THE LEAD MINES

THE development of the thoroughfares leading westward from Chicago was intimately associated with the mining districts of northwestern Illinois and southwestern Wisconsin, whose chief commercial center was Galena, situated at the head of navigation on the Fever River.

Galena is one of the oldest and most interesting cities in the upper Mississippi Valley. The existence of rich lead deposits in this vicinity was known to the French before the close of the seventeenth century. The map of Father Hennepin in 1687 shows a lead mine in the vicinity of Galena, while the journal of Henri Joutel, who spent the winter of 1686–87 at Starved Rock, records that travelers to the upper Mississippi country have found mines of "very good lead" there.

A generation later all France was convulsed by an orgy of mad speculation whose basis was the supposed mineral wealth of the upper Mississippi. This episode, known to history as the Mississippi Bubble, soon passed, and although the Indians seem to have worked the Illinois mines in their crude way from an early period, the earliest white miner of whom we have any considerable knowledge is the trader, Julien Dubuque. The red men were very jealous of white intrusion in the mines, but at a council with the Sauk and Foxes held at Prairie du Chien in 1788 Dubuque obtained permission to mine lead "tranquilly and without any prejudice to his labors." Thereafter for almost a quarter of a century, from his headquarters near the Iowa city which bears his name, he traded with the Indians of the adjoining region, buying their furs and lead and himself carrying on extensive mining operations. Dubuque enjoyed great favor with the natives and before his death in 1810 he had accumulated a fortune from his combined trading and mining operations.

Although the Indians had thus admitted Dubuque and his French-Canadian employes to the mines, until well into the nineteenth century it was exceedingly dangerous for an American to establish himself in this region, and it is reported that several who essayed to do so paid with their lives for their temerity. Following the close of the War of 1812, however, the Indians were forced by a treaty negotiated near St. Louis in August, 1816, to assent to American occupation of a tract of mining country five leagues square on the eastern side of the Mississippi. Since the negotiators were somewhat hazy as to the situation of the mines, the more precise location of the reservation was to be left to designation later by the President of the United States. This same year George Davenport, an agent of the American Fur Company, opened a trading post near the mouth of the Fever River and from here he shipped to St. Louis the first flat-boat cargo of ore which ever avowedly came from the Galena mines.

Davenport soon abandoned his location but in 1819 Jesse Shull, who had been trading at the Dubuque mines, on receiving assurance that the Indians would not molest him, crossed over to Fever River. Several other Americans came in about the same time, and this year marks the permanent beginning of Galena, and of American occupation of the Illinois mines.

Since this work is not a history either of Galena or the lead mines it is sufficient for our purpose to note briefly some of the more outstanding facts in the development of the region. For several years following 1819 the mines developed slowly. Soon, however, the pace accelerated, and the lead region became a center of attraction for enterprising spirits from all over the United States, and even from points across the sea. The mines of ancient Cornwall supplied their quota, and there are today in southwestern Wisconsin thousands of descendants of Cornishmen who found their way to the lead mines during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. From Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee a horde of squatters and prospectors

THE GALENA LEVEE IN 1844

Galena was at this period the chief commercial emporium of the upper Mississippi Valley. Reproduced from a drawing in oil made by Major Bender in 1844.

came up the Mississippi to Galena, while many from Indiana and southern Illinois came overland, following for the most part the old Indian trail from Peoria, which after 1825 was developed into a wagon road known as the Kellogg Trail.

Until 1827 the only government was that of the United States, administered by the superintendent of the lead mines. In this year, however, Jo Daviess County was organized, and about the same time the principal settlement on Fever River assumed the name of Galena, by which it has ever since been known. Here, on July 8, 1828, was begun the publication of the *Miner's Journal*, the first newspaper in the new Northwest. Not until more than five years later did Chicago's first newspaper issue from the press, and it was eight years after the birth of the *Miner's Journal* before a printing press was established at Milwaukee.

But the period of Galena's glory came with the decade beginning about the year 1845. "It was then [from 1845 to 1856] the most important commercial metropolis in the Northwest", writes General Augustus L. Chetlain in his *Recollections of Seventy Years*. "Its trade, which began in the later thirties, continued to increase steadily as the country developed until beyond the middle of the fifties . . . . Lines of fine steamboats plied between St. Louis and Galena, bringing in merchandise and general supplies and taking back lead and farming products. Then a line of first-class steamboats ran between Galena and St. Paul . . . . I have known in the busy season twelve to fifteen steamboats lying at the wharf at Galena at one time loading and unloading freight."

But the same factors which made possible the greatness of modern Milwaukee and Chicago sealed the doom of Galena's prosperity. Its able and aggressive bankers and merchants had developed a wide-ranging wholesale trade, but they paid practically no attention to the fostering of manufacturing establishments. When, in the middle fifties, two lines of railroad were pushed from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, one from Milwaukee to Prairie du Chien, the other from

Chicago to Galena, the old line of commercial transit by way of the Mississippi, on which the prosperity of Galena had been built up, was cut across, and the trade of the upper Mississippi, instead of following the course of the river as of old, now found its way to the East over the new avenues of transit. The change proved fatal to Galena; her commercial dominance over the upper Mississippi swiftly departed, and the place fell back to the position it has ever since retained as a center of merely local retail trade.

Although the railroads spelled the doom of Galena, a stern economic contest for the control of the trade of the mines had long been waged between the eastern and southern routes to the seaboard. The New Orleans market, distant and difficult of access as it was, was at best a way-station between Galena and the northern seaboard cities which were the ultimate source of her commerce. There was, of course, an important alternative route by way of the Ohio River and thence across the mountains to Baltimore or Philadelphia, but this route involved a tedious and expensive land carriage. Accordingly, with the birth of Chicago and Milwaukee in the middle thirties, the commerce of the mines began to seek the new route to the East by way of the lakes and the Erie Canal. Although the river route maintained its dominance for a decade longer, more and more the lead of the mining country and, later, its livestock and farm produce found their way overland to Chicago or Milwaukee, the teamsters loading their wagons for the return journey with those articles of merchandise for which the interior cities and towns afforded a constant market.

We are here observing a contest whose importance far transcends any mere local interest, for on its outcome depended no less a result than the life of the American nation. If the Mississippi River had continued to offer to the states of the upper Mississippi Valley their sole outlet to the seaboard, their economic welfare and therewith their sympathies must have remained permanently bound up with that of the

slave states. The opening of new and better highways to the East in the decade immediately preceding 1860 freed the Northwest from its dependence on the southern route to the sea and made possible the stand it took for the preservation of the Union in the years from 1861 to 1865.

The earliest impulse toward opening an overland highway between Chicago and Galena came, as might be expected, from the latter point. At the time the settlement of the mines was begun, the country between Galena and Chicago was an unexplored land, which only gradually became known to the white man. An indication of this is seen in the fact that when Major Long's exploring expedition came to Chicago in the summer of 1823 it was only after much delay and difficulty that a guide could be procured to conduct the party to Prairie du Chien. Six years after this, in August, 1829, J. G. Soulard, a Galena business man, despatched a wagon laden with lead to Fort Dearborn. According to the Galena *Advertiser* of contemporary date this was the first wagon ever to pass between the Mississippi and Chicago. The route taken from the mines was to Ogee's Ferry on Rock River, eighty miles; thence an east course sixty miles to the missionary establishment on the Fox River of the Illinois; and thence in a northeasterly course sixty miles to Chicago. Ogee's Ferry was on the site of modern Dixon, and the missionary establishment referred to was the Methodist mission to the red men located near Plainfield, Illinois. The distance traveled by this route was 200 miles. The outward trip with 3000 pounds of lead consumed eleven days, while the return journey was made in eight days.

Whatever the returns of this particular venture may have been, the time had not yet arrived for any considerable traffic between Galena and the lakes. Not until a port should be developed at Chicago, and the machinery evolved for conducting regular commercial exchanges with the seaboard cities, could the trade of the interior find its way thither. These things were brought to pass as consequences of the

Black Hawk War of 1832. In its train followed not only the birth of modern Chicago, but with the dispossession of the Indians the settlers began moving into the country stretching westward to the Mississippi. In connection with this process the middle thirties witnessed the development of two great thoroughfares running west from Chicago with Galena as their common destination. For the remainder of this chapter it will be convenient to distinguish them as the Northern and Southern routes to Galena.

The first white men to locate in the beautiful valley of Rock River were attracted thither by the lure of profits to be gained from trading with the Indians. The earliest one of whom we have any considerable knowledge was Stephen Mack, a native of Vermont, who about the year 1822 found his way west to Green Bay. There he was told of the advantages for trade which the Rock River Country held out, and procuring an Indian pony he pushed through the wilderness to a Potawatomi village near the site of modern Grand De Tour. Here he located, married the daughter of the chief of the band, and for two or three years carried on trade with the natives, disposing of his furs at Chicago and procuring his supplies of merchandise there. Despite his matrimonial alliance with the band, however, some of its members conceived a dislike for the trader and laid a plot to kill him. Hononegah, his wife, learned of this, and apprising her husband of the impending danger, the pair sought refuge in the Winnebago village at Bird's Grove, where they received a hearty welcome and for some years made their home.

The story of Mack's relation with his dusky wife, Hononegah, affords a pleasing contrast to the usual sordid tale presented by such unions between the traders and the Indian women. She was devoted to her husband and family and he repaid her with a like degree of loyalty and affection. With the coming of white settlers, her position naturally became more difficult, but she won the friendship and respect of the newcomers and performed many acts of kindness to

such as were overtaken by sickness or other misfortune. At the same time she did not despise her own race, and while her Potawatomi relatives remained in Illinois they often came to visit her. To the end of her life she wore the native dress, in the contriving of which she exhibited both taste and skill. In 1840, to settle any question that might arise over the legality of his union with Hononegah, Mack remarried her in due form before a justice of the peace. She died in the summer of 1847, leaving besides her husband a large family of children.

In 1832 when the wily Black Hawk was bending every effort to induce the Winnebago to make common cause with him, Mack exerted all his influence to persuade the band with which he lived to reject the war belt. The situation became so tense in consequence of this course that Mack's life was endangered, and the story has come down that for a time he was forced to hide himself on an island in the river, now known as Webber's Island, where Hononegah supplied him with food until it was safe for him to venture abroad.

Mack foresaw that a speedy settlement of the Rock River country would follow upon the close of the war. Believing the junction of the Pecatonica River with the Rock offered an eligible site for a town, he located here and in 1835 laid out the village of Macktown. He had the town site platted and at one time valued a corner lot at $1000. In 1838 he established a ferry and several years later replaced it with a bridge, the first to be built across Rock River in the state of Illinois. But with the progress of settlement travel was diverted to other lines and the village of Macktown dwindled until now nothing but the name is left.

The honor of founding a great city in the Rock River Valley was reserved to Germanicus Kent and Fletcher Blake, two Yankees like Mack, who in the early thirties had found their way west to Galena. In the summer of 1834 these men explored the Rock River country and determined to locate on the present site of Rockford. It was then fondly believed that Rock River was destined to become a great highway of

commerce, and the newcomers had fixed upon the point on the stream supposed to be equally distant from Galena and Chicago. Under this belief they gave to their settlement the name of Midway.

Meanwhile other settlements were being established, and in January, 1836, the state legislature authorized the laying out of a state road from Meacham's Grove in Cook County to Galena. The act directed the commissioners appointed for this purpose to "view, survey, and locate" the road in such fashion as to take in "Elgin on Fox River in Cook County, Belvidere on Squaw Prairie, in the county of La Salle, and Midway at the ford on Rock River, in the county of Jo Daviess." Soon after this, the name Midway gave place to Rockford, the derivation of which is sufficiently obvious. Meacham's Grove was modern Bloomingdale in Du Page County, to which point from Chicago there was already an established road. Thus was the course of the northern route to Galena officially determined, and the names of State Street in Belvidere and State Street in Rockford record the fact that they were formerly portions of the old state road.

The history of both northern and southern roads to Galena is interestingly associated with an important episode of the Black Hawk War. Andrew Jackson, who was president of the United States, was himself one of the staunchest Indian fighters the country has ever known. Although Jackson had once challenged General Scott to a duel, his impatience over the blundering misconduct of the war by the volunteer forces was such that he ordered Scott to proceed with a force of regulars to the scene of warfare and there assume charge of further operations. Late in June, therefore, he set out from Fortress Monroe with nine companies of regulars. The route taken was by way of Buffalo and thence around the lakes to Chicago, which was reached in a remarkably short space of time. En route, however, the Asiatic cholera, which was then sweeping over the country, made its appearance among Scott's soldiers. Scores died, and scores more deserted

in wild fear of the dread disease. The contagion had not yet spent its force when the expedition reached Chicago in early July. Fort Dearborn was turned into a hospital and all thought of taking the field was given over for the present.

Within the next few days, ninety more soldiers were consigned to shallow graves on the sandy lake shore. As soon as the epidemic began to abate its violence, General Scott moved out over the Ottawa Road to the site of modern Riverside, where a camp was established overlooking the Des Plaines, until the men should be once more in condition for active service. Meanwhile on June 29, Scott himself set out for the front, accompanied only by two or three staff officers and an escort of a dozen men, having left orders for bringing the main force on to Prairie du Chien as soon as possible. The route taken by Scott was the old Indian trail leading westward by way of Naperville to Dixon's Ferry on Rock River, from which place he followed the Kellogg Trail, now a well-established road, to Galena.

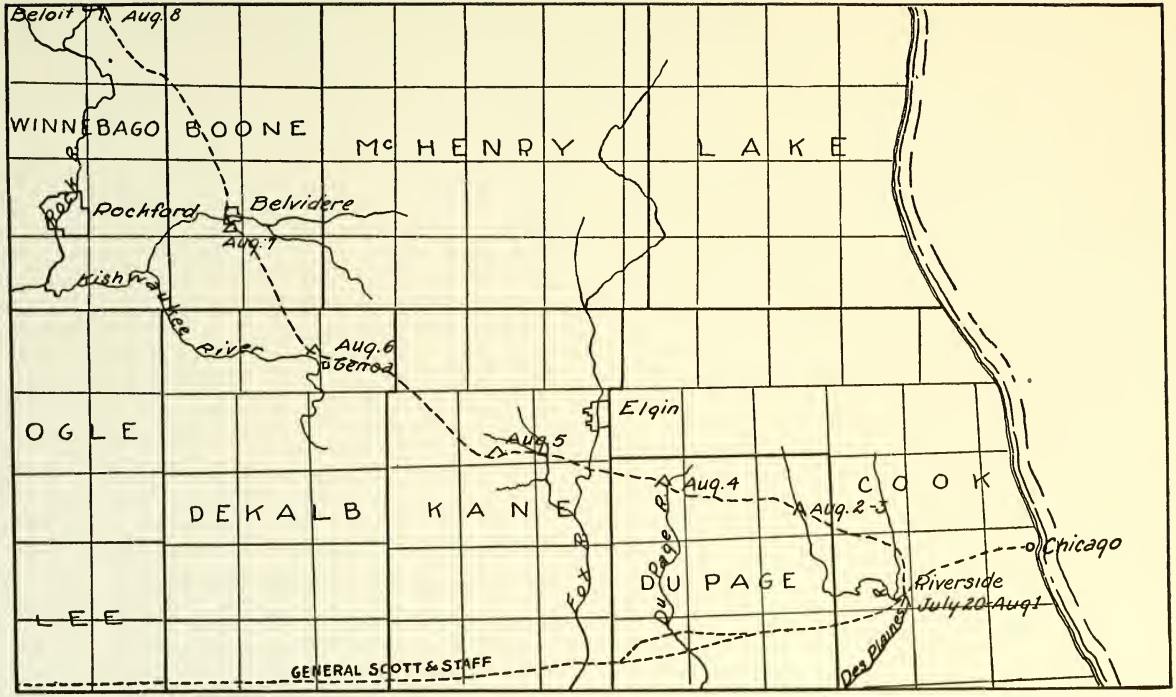
Less than a year after Scott's passage, the route he followed became a state road—the first from Chicago to Galena. Beginning at the corner of Lake and West Water streets, Chicago, the surveyors ran the line 102 miles to Dixon, from which point they followed the "general line of the present road" to Galena. The conception of road making then current is revealed incidentally in their report, which states that as far as Dixon the route is over "high and dry" prairie, and no expense is needed other than for bridging the streams. From Dixon to Galena the route is very hilly but a "tolerably good road," and "$500 will probably be sufficient for a good road the whole distance." Over this state road was started, in 1834, the first mail coach between Chicago and Galena, and thus the southern thoroughfare to Galena was established.

Some days after Scott's departure from Riverside, the camp on the Des Plaines was broken up and with a train of fifty wagons the army began its advance to the Mississippi. Instead of following in the footsteps of Scott, however, the

army moved up the Des Plaines to Maywood. Here it turned westward, crossing the Fox River at a ford about three miles below the site of Elgin. From here the march was continued in a northwesterly direction across Kane and Boone counties to the Winnebago Indian village on the site of modern Beloit. At this place the army rested a week, during which time news was received of the destruction of Black Hawk's army in the battle of the Bad Axe. There being no occasion for further advance, the army now proceeded down Rock River to Rock Island, where conquerors and conquered alike assembled to fix upon terms of peace.

As far as Beloit the army had followed an ancient trail running from Chicago to the Winnebago village. The track made by the heavy wagons in passing over it was shortly turned into a highway by the incoming settlers, and was long known as the Army Trail. Hezekiah Duncklee, a settler who with two companions came west from his native New Hampshire in the autumn of 1833, relates that on crossing the Des Plaines at Maywood they came upon a "well traveled road" bearing westwardly across the prairie. After camping for the night in the midst of 500 Potawatomi who were assembling at Chicago for the great pow pow which resulted in the noted treaty of 1833, the settlers resumed their westward journey, following this road which was, of course, the Army Trail. From Maywood it passed into the southeast corner of modern Addison Township, Du Page County, a mile or so northeast of Elmhurst, crossed Salt Creek at the village of Addison, and passed on through Bloomingdale to the crossing of the Fox River south of Elgin. Toiling along their way in this narrow path "between two oceans of green," the settlers came upon the grave of one of Scott's soldiers, buried the year before. Farther west, at Salt Creek, were found the tent poles still standing as the army had left them.

Duncklee and his companions went no farther than Bloomingdale, which became, three years later, the starting point of the state road to Galena. The settlement on the site of



SCOTT'S ARMY TRAIL FROM CHICAGO TO BELOIT

The dates indicate the several camping places. Adapted from manuscript map by Albert F. Scharf.

Elgin was made in the spring of 1835 by James and Hezekiah Gifford, two brothers from New York, who could not resist the combined attractions of good soil and potential water power which the place offered. Other settlers soon joined them and within a few months a number of cabins dotted the vicinity. The army trail, it will be remembered, crossed the Fox some three miles farther down the stream. The founders of the new settlement, therefore, staked out a road from Elgin east to Bloomingdale, to connect with the trail and afford an outlet to the Chicago market. The first improvement of the new highway was made on July 4, 1836. On this day the assembled populace of Elgin cut down a large tree and with several yokes of oxen hauled it halfway to Meacham's, as Bloomingdale was then called. The citizens of Meacham's meanwhile were "improving" their half of the route in like fashion, and at the point where the two parties met the road was formally declared open, and all joined in a "grand Independence dinner" of corn bread, bacon, and cold coffee.

Thus usefully did the townsmen of Elgin observe the city's first Independence Day. As yet the place had no name, although some of the citizens had begun to call it "State Road" in the hope, apparently, that a state road would some time reach it. Chiefly to the enterprise of James Gifford was due the realization of the prophecy expressed in the name of the place. By 1836 settlers were pushing on west of Elgin, but as yet there was no road other than the army trail. Gifford desired to make Elgin a great point on the thoroughfare from Chicago to Galena, and he realized that positive effort was required to divert travel thither from the line of the army trail. To this end he undertook to mark out a road west of Elgin for the use of emigrants, and he persevered in his task until a route had been surveyed and blazed as far as Belvidere. When the commissioners came to lay out the state road from Bloomingdale to Galena they adopted, as far as Belvidere, the line which Gifford had blazed.

Traffic over the Chicago-Galena highway increased, of course, with the increasing settlement of the interior until diverted to the railroad, which began pushing its way westward from Chicago in 1848. Precisely when stages were first run over the northern route is not entirely clear. The history of Elgin relates that Mrs. Gifford, who in 1835 had ridiculed her husband's idea that he would live to see stage coaches running to the place, in 1837 could see from her cabin door not one, but two, daily stages enter the village with "horns blowing the announcement of their arrival."

Probably the first stage-coach to reach Rockford was on January 1, 1838, for on that date not only the villagers but large numbers from the surrounding country assembled to witness the arrival of the stage. The proprietors of the line were the well-known firm of Frink and Walker, with headquarters at Chicago. At first their stage ran only as far as Rockford, and the schedule time for the journey from Chicago was twenty-four hours. From Rockford on to Galena the stage was conducted for a time by John D. Winters, whose home was at Elizabeth in Jo Daviess County. Probably from this circumstance, the stage route at first passed through Elizabeth. Subsequently it followed the more direct route by way of Freeport, the stopping-place between Freeport and Rockford being at Twelve-Mile Grove.

Travel conditions over the Galena highway did not differ materially from those of other western roads in the stage-coach period. There was no bridge at Elgin until 1837, and none at Rockford until the summer of 1845. At Rockford a ferry was maintained prior to the building of the bridge, but at Elgin travelers crossed the raging Fox as best they could. In this connection an interesting story of pioneer ingenuity is recorded. A number of teamsters had congregated, unable to cross the river, which was filled with blocks of floating ice. Instead of tamely waiting upon the processes of nature, they proceeded to throw quantities of straw from cake to cake and then pour water over the straw. This froze, the ice became one solid

mass, and over the bridge thus contrived the teamsters passed triumphantly.

Mrs. Oscar Taylor, who as a young woman traveled over the Galena road from Chicago to Freeport in the autumn of 1839, has left a sprightly narrative of this, her first journey in Illinois. The stage, which she describes as a "commodious affair," left Chicago at two o'clock in the morning, having as passengers, aside from Mrs. Taylor, ten young men, all of whom were coming west to seek their fortunes. In the darkness of the first few hours nothing could be seen of the country, but the continued splashing caused by the four horses gave the impression of low land nearly under water. "At daybreak," continues Mrs. Taylor, "we reached a country tavern, where we breakfasted on Rio coffee, fried fat pork, potatoes boiled with their jackets on, with hot saleratus biscuits, the color and odor of which warned us what to expect in flavor. But the gay spirits and vigorous appetites of my traveling companions added piquant sauce to the emigrant fare.

"On emerging from the stuffy little breakfast room into the fresh air of the morning, there before me lay the great prairies of the West, seen for the first time in the full splendor of a magnificent sunrise, the seas of green stretching unbounded in every direction, the vast expanse unbroken by any sign of habitation.

"The curtains of our stage were rolled up (and) as we drove on through the beautiful morning I was entranced. I had heard of the western prairies, I had imagined them, I had read of them with Cooper, my father had written of them, but I had not formed the slightest conception of the actual vision of this country, which was then almost as it had been a century before, when the red men roamed over it at will. Gradually the flat levels changed to a more billowy surface, and small groves of oak appeared. Sometimes we passed through what seemed veritable gardens, so gorgeous were the fields of yellow golden-rod, broken by the deep purple and snowy white of the wild aster. And the gentians, blue and purple, fringed and

closed, bloomed in bewildering beauty, while the great cloud shadows floating across the scene continually altered the face of the landscape. I looked to see deer or wolf, or some other wild creature start up as we passed, but in that I was disappointed.

"Our late lunch had been a repetition of breakfast and I, tired and hungry, fell asleep as darkness gathered, to be aroused by a shout from the driver, 'Rockford! Rockford! Here you can get a good Yankee supper.' Most welcome news! It wasn't a Yankee supper after all, but a most delicious supper of native prairie chicken, cooked, however, with the skill of the traditional eastern housewife. At midnight we left Rockford, crossing the river by ferry, to me a frightful experience in the black darkness. Hardly were we on solid earth before the driver announced that the passengers must leave the stage and climb the sand bank just ahead, as the horses could not pull the load up the bank. I think I should have been buried in the sand had not one of the young men gallantly assisted me."

The story of the southern road to Galena is closely bound up with the history of Kellogg's Trail. Prior to 1825 residents of lower Illinois who desired to visit the lead mines had followed a circuitous route to the Mississippi and thence along its banks to Galena. In the spring of 1825 Oliver W. Kellogg of Peoria set out for Galena with a team and wagon. Instead of pursuing the usual route he followed an ancient Indian trail which led from the mines to Fort Clark. Blazing the way as he went, Kellogg crossed Rock River about three miles east of Dixon and passed through the prairie lying between Polo and Mount Morris, touching the western part of West Grove and continuing northwestwardly to Galena. Other travelers to the mines quickly followed the path which Kellogg had blazed, and thus the famous Kellogg Trail came into existence.

Although Kellogg had opened a fairly direct route from Peoria to Galena it was soon perceived that it bore too far to the east. This defect was corrected by John Boles, who came

over the trail in the spring of 1826. Leaving the beaten track some distance south of Rock River, he crossed the river just above the present Illinois Central Railroad bridge at Dixon, passed northward about a mile east of Polo, and through White Oak Grove, about a half mile west of Foreston, and Crane's Grove to Galena. This rectification of Kellogg's track was adopted by others, and the site of Dixon at once sprang into importance.

This importance was primarily due to the fact that the heavy traffic which quickly developed over the Kellogg Trail must here find passage over a broad, deep river. The Winnebago Indians who dwelt hereabout were the original ferrymen. For a suitable consideration they were willing to put travelers across the river, although their equipment for doing so was somewhat meager. Two canoes placed side by side were made to do duty for a ferry boat, the two wheels of one side of the wagon being placed in one canoe and the other two in the other. The teamster's horses or oxen were made to swim the stream.

But the Indians were frequently absent, or indisposed to labor, and an enterprising resident of Peoria concluded to establish a regular ferry at Dixon. To this end he sent up a man to erect a small shanty on the bank, and following him a carpenter to build the boat. The red men, however, who regarded the ferry privilege as their own peculiar monopoly, watched the proceedings with sullen gaze; when the boat was about half completed they set it on fire and urgently advised the workmen to betake themselves to Peoria.

The advice was acted upon without delay, and for a year or two longer the natives continued to enjoy their monopoly. In 1828, however, a half-breed Frenchman, Joe Ogee, who had long associated with the Indians, and had taken to wife the half-breed daughter of the trader Lasaliere, started a ferry at Dixon, and him the natives permitted to continue unmolested. Considered as a business man Ogee was not a conspicuous success. His ferry boat was propelled by poles, the pass-

engers generally taking poles and assisting in the work. It started from the south bank of the river and landed wherever luck and the strength of the current might combine to dictate. Ogee, too, was addicted to liquor, and his attendance upon the ferry, like that of the red man before him, was somewhat irregular.

This situation was doubtless partly responsible for bringing to the place in 1830 John Dixon, one of the most remarkable men of his day in Illinois. Dixon was a native of New York who in 1805 had located in New York City as a merchant tailor. He was a religious man, and throughout a long and busy life maintained a character above reproach. In 1820 Dixon came west by ox team and flat boat to Illinois, locating in Madison County. He later removed to Peoria, where in addition to holding numerous county offices he engaged in business as a mail contractor. Dixon was a brother-in-law of Charles S. Boyd, who settled Boyd's Grove in Bureau County, and to this point Dixon himself removed in 1828. About this time he had taken the mail contract between Peoria and Galena, the mail being carried by his son. In 1830 Ogee transferred the ferry to Dixon, who removed to the place and from whom it received its permanent name. Meanwhile Oliver Kellogg had located at Kellogg's Grove in Stephenson County, and later at Buffalo Grove on the site of modern Polo. The Boyds, Kelloggs, and Dixons were the first permanent white settlers between Peoria and Galena, and their places of settlement were all points on the Galena road.

Of the importance of Kellogg's Trail, and of Dixon in particular, in this early period, Stevens, the historian of the Black Hawk War, thus writes: "Famous old days were those in the West, and famous men traveled that trail in those old days! From the miner and prospector to the merchant; from the mail carrier to the soldier; from the circuit preacher to the circuit law rider following a peripatetic court. From Peter Cartwright the energetic Methodist preacher who swam swollen streams and rivers to keep his word, and who, if rumor

be true, brought in more than one obstreperous recruit with a flogging, to Col. James Strode, the then noted but erratic criminal lawyer of Galena; from Lieut-Col. Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became president of the United States, and Gen. Winfield Scott, who wanted to be, to Lieut. Jefferson Davis who was president of the southern Confederacy, and Capt. Abraham Lincoln, who dissolved it, we find them all associated with the old trail and eating and lodging with mine host Dixon, singly and together; those who were later to become cabinet ministers, United States senators, representatives, governors and soldiers, and statesmen without number.

"White men and Indians alike made their pilgrimages along that trail, stopping over with Mr. Dixon to strengthen the inner man and replenish their stock of supplies. With the Indians he was particularly popular, insomuch that he became their counselor and arbitrator, and likewise their banker. In turn, as a recognition of his many and friendly offices, the Winnebago adopted him into their tribe, naming him Nachusa (Long-white-hair)."

Over Kellogg's Trail, almost from the moment of its opening, passed a heavy traffic. An indication of its volume as early as the spring of 1827 is afforded by the story of Elisha Doty, who in March of that year left Peoria for Galena. At Dixon he tried to cross the river on the ice, but finding this impossible he gave up the journey and returned home. While tarrying on the south bank of the river before starting on the return journey, no less than two hundred teams collected, all northward bound for Galena. With the further development of the mines, of course, the traffic over the Kellogg Trail steadily increased.

As today thousands of laborers flock each summer to the wheat fields of Kansas and the Dakotas, so ninety years ago hundreds of men from Indiana, Kentucky, and southern Illinois resorted annually to the lead mines, going out in the spring and returning to their homes with the approach of winter. Many came up the Mississippi by boat, but for

thousands the Kellogg Trail afforded the most direct and cheapest route. Especially was this true of the teamsters, for whose services there was an insistent demand in the mining country. Since they must take their wagons and horses with them, it was cheaper to travel the overland route in their own conveyance than to go by boat up the Mississippi. Often on returning south in the autumn the teamster turned the journey to incidental profit by bringing a cargo of lead to the St. Louis market.

The opening of the southern stage route between Galena and Chicago in 1834 marks the turning point in the life of the Kellogg Trail. With the rising importance of Chicago as a business center, travel between Galena and Peoria decreased, and more and more the old trail fell into disuse. Today it exists but in memory, while the thoroughfare from Chicago to Dixon still exists but slightly altered from its original course. But the wagon track across the prairie sod, along which the pioneer plodded behind his clumsy oxen, has become a fairy pathway of cement over which rolls ceaselessly a procession of vehicles of speed and luxury such as the pioneer in his wildest flights of fancy never even imagined.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREEN BAY ROAD.

AS Galena was the objective of the thoroughfares leading westward from Chicago, so Green Bay was the terminus of the ancient highway to the north. Lying at the mouth of Fox River, on the earliest known water route from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi, La Baye, as the place was known to the French, was the earliest settlement of white men west of the Great Lakes. To this vicinity in 1634 came the venturesome Nicolet, seeking the long-desired waterway to China and the untold wealth of the Orient. Here Jolliet and Marquette paused in the spring of 1673, outward bound on their voyage of discovery to the Mississippi, and to the Jesuit mission already established here Marquette returned for rest and recuperation when the momentous expedition had terminated. For three generations La Baye continued to be an important center in the French scheme of empire in the Northwest. Then came the downfall of New France, and although the English promptly established a garrison at Green Bay, it was withdrawn during Pontiac's war of 1763, and never restored.

For half a century Green Bay ceased to be a garrison town. But the old French settlement did not die, and the factor of geography to which its birth had originally been due continued to render Green Bay an important center of Indian trade. Although nominally American soil from the close of the Revolution in 1783, the place remained virtually a British outpost until after the War of 1812. In that struggle the residents of Green Bay, bound up in the Indian trade, sided unanimously with Great Britain, and at its close the government of the United States, determined at last to assert its sovereignty over the Northwest, proceeded to establish Fort

Howard at the mouth of Fox River. This, together with Fort Crawford at Prairie Du Chien, reinforced a dozen years later by the building of Fort Winnebago at the Fox-Wisconsin Portage, enabled the government effectually to assert its authority over the denizens, tribesmen and traders alike, of Wisconsin.

To the Indian, as later to the white man, Green Bay and Chicago were places of importance, and the two were, of course, connected by well-established trails. These the white man found on his coming to the country and, adopting them for his own, proceeded to develop them into highways of civilized travel. Nowhere in America, perhaps, have clearer statements of the process of this transformation been recorded than in connection with the Green Bay road. Andrew J. Vieau, whose father came as a trader to Milwaukee in 1795, speaking of the road between Green Bay and Milwaukee in 1837, writes: "This path was originally an Indian trail and very crooked but the whites would straighten it by cutting across lots each winter with their jumpers[1], wearing bare streaks through the thin covering, to be followed in the summer by foot and horse back travel along the shortened path."

The Indian, like his white successor, ordinarily had a choice of routes by which to travel to his chosen destination, and in the present chapter the terms Green Bay trail and Green Bay road are used in their broad sense to include the more important variants of the route between the two cities.

The trail began at Chicago with two alternative routes, each of which gave rise, in the period of white settlement to an important highway. The first, which is the one more commonly identified with the Green Bay road, started at the north end of the Michigan Boulevard bridge and ran north along the height of land between the lake shore and the North Branch. The route led north on Rush Street as far as Chicago Avenue and from here northwesterly for a mile

[1]A "Jumper" was the type of sled known as a French Train, consisting of a box some six feet long and three feet wide, which was drawn over the surface of the snow.

to the intersection of Clark Street and North Avenue. In the earlier life of the city this diagonal path was represented by a road, but modern city building pays little heed to the preservation of Indian trails, and all traces of this diagonal path have long since disappeared. Professor Halsey, the industrious historian of Lake County, records that in 1860 he lived at the southern end of this diagonal, and it was then and for several years afterward known as the Green Bay Road. Continuing northward, the trail kept inland from the lake some distance, coming in sight of it between Chicago and Milwaukee only at Grosse Point. It passed Waukegan three miles inland, Kenosha five miles, and Racine about the same distance.

The alternative trail out of Chicago started from the west side of the forks of the river and ran along the divide between the North Branch and the Des Plaines for a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles. Crossing the latter river, it kept close to the west bank as far as the Gurnee Ford in Warren Township, Lake County. Here it recrossed to the east side, and running three miles to the northeast joined the trail which has already been described.

This trail from Chicago up the Des Plaines Valley gave rise in the early period of white settlement to two country roads which today find place on the map of Chicago as important diagonal city streets. One of these was Elston Road, which Andreas describes as "a crooked wagon track leading from Kinzie Street through Jefferson, the western part of Niles and through Northfield towards Deerfield." The other was Milwaukee Road, which has become within the city Milwaukee Avenue. The two streets run parallel for a distance of nine or ten miles, when Elston merges into Milwaukee.

The Milwaukee Road, from this point, continued northward through Wheeling, Half Day and Libertyville. A mile north of Libertyville it veered to the northeast, and recrossed the Des Plaines at Gurnee, and joined the Green Bay Road three miles beyond that point.

From Milwaukee to Green Bay there were two distinct

trails, both of which became the routes of important roads. The lake shore route ran in a direct line to Saukville on Milwaukee River, four miles west of Port Washington. From here to Manitowoc Rapids it followed the general course of the lake shore, although keeping for the most part to the higher ground some distance inland from the beach. At Manitowoc Rapids it turned sharply inland, and ran in a northwesterly direction to Green Bay.

The alternative route ran northwest from Milwaukee past Menominee Falls to Rubicon Post Office in Dodge County. Here it turned due north across Dodge to Fond du Lac at the foot of Lake Winnebago. It then skirted the eastern shore of the lake, through Taycheedah and Brothertown, struck the Fox River opposite Wrightstown, and followed the southern bank through Depere to its termination at Green Bay.

Our earliest accounts of travel over the Green Bay Trail are the narratives of the mail carriers who before the coming of the settlers traversed the wilderness between Fort Howard and Fort Dearborn. At first this task was performed by a soldier, detailed for the purpose by the commander of one of the forts. Despite the early importance of the Green Bay settlement its remoteness from the rest of the civilized world made the expense of maintaining a mail route too great for the Post Office Department to undertake. Henry S. Baird, who came to Wisconsin in 1824, relates that in summer the mail was conveyed in sailing vessels, and the townsmen were often without news from the outside world for weeks in succession. In winter-time a mail-carrier was hired to make monthly trips to Chicago, his pay being supplied in part from an allowance by the quartermaster at the fort, in part by popular subscription. How anxiously the arrival of the mail was awaited can today be but dimly imagined. If for any reason the carrier was delayed beyond the expected time, the presumption was that he had been detained by the red man or fallen a victim to starvation.

The narrative of John H. Fonda, "who ran the mail" be-

tween Fort Howard and Fort Dearborn in the winter of 1826, supplies an interesting picture of the conditions encountered on such a journey. Strange indeed would be the figure cut by Fonda and his French-Canadian companion if encountered today on the busy cement-paved highway between Green Bay and Milwaukee or Chicago. Fonda was garbed in "a smoke-tanned buckskin hunting shirt, trimmed leggings of the same material, a wolf-skin chapeau with the animal's tail still attached, and moccasins of elk-hide." He carried a heavy mountaineer's rifle with shortened barrel and a strap so attached that it could be slung over his back. A powder-horn hung by a strap from his shoulder, while a belt around his waist held a sheath knife and a pair of pistols, in addition to a short-handled axe. Attached to the belt, also, was a pouch of mink-skin in which he carried his rifle bullets.

The appearance of Boiseley, the Canadian, was still stranger. He was short and thick-set, while to his long arms were appended huge hands of tremendous grasp. His small head was covered with coarse black hair, while his eyes, small and black, were piercing as those of a rattlesnake. Accoutered in a style similar to the garb of Fonda, he sported a long Indian gun and always carried in his belt a large knife, pistol, and hatchet. His bullet pouch and horn hung under his arm. Like most of the voyageurs he was superstitious, and tied by sinew thongs to his horn were several charms which were supposed to possess some mysterious power to preserve the wearer from harm.

The most important item of the outfit, however, was the receptacle which contained the mail—a flat tin box or cannister, covered with untanned deer hide.

The round trip of nearly 500 miles usually consumed a month, and since the region traversed was an utter wilderness the men were thrown entirely upon their own resources. For food they chiefly depended upon the Indians and on such game as they might shoot en route; but since both these sources of supply were highly uncertain they carried by way

of reserve a bag of parched corn, to be eaten only in case of special need. The nights were sometimes spent in an Indian village, but more commonly before a campfire in the woods, wrapped in the blankets which they carried on their backs. Leaving Green Bay on foot, laden with arms, blankets, and provisions, the two men followed the Indian trail to the southeast, passing through dense woods of pine interspersed with cedar swamps, and now and then a grove of red oak. As they penetrated deeper into the primeval forest the tracks of fisher and mink became more frequent. Herds of deer that had made their "yard" in the heavily timbered bottoms were roused at intervals, while an encounter with an occasional wildcat lent its variety to the journey. At one place they camped for the night on the bank of a small stream which issued from a live spring and flowed over the rocks in several beautiful cascades. Under a projecting bank Boiseley found the water literally alive with trout, and taking from his pack the light camp kettle he dipped out as many as the two men could consume and fried them over the fire. On another occasion the marks of bear were observed on the trunk of a large oak. Investigation disclosed that the tree was hollow and the animals had been attracted to it by the store of wild honey concealed within. The men helped themselves to a kettleful, and during the evening ate so much that never again could Fonda taste honey without a feeling of nausea and disgust.

The hazards of such a journey were chiefly those incident to the hardships and exposure of wilderness travel. Illustrative of these is the record of the first capital surgical operation ever performed at Chicago, the subject of which was an unfortunate Canadian half-breed who had frozen his feet while carrying the mail from Green Bay to this place. This was in 1832 and Dr. Elijah Harmon, who has been denominated the "Father of medicine" in Chicago, had but recently established himself in the old Kinzie house across the river from Fort Dearborn. To him the sufferer was brought and as Hyde

tells the story "the doctor, assisted by his brother, tied the unfortunate man to a chair, applied a tourniquet to each lower extremity, and with the aid of the rusty instruments which he had transported on horseback through sun and shower from Detroit to Chicago, removed one entire foot and a large portion of the other. Needless to say, these were not the days of anesthetics, and the invective, in mingled French and English of the mail carrier's vocabulary, soon became audible to everyone in the vicinity of the stockade.

But the red man, though commonly disposed to peace at this period, was ever subject to strange moods, and liable at any time to avenge upon the traveler some injury, real or fancied, which he had suffered at the hands of some other member of the white race. Such a murder was committed in 1836 at Theresa, the victim, Ellsworth Burnet, being totally innocent of any connection with the offense for which he was slain. Burnet was traveling over the trail in company with Captain James Clyman, and the men had stopped to cook their evening meal. Without any warning of impending danger a shot rang out from the bush, and Burnet fell dead in the act of stooping to blow the fire. A second shot wounded Clyman, but he escaped, and succeeded in making his way to Milwaukee. The murderer, it later developed, was an Indian who took this means of avenging upon the white race the death of a relative who had been killed by a soldier at Fort Winnebago.

A tragedy of peculiar sadness associated with the Green Bay trail was the killing of Dr. William S. Madison on May 12, 1821. Dr. Madison was the surgeon at Fort Howard. About a year and a half before his death he had married a young woman in Kentucky, and the couple had resided together but a short time when he was ordered to rejoin his regiment. Leaving his young wife at her home, he proceeded through the wilderness to Green Bay. The months passed, and to the absent husband was borne the news that a son had been born. At last he obtained leave of absence for the

express purpose of visiting his wife and child, and on May 11, 1821, he set out over the trail to Chicago in company with the mail carrier. On the afternoon of the second day they fell in with Ketaukah, an Indian, who attached himself to the party. Toward sundown, when approaching Manitowoc Rapids, they came to a small ravine bordered with shrubbery. In crossing this the mail carrier took the lead, followed by the surgeon, with Ketaukah bringing up the rear. Hearing the sound of a gun, the carrier turned round to find Dr. Madison had been shot through the back, receiving a wound which he himself pronounced mortal. On receipt of the news at Fort Howard a detail of soldiers hastened to the place, to find the unfortunate surgeon had already expired.

His body was carried back to Green Bay and interred with due military honors. Meanwhile Ketaukah was brought in to the fort by the chief of his band and turned over to the soldiery. By them he was carried to Detroit, then the seat of government of what now is Wisconsin, and committed to prison. At the September session of the court he was convicted of the crime of murder and sentenced to be hanged. Another Indian murderer was sentenced to death at the same time, and the two culprits were confined in a common cell until the end of December, when they were taken to the appointed place and publicly hanged. Both men proved model prisoners, who acknowledged the justice of their doom and in their pagan way made careful preparations for death. They walked quietly to the gallows, and after shaking hands with several of the officers ascended the steps with a firm and resolute tread. With a final request for pardon for their crimes, and a last lingering gaze upon the heavens they were plunged into the other world.

The process of transforming the Green Bay trail into a white man's highway was begun by the federal government. A logical complement to the establishment of garrisons at Chicago, Green Bay, Portage, and Prairie du Chien was the construction of roads to make possible the free movement of

troops between these points. The first military road in Wisconsin was designed to connect Fort Howard at Green Bay with Fort Winnebago at the Fox-Wisconsin Portage. An appropriation of $2,000 was made by Congress for this purpose in the spring of 1830, but not until October, 1832 was the work of surveying the route begun by Lieutenant Center. As surveyed, the road ran up the south side of the Fox and along the east side of Lake Winnebago, the route being identical as far as Fond du Lac with the Indian trail to Milwaukee, which has already been described. The construction of the road was carried out the following season by detachments of soldiers from Fort Howard and Fort Winnebago. The work of improvement chiefly consisted in cutting a narrow track through the forest. Captain Martin Scott, whose fame as a marksman still survives in frontier legend, had the oversight of the twelve-mile section east of Lake Winnebago. He cut the road straight as an arrow for the entire distance, and this section was long known as "Scott's straight cut."

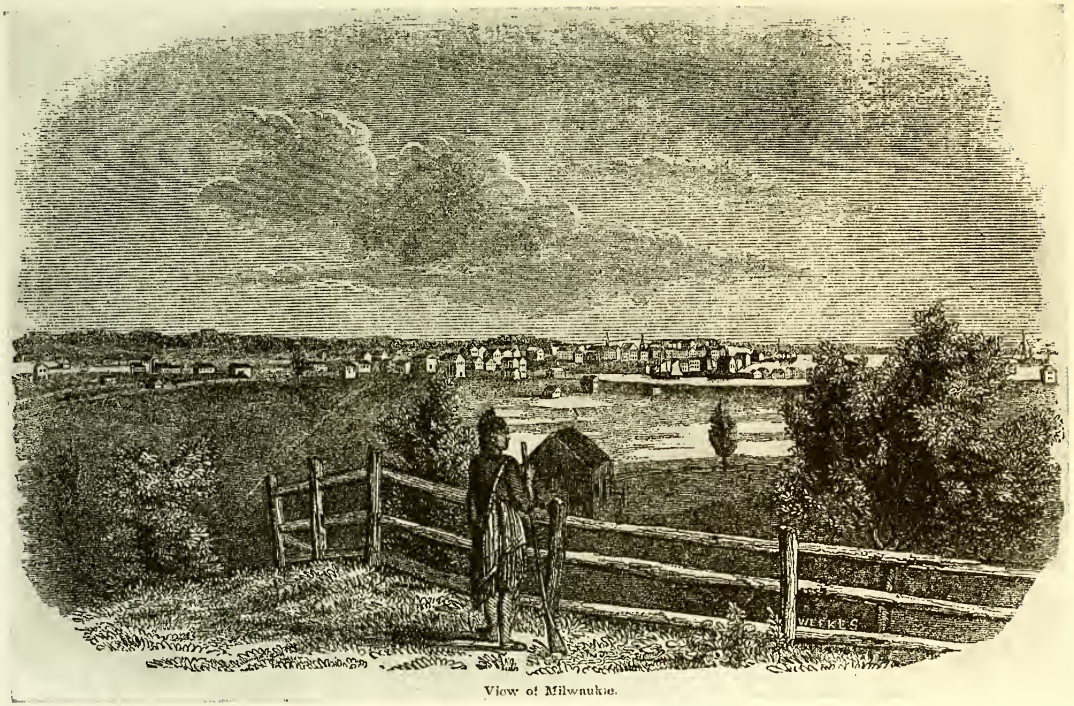
The road from Chicago to Green Bay dates its beginning from an act of Congress approved June 15, 1832, for the establishment of a post road between these points. A report made to the Secretary of War in October, 1833, states that the fund appropriated had been applied to the purpose intended, while a later report indicates that the survey was completed the following year. Andreas' *History of Chicago* states that stakes were driven and blazed along the line, and that as far as Milwaukee the road was "somewhat improved" by cutting out the trees to the width of two rods and laying puncheon and log bridges over the impassable streams; but it seems apparent from other sources of information that most of this improvement dates from a later period. Horace Chase, who with two companions left Chicago for Milwaukee in December, 1834, states that they followed the route of the Indian trail and crossed twenty-four streams, big and little, "getting mired in most of them." When this happened they

would carry the baggage ashore and pull the wagon out by hand, their single horse having all he could do to extricate himself. Another person who made the journey in the spring of 1835 relates that from Waukegan to Milwaukee the road was still a primitive Indian trail.

Another visitor to Milwaukee this same summer records that after crossing Root River the road became worse. The horse mired and they were compelled to loosen him from the wagon and help him out, after which they pried the wagon from the mud with handspikes. Two miles farther on they again became stalled and had to repeat the process. The road now became better but was still so bad that the men had to walk all the way to Milwaukee, where they arrived after sundown.

The newcomers found the Milwaukee of July, 1835, a town of several stores and dwellings where none had been at the opening of the season. Strictly speaking, not one town but several had been started, and the rivalry engendered between the promoters and upholders of the several settlements long survived to disturb the peace and welfare of the future metropolis. Near the mouth of the river, where now is one of the busiest industrial centers in the world, the newcomers found a marsh of several hundred acres, so wet that one could not travel through it, while to get around it entailed a detour of seven miles. Real estate speculation was the all-absorbing interest of the populace. "No one," records the observer, "thinks of raising anything on the land, but make claims as fast as they can by going on and cutting a few trees, spade up a little ground, and perhaps plant corn. They are just as likely to plant corn now [July 15] as at the proper season." Even the missionary preacher who had been sent out by the good people of New England to minister to the heathen in Wisconsin had become "a little tinctured" with the spirit of speculation.

The forecast recorded by these writers in July, 1835, that Milwaukee would eventually become a "place of considerable



A VIEW OF MILWAUKEE IN THE FORTIES

Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from Sears' *Pictorial History of the United States.*

business" found speedy fulfillment, for with the following spring began a period of rapid growth which before long made the town a formidable rival of Chicago for the commercial supremacy of Lake Michigan. Yet even between two such commercial centers the improvement of the highway proceeded with manifest deliberation. As late as January, 1839, Bishop Jackson Kemper records that the stage, which left Chicago at two in the morning, required more than twenty-four hours to reach Kenosha, although its schedule called for less than half this time; while the hundred-mile journey to Milwaukee entailed forty hours of travel. Milwaukee was then three years old, having 1000 inhabitants and the appearance of a "thriving and well-built town." The panic of 1837 had about run its course, leaving the community ample time to reflect upon the follies of the speculative era of 1836; yet the Bishop was led to conclude, from all that he could see and hear, that the town would soon recover its prosperity and renew its growth. The natural advantages of Milwaukee, combined with the enterprising character of the inhabitants, left no room for doubt concerning the "future commanding station" of the place.

Meanwhile, in 1838, Congress had appropriated $15,000 for the construction of a road from the Illinois state line northward to Green Bay, and the report of Lieutenant Cram, the army engineer, to whom the task of making the preliminary surveys was intrusted, sheds considerable light upon the conditions of the road and the country through which it passed. The projected road would open a "convenient" highway 158 miles in length along the west shore of Lake Michigan, chiefly through an excellent wooded district. From the Illinois line to Saukville, a distance of sixty-eight miles, the belt of woodland along the route of the road was chiefly settled; between Milwaukee and Sheboygan rivers there were several settlers. Between Sheboygan and Green Bay, an extent of sixty-three miles, there was no settlement other than the one which had been begun at Manitowoc Rapids.

Yet the route was the "principal mail route" from the south and east to the Green Bay District, and over it thrice a week the mail was carried to Milwaukee on the backs of men. It was impossible to drive a wheeled vehicle on the route farther north than Milwaukee, and nowhere between Milwaukee and the Illinois line could a span of horses haul an empty wagon at a greater speed than twenty-five miles a day; while to transport the mail from Green Bay to the Illinois boundary, 158 miles, required five days' travel.

The plan of improvement called for a highway four rods wide, banked in the middle to the width of fifteen feet. Within this space all trees were to be cut off close to the ground, while outside it and within a space two rods in width trees of less diameter than ten inches were to be cut. To complete the work as planned, Lieutenant Cram estimated that an additional appropriation of $33,381 would be required. According to the historian of Manitowoc County there was much mismanagement in the prosecution of the work, and although it afforded "the principal means of communication by land with the outside world," the extension of settlement along the northern portion of the road proceeded but slowly. The alternative route from Milwaukee to Fond du Lac, where connection was made with the military road constructed in 1832-33, remained but a primitive Indian trail until the winter of 1841. Then the citizens of Milwaukee subscribed a small sum of money which was paid to William R. Hesk for cutting a wagon road between Milwaukee and Fond du Lac. A capital narrative of a winter journey over this highway in February, 1843, two years after its opening, has been left by Increase A. Lapham of Milwaukee, Wisconsin's pioneer scholar and scientist. Sleighing was good at the time, and the journey was made in a cutter, drawn by a single horse. As far as Menominee Falls, fifteen miles from Milwaukee, the track had been worn hard and smooth by the loggers and farmers hauling their products to the Milwaukee market. At Vaughn's, seventeen miles out, the settlements began to be more scarce, and such few houses

as there were had all been erected within the past year. Juneau's trading establishment at Theresa, forty-six miles from Milwaukee, was reached at sundown. Here was living a band of about 100 Menominee Indians, whose chief had taken an active part on the British side in the War of 1812 and had been one of the leaders in the Chicago massacre.

The "famous village of Fond du Lac" Lapham found to consist of two houses, and one of these was a blacksmith shop. Taychedah, which still exists as a deserted village, was then the metropolis of the vicinity, with a store and half a dozen houses. At the town of Stockbridge, seventeen miles beyond Fond du Lac, the traveler put up at the house of William Fowler, and here during the evening a prayer meeting was conducted by the civilized Indians of the settlement. A ride of forty-two miles the following day brought him to Green Bay.

The traffic of the Green Bay road differed materially from that of all the other thoroughfares radiating from Chicago. The Detroit road, we have seen, was a great highway of travel for settlers pouring into the West. All the others were avenues by which the products of the interior found outlets to the markets of the eastern seaboard, and over which flowed the return stream of merchandise of all kinds which the western people consumed in vast quantities but of which they produced little or nothing. Through the Chicago gateway passed this double stream of traffic and from it her merchants took a toll which became ever richer as the population of the interior increased.

The Green Bay road, on the contrary, throughout almost its entire extent was paralleled by the shore of Lake Michigan, distant at most not more than half a dozen miles. Along this shore line were scattered at easy intervals such aspiring communities as Manitowoc, Kenosha, Racine, Milwaukee and Sheboygan, into whose harbors came, or might come, the same ships that found their way to Chicago. On the Green Bay road, therefore, were witnessed no long processions of farm

wagons plodding their weary way to the distant Chicago market. Nor could one see on it the steady stream of emigrant schooners which characterized the Detroit road. Many of these, it is true, set forth from Chicago on the northward route, but for the most part before long they turned into the interior in search of the particular destination which choice or fancy might dictate. The reason for this is obvious. If the settler followed the overland route to the West, he was liable to be diverted into the interior soon after he reached Chicago. If he came by water, and his destination was some point in Wisconsin, he naturally landed at the point, usually Milwaukee, from which he could most easily proceed to it. In this connection it is pertinent to remember that to the early settler Wisconsin meant that portion of the modern state lying south and east of the Fox-Wisconsin waterway. All above this line was a wilderness covered by a practically unbroken forest, into which no one but the lumberman and the Indian trader ever thought of penetrating. Even as late as 1847, it was gravely asserted in the convention which framed the constitution for statehood that the section of western Wisconsin lying between the Wisconsin River and modern St. Paul and Minneapolis was a "cold barren wilderness" which would be "forever uninhabitable."

In eastern Wisconsin the forest belt crossed the Fox and advanced to the lake shore, as far south as Milwaukee. Because of its accessibility, probably, sturdy Dutch and German settlers did not hesitate to plunge into this forest and begin the work of carving out the splendid farms with which this section is now covered. But even here, aside from the immediate lake shore, settlement proceeded much more slowly than it did in the more open country south and west of Milwaukee.

The traffic of the Green Bay Road, therefore, in the period we are considering, was largely confined to two classes, local travel, and through travel between such points as Chicago and Milwaukee and Milwaukee and Green Bay. Its volume,

too, particularly that of the latter class, was naturally affected by the season of the year. When navigation was open and the journey could be made by water much of the through travel between Chicago and the upper lake points went by water. The schedules of the stage managers, of course, took cognizance of this situation.

The first stage service between Chicago and Milwaukee is said to have been instituted in the spring of 1836, the proprietor of the line being Lathrop Johnson, who kept the New York House in Chicago. For transporting the mail and such passengers as might choose to entrust themselves to his oversight, Johnson provided an open lumber wagon. To give character to the service, however, it was drawn by four horses instead of two.

The Chicago Business Directory lists a tri-weekly stage service between Milwaukee and Chicago in summer, and a daily service in winter. Coaches were scheduled to make this journey in one and one-half days, stopping at Kenosha overnight. An announcement by Frink and Walker in the Little Fort (now Waukegan) *Porcupine* for December 3, 1845, advertised that "four-horse post coaches and stage sleighs" leave that place for Chicago each morning, and Milwaukee each evening. On appropriate notice being received, the Company would call for citizens at their homes and leave passengers off at any place where they might desire to stop.

Although Frink and Walker dominated the stage and mail service of northern Illinois for a decade and a half, they were not entirely free from competition. Thus, in the Little Fort *Porcupine* November 5, 1845, J. J. and E. M. Dennis make the following interesting announcement:

"Express line from Southport (now Kenosha) to Chicago. Through by daylight. The subscribers intend starting a semi-weekly express between the above places on the tenth of November next, to continue regularly through the winter; leaving the Mansion House in Southport on Mondays and

Thursdays at 10:00 A. M. and the American Temperance House in Chicago on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 o'clock A. M. The above express will pass through Little Fort each way taking the lake road from Southport to Chicago. Covered carriages with steel springs will run during wagoning, and covered sleighs during the winter. If good teams, careful drivers, speed, and convenience are inducements to the traveling public, the subscribers flatter themselves they will receive a good share of patronage."

Apparently the subscribers did not "flatter" themselves in vain, for a later announcement states that the express will be run hereafter three times a week. A portion of their success was doubtless due to the fact that the Frink and Walker stages ran over the Milwaukee Road as already described, and hence did not adequately serve the population immediately tributary to the lake shore. In April, 1845, the *Porcupine* complained that from Waukegan to Chicago, a distance of forty-five miles, there was no post office or post road, and that a "thickly settled" district, from five to ten miles wide, was entirely without mail facilities. It urged that a tri-weekly mail service be established on the shore road so as to alternate with the existing service on the Des Plaines road. A week later, abandoning this ground, the *Porcupine* complained that the people of this district with more mail than all the rest of the country, "yet are left dependent on a post station called Otsego, five miles out of town on the nearest route from Chicago to Milwaukee The fact is, the stage ought to run on the Lake road and the Otsego mail should be carried from Little Fort instead of vice versa as at present. We stick up to be the most Democratic village of the banner Democratic state; yet Racine and Kenosha have a daily steamboat mail." We have already seen that the longing of Little Fort's denizens for a mail route was satisfied the winter after this Macedonian plaint was heralded to a sympathetic world.

WISCONSIN STAGE LINES.

Leaves the General Stage Office, No. 13, Wisconsin street for Galena, via Prairieville, Delafield, Summit, Concord, Aztalan, Lake Mills, Cottage Grove, Madison, Dodgeville, Mineral Point, and Platteville to Galena.

With a branch running from Watertown, Beaver Dam, Fox Lake, Fond du Lac, to Green Bay.

Leaves the same office for Galena, via New Berlin, Mukwanago, East Troy, Troy, Johnstown, Janesville, Monroe, Wiota, Shullsburgh, and White Oak Springs to Galena.

With a branch running from Janesville, via Union to Madison, in due connection with the Galena line.

Also, a branch running from Janesville via Detroit, Roscoe, and Rockford to Dixon; connecting with the Chicago, and Galena Lines, at Rockford and Dixon.

Leaves Racine every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Janesville; Also, leaves Southport for Madison and Galena same days.

Leaves the same office for Chicago, via Oak Creek, Racine, Southport, Little Fort and Wheeling, to Chicago—connecting at Chicago, with the St. Louis and Michigan Stages.

Leaves the same office for Sheboygan, via Mequon, Hamburg: Saukville, Port Washington, and Sheboygan Falls to Sheboygan.

JOHN FRINK & Co. Proprietors.

Milwaukee, 1848.

A TYPICAL STAGE LINE TIME TABLE
Advertisement of Frink & Company's Wisconsin Stage Lines in 1848.
Reproduced from the Milwaukee City Directory.

The wonder of today becomes commonplace tomorrow; this aphorism finds fresh illustration in the case of the mail service of Waukegan. A local historian relates that the appearance of the first mail stage in the city "was an event creating a profound sensation." Half a dozen years later the *Gazette* nonchalantly reports that "five to six coaches pass daily through Waukegan, full inside and out."

CHAPTER VII

THE PLANK ROAD ERA

LIKE death and taxes the demand for better highways is omnipresent. Leaving the Indian out of account, it began with the advent of the first settler in the wilderness, and has continued to the present moment. Nor is it to be expected that the completion of any highway program now under contemplation will permanently solve the problem, for in any progressive society the existing standard of highway achievement will ever be made the starting point from which to measure new advances.

The first step in the establishment of any new community in the western wilderness was ordinarily the laying out of a road. Indeed, the road usually preceded the settler, for without some avenue of entrance the immigrant could not get into the country at all. But when speaking of pioneer roads the modern reader should carefully free his mind from its accumulated conceptions of twentieth-century highways. The pioneer settler of Illinois could no more have imagined the splendid thoroughfares of cement which are fast criss-crossing the state than could the pastoral king of some desert tribe of ancient Arabia have conceived the glory and might of the modern British Empire. To the pioneer, a road was any kind of a track leading to a designated point. Often, indeed, it was not even a track, and so the route would be identified by plowing a furrow or dragging a tree across the prairie.

But with the progress of settlement would arise the demand for improvement of the highways by which connection was had with the outside world. The streams would be bridged and the swamps corduroyed, while in timbered sections trees, and ultimately even stumps, would be removed from the

path. Spurred on by the commercial rivalry between different cities, the pioneer would even on occasion undertake to improve the road by "turnpiking" it; it must be admitted, however, that in the early period this last improvement was seldom encounted.

But the foregoing did not long suffice to meet the insistent transportation needs of the country. The soil of pioneer Illinois was as rich and black—its mud as deep and clinging—as today, while it was saturated with moisture to a degree quite unknown to the present generation. It followed that during much of the year the highways were impassable, while most of the remaining time they could be traversed only at an enormous expenditure of time and effort. A story told by Robert Dale Owen of New Harmony, Indiana, in his treatise on the construction of plank roads aptly illustrates the situation. With one companion he had traveled by stage to Mount Vernon, on the Ohio. It required four active horses to convey them, with two small trunks, a distance of fifteen miles; the fare was three dollars per person, and the charge, at this, was moderate, for the horses "sunk literally to their girths" in the frequent mud holes, and the round trip of thirty miles was a hard two days' job for a four-horse stage.

Another illustration of the excessive tax imposed upon a community by the poor roads of the pioneer era is afforded by Owen in the same discussion. "Last winter," he says, "the inhabitants of McLeansboro, a small town in southern Illinois, some forty or fifty miles northwest of Shawneetown, found themselves, in consequence of the miserable condition of the roads around them, cut off from all supplies, and thus deprived of coffee, sugar, and other necessities of life. Tempting offers were made to several teamsters, but none of them would stir from home. At last a farmer of the neighborhood declared that he had a team of four horses which no road could daunt, and that he would risk a trip to Shawneetown, and bring back the necessary supplies.

Ten days elapsed, and his empty wagon was slowly and painfully dragged into town by two drooping and jaded horses scarcely to be recognized as part of the fresh and spirited team that started on this expedition. Their owner, by great exertion had reached Shawneetown, where he took in about half a load. Two of his horses were killed in the attempt to return; his load was left, perforce, on the road, and the surviving horses so worn down by the trip as to be unfit for use the rest of the winter." "The tax, in this case," concludes Owen, "was a severe one; considerably exceeding a hundred dollars for the trip." To which we may add the pertinent observation that in 1850 southeastern Illinois had been settled for a generation, during which time Shawneetown had been its principal entrepot of trade and commerce.

But the city merchant was affected no less disastrously than was the farmer by such stoppages of transportation. "Now that the trade of the city is completely prostrated by the late unfavorable weather," said the editor of the Chicago *Democrat* in December, 1850, "does not the fact of the want of facilities of communication with the country strike everyone most forcibly. The city is completely dependent upon, and in fact a mere agency of the surrounding country. It derives every pulsation of its life, and every breath of its existence from the agricultural region of which it is the depot."

The citizens of early Chicago had long been aware of the importance of improved highways leading into the interior. Without them the city could not prosper; with them there seemed no limit to its growth. The problem of road-building was common, of course, to all new communities, and the burden entailed by it was appalling enough. But the task which Chicago faced in this connection was in one respect unique, for around it, as we have seen, stretched for many miles a prairie so low and marshy as to reduce the roads across it to a condition peculiarly villainous.

"The Whiskey Point road," says Edwin O. Gale in his *Reminiscences of Early Chicago*," over which I traveled so much, was a fair sample of them all. When the summer birds were singing in southern skies, when the frosts had come and the flowers gone, when the rains had filled the ground with moisture and the waters covered the face of the earth, making every depression a slough, without a ditch anywhere to carry off the accumulated floods; then the wheels sank to the hubs, and the hearts of the drivers sank accordingly; then blows and coaxing were alike unavailing to start the tired teams and the settling loads. . . . .

"The spring was worse, if possible, than the fall. The snow was deep and the ground was frozen, and during that time, as far as the eye could see, the whole outlook was a shallow, dismal, cheerless lake, without a house from the ridge to the engulfed city, and from Whiskey Point to the engulfed Widow Barry Point, six miles to the south of it. Nothing arrested the vision but a dismal waste of water, with the road submerged and so cut up that, whereas it had been almost impassable before, it was now utterly abandoned. Woe to the farmer then who should presume to transport anything without a caravan of neighbors to assist with extra teams, to 'pack' the bags of grain from one stalled wagon to another."

Although the road to Barry's Point was the one great thoroughfare from Chicago to the southwest, it remained for several years but a track across the prairie, the passage of which called for special preparations on the part of stage proprietors. This is well set forth by the English traveler, J. S. Buckingham, who published at London in 1842 a three-volume journal of his tour in America. In June, 1840, his party ascended the Illinois by steamer to Peru, from which point they took the stage for Chicago. After numerous vicissitudes, including an all-night detention on the prairie, through the foundering of the coach in a slough, they arrived at midnight at Barry's Point, the last stage station before

reaching their destination. Here, the travelers found, not only were the horses to be changed but the coach as well.

"The object," says the writer, "was to give us a much heavier vehicle with broad wheels like a wagon, as the road was said to be so much worse between this and Chicago than on any other part of the route, that a narrow wheel would sink up beyond the axle, and only very broad ones could sustain us. While this change of coaches was making, we had to wait in the bar-room of one of the most filthy and wretched houses we had yet seen, in which the smell of rum and tobacco, mingled with other powerfully disagreeable odors, was most offensive; the hideous-looking bar-keeper appeared like a man who never washed or combed, and none of whose garments had ever been changed since he had first put them on; altogether, nothing could be more revolting. . . . .

"At length, the broad-wheeled and lumbering coach being ready, we all seated ourselves, and at a creeping pace left this last stage, the horses walking slowly all the way, at the rate of about two miles an hour, with haltings at every pit and slough to survey the road, before crossing it, and with the wheels scarcely ever less than six inches, and oftener a foot deep in mud and water. Altogether, this last night was by far the most disagreeable that we had ever spent in journeying through the United States. We had all the evils of bad roads, thick darkness, suffocating heat, a crowded stage, disagreeable companions, filthy stage-houses, venomous mosquitoes, and continual apprehensions of being upset in the mire, and then left to grope our way to the nearest house for shelter. . . . .

"When daylight opened upon us, we obtained a distant sight of the white houses of Chicago a long way off on the plain; but, distant as they still seemed, never did weary mariner hail the first opening of the harbor, into which he was running to escape shipwreck or storm, with more joy than did we welcome these first tokens of our approach

to a place of rest. It was past sunrise before we reached the town, having been six hours coming the last twelve miles, and forty hours performing the whole journey of ninety-six miles."

A determined effort to secure relief from these intolerable conditions was now about to be made. In June, 1840, the selfsame month of Buckingham's harrowing experience with the Barry Point Road, the citizens of Cook and adjoining counties assembled at Chicago to consider measures for the improvement of the thoroughfare to the southwest. The Chicago *Daily American* accompanied the printed notice of the meeting with a vigorous editorial, entitled "The Nine Mile Swamp," whose spirit is strangely reminiscent of present-day fulminations on the local transportation system. The "dismal swamp" stretching from Chicago to Barry's Point was viewed as a "great impediment" to the prosperity of Chicago, and the urgent need of a turnpike "passable at all seasons," was forcefully presented. "So far as our experience has extended," continues the editor, "we have never seen worse roads than that to Barry's Point and five miles west to Doty's on the Naperville Road. In an enterprising community like ours, such obstacles to commerce and inland trade ought to be removed, and if our citizens and the surrounding inhabitants understand their true interests it will be removed. If individuals are not able to do the work, let them instruct the County Commissioners to do it. If the Commissioners of this county will not do it, let them authorize the city to make the road. . . . But at all events *let the road be made.* Public convenience and public prosperity demand it."

The meeting was held, and a committee of three appointed to consider ways and means, and report to an adjourned meeting of the citizenry, appointed for June 15, "the best mode of construction of the road from this city to the sand ridge, the probable expense, the mode of construction with the probable amount that could be raised by subscription

for the construction of said road, and all other necessary information that may be required to carry into operation this most important improvement." Apparently the enterprise foundered temporarily on the rock of inadequate popular subscriptions, for ten days later a fresh editorial in the *American* urges anew the need of constructing the road, and suggests that as "the people have now begun to think somewhat" on the matter, a new popular meeting be called and a fresh start taken.

The result is revealed in a report made public by the "Executive Committee on the road between Chicago and the sand ridge." The committee had taken popular subscriptions to the amount of $2,480, and had let contracts amounting to $2,750. In addition a ditch was to be constructed, which would increase the deficit to $500. "One-half mile of the road is finished," the report continues, "and all but about a mile and a half in the wettest part of the route through the swamp is progressing slowly but surely. This section of very wet road had to be re-let, at an additional cost of about thirty-two cents per rod. The road will be elevated about 2½ feet above the natural surface of the ground, and five feet above the ditch. The Committee feels that the road will surpass in usefulness all expectations that have been formed of it." Almost two years later, in September, 1842, the *American* announces the completion of the turnpike to Barry's Point. But "All of the subscription money could not be collected, and it is asked that the subscribers step forward and keep their word so that the contractors, who have done such good work, may be paid."

The new turnpike was perhaps an improvement over the natural swamp through which it ran, but unless the "expectations" which the townsmen had formed concerning the improvement were exceedingly modest, they were doomed to disappointment. A turnpike made of the rich black soil of Illinois may be an excellent highway in dry weather, but

at such times, so also, was the natural prairie. Its condition in wet weather requires little description to anyone who has ever undertaken to drive a farm wagon over the dirt roads of Illinois after a heavy rain. "The turnpike," writes Gale in his reminiscences, "was never a success. The mud, when in its normal, plastic condition always seemed to be several feet deeper than on the prairie. The clay of which it was composed appeared to have a grudge against every living thing, horse, ox, or man, and threw its tenacious tentacles around all things, to draw them down to its infernal level. Human ingenuity could invent no rougher or more detestable roads to travel over than the pike at such times. Once on it there was no escape to the side, save at the peril of your life.

"Even when some of our courageous citizens tried in their desperate moments to improve it, and made a toll road of it, they found, alas, the task too much for them; the ruts were too deep, the mud too bottomless. Huge stones were hauled, from year to year at a great expense to the disgruntled taxpayers, and it was hoped that these would form a good foundation for the improvement. But they only stuck out at every point, sad monoliths of the little ones buried among the broken wheels and axles of defunct wagons. There they stood in stubborn stateliness, while the largest of them defied the best efforts of the corporation to reduce them to cobbles. The curses heaped upon the pike for so many years, and which the brute seemed to enjoy, were now divided between the road and the citizens who had the preposterous audacity to try to reform that which was not meant to be reformed. The band of presumptuous men were finally glad to relinquish their hopeless charge to the anathemas of the teamsters and the public, who had no alternative but to continue to drive their sad, galled, prematurely old, broken-down teams over its ever-changing surface."

From the land of distant Russia by way of backwoods

Canada came at length the solution of Chicago's problem of bridging the morass which nature had thrown around her. An English official, Lord Sydenham, from long years of residence in Russia had become familiar with the practice there of building plank roads to afford an outlet across marshy ground for the produce of certain mines. Later, on becoming governor-general of Canada, he persuaded the inhabitants of the utility to be derived from adapting the Russian device to their own particular situation. Beginning in 1839, when the first Canadian plank road was built, the idea spread with rapidity until, within a decade, upwards of 500 miles had been constructed.

From Canada the plank-road idea spread, after considerable delay, to the United States, but once introduced, the avidity with which communities seized upon it was fairly astounding. New York took the lead, the first plank road company to receive a charter in this country being one from Central Square to Saline, opened for traffc in July, 1846. Its success was immediate, and the flood of applications to the state legislature for charters for similar companies became so great as to threaten to monopolize the entire attention of that body. To remedy this, a general law was passed in 1847 governing the incorporation of plank-road companies, being the first of its kind in the United States.

From New York the plank-road furor swept westward. An exhaustive report on the subject in the Wisconsin legislature of 1848 reached the conclusion that not only was it good policy but "an incumbent duty" for the legislature to "encourage the construction of this class of public thoroughfares throughout the length and breadth of Wisconsin." Illinois and Indiana followed suit by enacting the following year general laws for the incorporation of plank roads.

As the Barry Point road was the first highway out of Chicago on which any real attempt at road building was

ever made, so it became the route of the city's first plank road. The contract for the initial section from Chicago to Doty's Tavern at Riverside, ten miles in length, was let January 20, 1848, and the road was opened to traffic early in September. It consisted of a single track, eight feet wide, made by laying down two stringers and covering them with three-inch plank, the stringers being bedded in the earth so that the weight of the plank rested directly upon it.

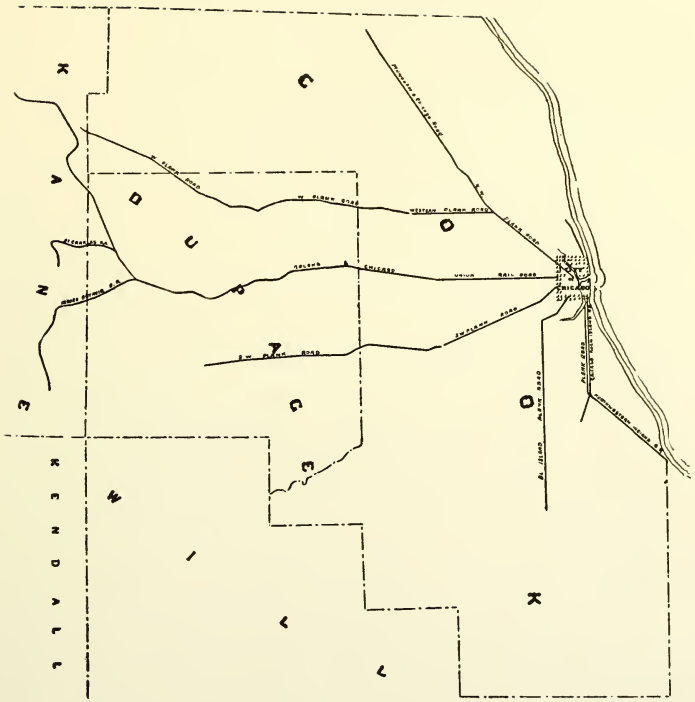
Financially this first plank road out of Chicago proved a great and immediate success. The cost of construction was approximately $16,000. A four-horse vehicle paid 37½ cents toll for the privilege of traversing the ten-mile highway; a single team paid 25 cents and a horse and rider half as much. Despite the fact that the short length of the highway and bad roads at either end of it combined to handicap traffic, the receipts from the first month's operation amounted to $1,500. In the *Democrat* of October 9 one observer reported that 96 persons had passed through the toll gates in a single hour; "and this, we are told, is no ordinary spectacle." The enthusiastic reporter went on to calculate that this meant a return of "$24 per hour on a road costing $16,000."

To draw any general deduction from a single observation would be, of course, absurd, but the fact is clear that for a time the road returned to the stockholders a profit on their investment which could not fail to stimulate the desire of outsiders to put their money into similar projects. In the illustration which has already been cited Robert Dale Owen demonstrates that one dollar would have been a fair charge for his fifteen-mile stage-coach journey if made over a good road; the remaining two dollars was the tax paid "for the privilege of wading, at the rate of three miles an hour, through mud under which our wheel-hubs were continually disappearing." The Southwestern Plank Road bridged the ancient "nine-mile swamp" between Riverside and Chicago, and the farmer gladly paid the toll of 25 cents exacted for the privilege of using it, avoiding thereby the far heavier

tax in time and labor which hauling his load through the morass entailed. "The rate of toll allowed by law is two and one-half cents per mile," wrote the editor of the *Prairie Farmer* in March, 1849, to an inquiring Iowa subscriber, "and the whole amount is charged hitherto, but it is far too high and will be reduced. The public do not as yet complain, because they are glad to get the road at any rate." Two years later the editor of the *Democrat* was "credibly informed that some of the plank roads from the city are paying from 30 to 40 per cent." Little wonder he closes with the succinct comment, "the best investment afloat."

Within the next few years after the building of the road to Barry's Point, the citizens of Chicago and the adjoining country had constructed a net-work of plank roads radiating out from the city like spokes from the center of a wheel. The Southwestern Road, whose beginnings we have already noted, was completed as far as Brush Hill, a distance of sixteen miles, early in 1850. By the close of 1851 it extended to the vicinity of Naperville, where it connected with a road under construction to Oswego. Three miles east of Naperville it also made connection with the St. Charles and Warrenville Plank Road, two and one-half miles of which were completed in 1851. Still other roads were built from Naperville to Sycamore, and from Oswego to Little Rock, so that the Southwestern Road with its connections constituted a net-work of improved roads throughout the rich country to the southwest of Chicago.

In similar fashion the Northwestern Plank Road connected the city with the upper Des Plaines Valley. It left the city on Milwaukee Avenue, the line of the old Milwaukee Road, with Wheeling as the ultimate destination. Begun in 1849, the *Democrat* of September 4 reported that plank had been laid as far as Oak Ridge, eight miles out. During the next two years the main line was run three miles beyond Dutchman's Point (or modern Niles) in the direction of Wheeling, with two shorter feeders thrown out to



CHICAGO AND VICINITY IN 1852
Drawn to show the city's Plank and Rail Road Systems.

the Des Plaines River. The cost of the twenty-three miles of road thus built, together with toll houses, gates, and one bridge, was reported to be $51,000. From the Northwestern Road at Oak Ridge the Western Plank Road ran west to the boundary of Du Page County, where it connected with the Elgin and Genoa Plank Road which ran through Elgin to Genoa in Kendall County, a distance of fifty miles from Chicago.

Less important than the foregoing were the Northern and Southern plank roads. The latter road had been planned to run as far as Middleport in Iroquois County, a distance of seventy-five miles. It was actually constructed by way of the line of State Street as far as Kyle's Tavern, ten miles out, in 1851, at a cost of $21,000. Here the shadow of the future fell across the enterprise, for the location of the projected Chicago branch of the Illinois Central Railroad led the promoters of the plank road to abandon all thought of extending it farther. Yet even the short fragment built proved immediately remunerative, for at the close of 1851 the directors were enabled to declare a 14 per cent dividend from the results of the first year of operation.

From the junction of North Avenue with Clark Street, at the time the city limits, the Lake Shore Road ran parallel with the lake shore to Hood's Tavern on the Green Bay Road, a distance of about five miles. From the viewpoint both of length and of traffic this was the least important member of Chicago's plank road system.

It remains to speak of the Blue Island Avenue Road, the latest addition to the system of plank roads built out of Chicago. It ran from Blue Island due north on the line of Western Avenue to its junction with Blue Island Avenue which in 1854, the year of the road's construction, was the southwest corner of the city. Turning northeast at this point, it followed Blue Island Avenue into the heart of the city. The length of the road was thirteen miles, and its strategic importance consisted in the fact that it afforded

a direct route to the city for the heavy travel from the south which concentrated at Blue Island. In the annual review of Chicago's commerce published by Governor Bross in 1854, the Blue Island Road, then under construction, is spoken of in glowing terms. The earth excavated from the large ditches cut by the drainage commissioners along the road made a high and splendid grade, while the ditches themselves rendered the adjoining land dry and arable at all times. The Avenue across the prairie, 120 feet in width, was to be lined with trees on either side; moreover, "as by this road cattle could be driven to the city without danger of fright from locomotives, and as two of the principal roads entering the city meet at Brighton (modern Archer and Western Avenues), with abundant water at all times, and pasture and meadow lands in almost unlimited quantities beyond, no one can doubt its favorable position for becoming the principal cattle market of Chicago."

Thus did the sapient editor of the Chicago *Tribune* essay the role of prophet less than seventy years ago. Today the "town of Brighton" exists but in memory, while for miles beyond its ancient site the "pasture and meadow lands" of old have been metamorphosed into city streets and squares. Two miles to the eastward lies the "principal cattle market" not only of Chicago but of all the earth. But instead of plodding along a tree-bordered country road as of old, unvexed by the sight of the puffing locomotive, today the patient cattle from a thousand miles around ride to their doom in "palace" cars drawn over roads of steel by the iron horse itself.

The decline of the plank roads was almost as rapid as their rise, and the present generation has lost all knowledge of this "improvement" which to the men and women of 1850 seemed nothing short of revolutionary. To understand the change which led so quickly to their abandonment it is necessary to take some note of the manner of constructing, and the problems encountered in operating

them. As commonly constructed, a roadway sixteen feet in width was graded and on this eight-foot planks were laid crosswise. This was deemed sufficient for a single-track road, the remaining portion of the grade being available for teams to turn out on in passing. Lengthwise of the road two rows of girders, sometimes as small as two by four inches, were laid, imbedded in the earth in such fashion that the planks rested directly upon it. The planks were not nailed to the girders, nor were the latter intended to support their weight. Their main function was to prevent the tendency of the planks, particularly when the roadbed was new and soft, to tilt or turn when struck by the heavy wheels. From the supporting roadbed all water was to be excluded, and the planks, resting directly on the compact earth, were expected to afford an unyielding support for whatever burden might be brought upon them.

The kind of timber employed, and the cost of constructing such a road, varied with local conditions. The two chief factors of cost were the lumber and the labor of grading. Pine and hemlock were sometimes used for planking but oak and black walnut quickly demonstrated their superiority for the purpose. The Southwestern Plank Road was first planked with pine, but within a year or two the planks began to give out, and thereafter, around Chicago, oak seems to have been exclusively employed.

The roads were constructed by private corporations and had, therefore, aside from their public function, a private commercial aspect. As worked out at Chicago the cost of construction was about $2,000 per mile. The rates of toll which might be charged were prescribed by law, and collections were made by the keepers of toll-gate houses scattered at intervals of five or six miles along the line. The law in Illinois copied closely the features of the New York law, but the tolls which the company was permitted to charge were considerably higher in the newer western states than in New York. What rates were charged on the first Chicago

road we have already seen. In the beginning, according to the editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, the public was "glad to get the road at any rate," but this Arcadian state of mind did not long persist.

With a satisfied public, and with stockholders receiving dividends running as high as thirty or forty per cent, one might suppose the solution of Chicago's transportation problem had been attained. To some degree it had, for there can be no doubt that the plank roads were a marked improvement over anything that had been known before. But actual experience revealed many drawbacks which the roseate imaginations of the promoters had not foreseen or painted, and these, combined with an amazing degree of shortsightedness on the part of the operating companies, ere long caused the public to utterly abominate the very name of plank roads.

Chiefly, the difficulties encountered concerned themselves with the matter of maintenance of the roadway. In theory the planks were to rest on a hard road-bed, from which all water, and even space for air, was to be rigorously excluded. Thus situated, the planks were expected to remain sound for a considerable period of years; in time, of course, the impact of traffic would wear them out, but the means for renewing them would be greater the heavier the volume of traffic. But experience quickly demonstrated that over an Illinois prairie the road-bed could not be kept free from water. To facilitate this the builders had dug ditches on each side of the road, but of what avail were ditches when they were full? "They are improving the Southwestern Plank Road on the low prairie," notes the Chicago *Journal* less than a year after the construction of that thoroughfare, "transforming *what has at times been a raft into a road*"; while a letter from Belleville a year or two later anxiously urges that some method be devised for fastening the planks to the earth. A flood there had floated off many, while more had been taken up and stacked in piles to avert this catastrophe.

With water under the planks, the impact upon them of loaded vehicles caused them to slip, and a cavity soon developed. In addition to the extra strain and wear which resulted from this condition, the presence of air caused the planks to decay on the under side. In the first enthusiasm of plank-road construction it had been assumed that three-inch white oak plank would last from twelve to fifteen years before renewal became necessary and that the annual cost for repairs, meanwhile would not exceed ten dollars per mile. This estimate proved ridiculously incorrect; but under its influence the companies paid out in dividends the large income received during the first few years, and no adequate sum was set aside for maintenance, or reserve built up for renewal of the planking when this should become necessary.

The consequences of such a course are fairly obvious. Before many years, roads became more a source of discomfort and danger than of advantage to travelers. Under such conditions the public objected to paying the tolls which were exacted, or even to using the road at all. The decay of one link in the Chicago system, the road from St. Charles to Sycamore, is thus described by the historian of DeKalb County: "For about one season the road was a decided convenience, but soon the hardwood plank became warped by the sun; the road was as rough as the old-fashioned corduroy; no one used it when they could avoid it; the neighboring inhabitants finally confiscated the plank and the road was abandoned." The historian of Lake County records that in the early sixties he drove almost daily over the Lake Shore Plank Road; "it was an even choice between jouncing over a causeway with every other plank gone, or taking the deep sand on either side." A decade had sufficed to span the rise and fall of the plank-road system. "God bless the man who invented the plank roads" wrote "Philanthropos" to the Peoria *Press* in 1853; his feeling on the subject ten years later could not have been permitted expression in public print.

CHAPTER VIII

THE COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES

THE growth of Chicago from the mushroom village of 1833, enjoying its first incipient boom, to a city of 60,000 twenty years later can be comprehended only in the light of the commerce which passed over its system of radiating highways. However poor these thoroughfares were, they performed for the growing city an indispensable service, without which its development would have been impossible.

The best approach to a consideration of the commerce of Chicago's early thoroughfares is through an examination of the annual port statistics. In the period before the railroad all through shipments of goods between Chicago and eastern points went, of course, by water. Two considerations however, render it impossible to compile complete and definite figures of the annual trade of the city. In the first place it was not, in this period, a legal port of entry, and such figures as we have of the value and quantity of commodities which annually passed through the Chicago gateway are based in part on contemporary estimates. More important than this, however, is the fact that Chicago was itself an important center of consumption and distribution locally of commodities of western origin, so that an important proportion of the products which came overland to the city from interior points never found its way eastward by water, and therefore finds no place in the city's port statistics.

It is certain, for example, that none of the salt which the Hoosier teamsters hauled from the Wabash to Chicago ever found its way to the East; while an abundance of pioneer tales make clear the fact that the livestock which was driven on foot to Chicago from such points as Bloomington and

Danville might find its ultimate market at Mineral Point or Green Bay, instead of the eastern seaboard. Of finished articles of merchandise the West produced practically nothing, nor did it, in the beginning, have an exportable surplus of such commodities as it did produce. There was urgent need for lumber in every new community, and in the forests of Michigan and Wisconsin stood the finest body of white pine on earth; yet lumber was long a scarce and costly article, and there were even instances of completed houses being towed by river from Pennsylvania to Wisconsin.

Thus it came about that Chicago offered from the beginning of its growth an important market for eastern merchandise, while its exports, particularly in the earlier years, were comparatively slight in volume. Not until 1836 were any exports recorded and then only to the total value of $1,000; while the imports of the same year were valued at $325,000. The volume of exports gradually gained upon imports until by 1847 the respective figures were $2,295,000 and $2,641,000. With the following year came the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and thereafter the trade of Chicago increased by leaps and bounds, the progress being still further accelerated by the construction, within the next few years, of the city's pioneer railroad lines.

Since we are here primarily concerned with the era before the railroad and the canal, it will be most profitable to select for further examination of the city's commerce, the years of the middle forties, immediately before the canal was opened. In an extensive review of the business of Chicago published by J. W. Norris in 1846, the export trade is stated to consist "almost exclusively in produce, raised in the surrounding country and conveyed to this market by the producers in wagons."

Easily foremost in volume of these commodities was wheat. In 1847, the last year before the canal was opened, nearly 2,000,000 bushels were shipped from Chicago, besides

32,600 barrels of flour. The only other considerable exports of grain were corn, 671,300 bushels, and oats, 38,900 bushels. Next to grain came meat and dairy products. The figures for these disclose that Chicago had already become an important packing center. Approximately 49,000 barrels of beef and pork were shipped in 1847, besides considerable quantities of lard, tallow, and hams. Among other items may be noted 411,000 pounds of wool; 28,000 of tobacco, and 200 barrels of whitefish. The existence even at this late date of a considerable trade in furs is revealed. Sixty bales of buffalo robes, and over 28,000 pounds of deer skins, besides 278 packages of furs of unnamed variety, are among the export items of 1847. Another commodity to which an historical interest attaches was ginseng, 3,600 pounds.

Some general indication has already been afforded of the character of the commodities imported to Chicago in the period under consideration. By 1847 the place had already become an important lumber market, with imports valued at more than $260,000. Other bulky imports were salt, 25,000 barrels, and coal, 16,000 tons. Dry goods and clothing were first in value among more finished articles of merchandise. followed in respective order by groceries and hardware. These items comprised 80 per cent in value of all the merchandise imported in 1847. Significantly absent from the list is furniture; the western immigrant either brought this with him or contented himself with rude articles of home manufacture. Although all paper came from the East the modest total of $7,284 sufficed for the needs of Chicago's printing trade in 1847. Almost the same sum measured the importation of printing presses, types, and materials, while for "drugs and medicines," fourteen times as much was spent. Although drinking habits were practically universal the value of liquor imported was less than that of drugs and medicines—the explanation being, of course, that the western pioneer drank chiefly whiskey, which was manufactured in his home community.

The excursion we have just made into the field of statistics supplies the background for a more detailed consideration of the commerce of the prairies three-quarters of a century ago. Toward Chicago, from a radius of 200 miles around, poured—in seasons when the highways were passable—a steady stream of wagons laden with the produce of the countryside; wheat, corn, oats, beans, barley, lead from the Galena mines, and a variety of forest products, besides green and dried fruits from the Wabash. In addition droves of cattle and hogs—the latter lean, long-limbed, and wild—wended their way by converging routes to their common doom in the slaughter yards of the incipient metropolis beside the sluggish Chicago. Returning, the wagons conveyed such supplies of coffee, salt, and groceries, stoves, crockery, or other merchandise as might be needed to supply the farmer's household, or perchance to replenish the retail stock of the storekeeper of his home community.

The vehicle of transportation—the predecessor of the modern freight car—was, of course, the wagon; but of this there were two types, so distinct in origin and appearance as to proclaim, far as they might be seen, the antecedents and place of origin of their possessors.

One was the Hoosier wagon, some mention of which has already been made; the other, the "Yankee wagon." The "Yankee" was an eastern man who came from New York or New England. In either case he bore the more prominent characteristics of the New Englander, and these found outward expression in his vehicle of transportation. "He was marked," writes a local historian, "as far as his caravan could be seen, by a long-coupled, low-boxed, two-horse wagon, provided with a seat, from which with double lines the driver guided his lightly-harnessed pair of horses. There was about each part of the outfit evidence of the close calculation of means to an end, and an air of utility which left no room for doubt as to the purpose of the maker in every part of it."

More picturesque far was the Hoosier wagon, which elicited wondering comment from almost every traveler of the time. The term Hoosier today is synonymous with Indianian, but in the pioneer period it was more loosely applied to anyone from Pennsylvania or any of the states lying to the southward of that commonwealth. The Hoosier wagon originated in Pennsylvania about the middle of the eighteenth century, where in the course of time it came to be known as the Conestoga wagon. This was developed to meet the needs of the large German population in the interior settlements without water transportation, and until the era of the canal and railroad was regarded as the highest type of freight vehicle in America.

The settlement of the Ohio Valley created a demand for the transportation of large quantities of groceries and dry goods to supply the wants of the western region, and a great teaming business between Philadelphia and Pittsburg grew up. During the War of 1812 these teamsters rendered essential service to the government in transporting munitions and supplies to the armies on the western frontier.

Developed in a hill country by a Germanic population, the Conestoga wagon reflected the characteristics of the two. Ponderous of construction, with massive wheels and hubs, the huge wagon-bed had a decided curve in the bottom, analogous to that of a canoe, the object being to prevent the cargo from slipping either backward or forward in ascending or descending hills. Over it was a white canvas cover stretched on bows which at front and rear projected outward at an angle of forty-five degrees. The vehicle was drawn either by four or six heavy draft horses, usually black, and always fat and sleek. The pride of the teamster in his outfit found expression both in the care he gave to his horses and in the trappings and decorations placed on them. The massive harness, with its heavy, clanking chain-traces, was frequently decorated in a fashion bordering upon extravagance. On the hames were heavy bearskin coverings, the

harness glittered with brass-headed rivets, rings and other ornaments, while red plumes nodded from the headband, and above the broad backband or over the points of the hames hung bows of melodious bells. The teamster rode the "high wheeler," and guided his spirited steeds with a single rein.

Such was the Conestoga wagon at its best, commanding the attention and admiration of all beholders. Its use spread to Virginia and Carolina, and over the famous National Road it moved westward into Ohio and Indiana, where it found a second domicile in the valley of the Wabash, and even pressed onward to the plains of Illinois and the lead mines of Wisconsin. But the Hoosier wagon of the western states differed from the Conestoga in its glory in certain subtle yet obvious ways. The massiveness of construction, and to a certain degree the love of ornamentation, were retained, but the Hoosier lacked much of the pride and thrift of the Conestoga farmer; above all he lacked the splendid horses of Pennsylvania, although his wagon, drawn oftentimes by oxen, might still be an impressive thing.

Between the trim "Yankee" wagon of the New Englander and its massive Hoosier rival was waged on the prairies of Illinois a significant struggle which found its counterpart in the fields of politics and government. In the beginning the Hoosier wagon dominated the commerce of the prairies, for Illinois was for many years essentially a southern state. With the inrush of settlement by way of the Lakes in the thirties and forties, however, the Yankee element came to the fore, and gradually crowded the Hoosier wagon off the highways of the state. "At the eastern line of Grundy County," says the local historian whom we have already quoted, "the civilization of the broad-tread wagon and the narrow-tread met. With all the other inconveniences, the farmers of this section found that their wagons had a hard road to travel, even when it was well constructed, one wheel being on the unbroken or unsettled roadway all the

time. This was soon remedied by the adoption of narrow-tread wagons, but the other difficulties still remained."

In these brief sentences our writer has described a revolution which the statesman of the time might have pondered with profit. With the triumph of Yankee efficiency, as typified in the "narrow-tread civilization," Illinois became a northern state, and in the persons of Grant and Lincoln supplied the two great leaders who saved the nation in the struggle of the sixties.

From the pioneer narratives that have come down to us an accurate picture can be drawn of the manner of life of the teamsters who drove the long caravans of produce to the Chicago market. Then, as now, the farmer eagerly watched for a favorable price to dispose of his crops. When this condition chanced to coincide with a state of weather which rendered the highways passable, the grain and other produce was promptly started to market. Starting out alone, perhaps, with his single wagon, the driver would from time to time fall in with others until he found himself part of a caravan which grew ever larger as he approached his destination. There was practical need of such companionship, for the stalling of a wagon in a slough was of frequent occurrence, and the aid of fellow teamsters in unloading the wagon and drawing it from the morass was indispensable. Such aid was rendered as a matter of course, for every driver knew that it would soon be his turn to call for help. The jovial Hoosier wagoners even developed a well-recognized law of the road whereby he who succeeded in extracting a stalled wagon with the same number of horses as his unfortunate neighbor drove, was entitled to appropriate the string of harness bells of the latter, by way of signalizing his triumph and the prowess of his steeds.

Since produce was hauled to Chicago from a radius of two hundred miles around, the teamster must be absent from home a period of days, or even weeks. If the proceeds of his load were to exceed the expense of making the journey,

therefore, he must travel and live exceedingly cheap. This end was attained by carrying most of his food with him, and camping out at night. There remained the need for certain accommodations which he could not supply, particularly in winter, and all along the line of the main thoroughfares leading to Chicago inns were developed which catered to the special needs of the teamster.

An intelligent youth of Yankee antecedents, whose parents settled near Belvidere in 1843, has left us an intimate picture of his experiences as a teamster between that point and Chicago, covering a period of several years. His summers were devoted to work on the farm and his autumns and winters to hauling wheat or other produce to market. The distance, in this case, was eighty miles, and a definite schedule was adopted. The driver would leave home early on Monday morning with a load of forty or fifty bushels. Traveling at the rate of thirty miles a day, he would reach Chicago some time after noon on Wednesday. The wheat would be disposed of and the merchandise for the return journey, if any, purchased before night. With an empty, or lightly loaded wagon the return journey could be made in two days, the stop for the night being usually made at Elgin.

With wheat at forty cents a bushel, the amount realized for the load would be from $16 to $18, while the cost to the driver of his five-day trip, if no unusual delay or disaster were encountered would be about three dollars. The farmer, therefore, for the produce of two or more acres of wheat plus five additional days toil of man and team hauling it to market, received scarcely more than does the modern skilled workman for a single day's labor. How with such returns men could live and rear families, even on land procured from the government. is difficult for the present generation to comprehend.

How a man and team could pass five days and four nights away from home with an expenditure for food and shelter of but three dollars, likewise requires elucidation. The teamster

carried from home enough grain to feed his horses, and food for his own noon luncheon. For supper, lodging, and breakfast for himself and stable room and hay for his team, the country tavern charged fifty to seventy cents, while the like accommodations for the one night spent in Chicago might run as high as a dollar.

Our narrator always put up at the Chicago Temperance House, which stood on Wells Street between Lake and South Water. This was a four-story structure, the entire top floor of which was given over to teamsters and farmers. It consisted of a single room, with a double row of beds running the entire length of the chamber. In winter it was "as cold as if there were no fire within a thousand miles"; in summer the temperature stood at the opposite extreme.

The conduct of the teamster while on the road was governed by the state of the weather. Whenever the temperature permitted he rode on his load; when he became cold, or in danger of freezing, he walked beside it. When, as sometimes happened, the mercury sank far below zero, the driver did not ride at all, since only by constant exercise could he keep from freezing. It is to be remembered, in this connection, that such articles of dress as felt boots, overshoes, and underwear were to him undreamed-of luxuries.

In order to make his scheduled distance, the teamster was frequently on the road until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. Then, numbed with cold and weary from hours of monotonous toil, with appetite ravenous from long abstinence, it was "mighty fine" to draw up at the tavern, care for his horses, and enter the bar-room with its rousing fire and atmosphere of good fellowship. As many as fifty teamsters might put up for the night at the same tavern. All day long they had been traveling in procession, the men walking beside the wagon track, usually talking and getting acquainted. Entertainment for the night included as much whiskey as one might care for, a practice that conduced to much drinking. When the teams had been cared for and the

men had entered the tavern someone would call for drinks all around. If it was cold, the pretext would be "take something to warm up"; in hot weather the excuse of drinking to cool off came with equal ease.

The lot of a teamster in winter seems dreary enough at the best; but when, as on occasion happened, a "January thaw" descended, tribulations multiplied upon the unhappy driver. A case in point is related by a Grundy County pioneer. Some drovers were driving a lot of hogs to Chicago, when near Old Mazon some of the animals gave out and it was necessary to slaughter them. The owners thereupon hired the near-by farmer for twelve dollars to take a load of the dressed animals to Chicago. In company with another team he set out, going by way of Morris. Here they crossed the Illinois River on the ice, but immediately thereafter the mercury began to climb and the rain to descend, with the result that soon the jaded horses could no longer pull the wagons through the mud. About half way to the city the drivers were compelled to leave half their load by the way, covering it with hay to prevent the meat from becoming spoiled. With desperate exertions the half-loaded wagons were hauled to their destination, but a second trip had now to be made for the remainder of the meat, and the mud became steadily deeper until on the return journey the wheels sank to the hubs most of the way. On reaching Morris, with a thousand feet of pine lumber which the drivers had taken on at Chicago, the river was found running bank full and crossing was out of the question. To utilize the time until the weather should change and the river freeze again the wagons were loaded with coal which was hauled to some blacksmiths in Kendall County.

On their return they found that ice had formed in the middle of the river, but at either margin was a strip of open water which defied passage. Impatient of further delay, the men resorted to the dangerous expedient of bridging the open water with the lumber brought from Chicago.

The wagon was then pushed by hand on to the ice, where one horse was hitched to the tongue and the other led behind the wagon to distribute the weight as much as possible. Arrived at the south bank, the bridge gave way and wagon, horses, and driver were immersed in the freezing water. The leading horse swam out, pulling the wagon to land, but the other animal refused to swim, and was rescued only by strenuous exertions on the part of the driver. This, and the work of collecting the lumber kept him in the water an hour or more. Piling the lumber up on the bank, he made his way home half-frozen and with empty wagon, just three weeks after setting out for Chicago.

More colorful, if not more exciting, are the early narratives of teaming in the summer season. Then the driver, especially in the earlier years, camped out nights along the way. His equipment consisted of a blanket or two, a coffee pot and frying pan, coffee and bacon enough for the entire journey, and bread sufficient to last him to Chicago. At night a group of wagons would usually assemble, and around the evening fire stories would be told or athletic feats indulged until time to "turn in." Although the Middle West seems never to have developed a class of professional teamsters, there are traces here and there of the beginning of such a development. The drivers on the Chicago-Bloomington road, a pioneer records, were considered a tough class of men, who helped themselves to corn and other provisions of the farmers along the route. The latter seldom protested against this practice, since their only recourse was to take their pay "out of the hide" of the teamster, and this proceeding promised more of danger than of profit. A favorite pastime of the jovial teamsters on this route was that of "crowding" the Frink and Walker stage coaches, whenever the latter were encountered. The stage drivers soon learned to avoid with care the massive hubs of the teamsters six-ox wagons. From as far south as Springfield produce was

hauled to Chicago along this thoroughfare, the trip requiring, even when all went well, from two to three weeks.

More and more as the years passed and inns sprang up along the thoroughfares, the teamsters resorted to them for entertainment over night. Both food and labor, the principal items of expense to the innkeeper, were abundant and cheap, and since the teamster was not a fastidious customer, there was keen rivalry for his patronage. Yet he had his own methods of appraisal and would sometimes drive until a late hour at night in order to reach a favorite tavern. A common test, when the driver was traversing the road for the first time and unacquainted with the taverns, was to look out for a fat dog and a well-trodden corral. The latter indicated that the place was patronized by teamsters, the former that a bountiful table was set, since otherwise there would have been nothing left over for the dog.

The drover, unlike the teamster, was seldom in danger of being mired, but this freedom was perhaps counterbalanced by other troubles peculiar to his calling. The farmer of today will be at a loss to understand how hogs could be driven 200 miles or more to the Chicago market as was commonly done three-quarters of a century ago. The explanation lies in the character of the hogs, which were quite a different breed from the blooded and pampered porkers of the twentieth century. Hogs, especially, came from the Wabash country to Chicago, although southern and central Illinois also furnished a respectable quota. The Hoosier farmer allowed his hogs to run at large in the forest, foraging acorns and such other provender as might be turned up. The owner oftentimes did not see his stock for months together, and the animals might even be born in the woods and grow up without having known the fostering care of men. Under these conditions they became half-wild creatures, and there are even stories of early travelers being attacked by them. Long of limb, gaunt, and tough, they might run in the woods for two or three years before the owner adjudged

them ready for market. The process of corraling the animals was not unattended with difficulty. They might be led to captivity with the aid of corn judiciously distributed; or it might be necessary to hunt them down one at a time with dogs. Once penned, they were subjected to a mild process of taming and fattening for a few days and then started for market. Whoever essayed to drive such a herd of half-wild creatures two hundred miles through forest and plain must be a person of resource and experience. At times, of course, the hogs were slaughtered on the farm, and the carcasses hauled to Chicago in wagons. Dressed pork was, indeed, one of the comparatively few farm products for a load of which the farmer could get enough to make possible his hauling it to a market 150 or 200 miles distant.

One important phase of prairie commerce which eddied about, rather than through, Chicago, has been completely lost to the knowledge of the present generation. I allude to the extensive teaming business of the mining country, which annually drew large numbers of men from the settled regions of Indiana and southern Illinois. Allied to this was the "breaking" of the newly settled prairies of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, which likewise drew hundreds of Hoosiers and Suckers to this section each season. In the spring, therefore, the roads leading to the lead mines would be crowded with teamsters from Indiana, Kentucky, and lower Illinois, all passing northward with their covered wagons drawn by four, six, or even more horses or oxen. Especially heavy was this traffic on the Peoria-Galena road. With the approach of winter the roads were again crowded, this time with teamsters passing southward to spend the winter in their home communities. Commonly, in the mining country, these migratory teamsters were known as "suckers," and it seems fairly probable that to them the state of Illinois is indebted for the popular name of "sucker" state. For the "sucker shoot," as the act of going south to winter was known in the mines, might be made by schooner

overland as readily as by steamboat on the river; and it seems certain that the number of teamsters who made the seasonal migration far exceeded that of those who traveled to and from the mines by Mississippi River steamers.

For the breaking of the prairies, as the first plowing of the virgin soil was known, the Hoosier seemed to have a special talent; at any rate he was a familiar figure in all the counties of Illinois and Wisconsin as far north as the Wisconsin River. In plows as in wagons the Hoosier mind worked out a massive creation, and the Hoosier plowman in action was a sight to inspire the pen of a poet. The plow itself has been often described, but never better than by the Rev. Alfred Bronson, pioneer of Methodism in Wisconsin. "It was among common plows," he records, "like an elephant among cows and oxen. The wooden mold-board was about four feet long with a wind sufficient to turn the sod completely over; the steel share was some two and a half feet long, and would cut a width of two feet, the sod being turned flat bottom upwards. It required from five to ten yoke of oxen to drag such a plow through the sod, the roots of the grass being very thick and tough. The share was thick, stiff, and sharp enough—kept so by filing—that if the root of a tree or bush of any size from four inches down came in the way it was cut square off. The sod was usually cut from three to four inches deep, and being turned over smooth and even, each succeeding furrow exactly fitted the space left by its predecessor, so that the whole field would be as level and smooth as before it was plowed."

In Will County, Illinois, lived a famous blacksmith, John Lane, especially noted for his breaking-plows. "On many and many an acre of Will County," writes the pioneer historian, "did Lane's plows upturn the sod, drawn by four to eight yoke of oxen and steers, and propelled by a ten-foot ox-gad mounted with a lash perhaps as long, the snap of which wielded by the Hoosier driver resounded like the crack of a rifle. On, on, over the prairie swells, with steady

but ruthless tread, moved the long breaking team; and on, on, came the giant plow, cutting the turf with its sharp coulter, and turning over with its mold-board the rich earth in long, black ribbons; before it blooming and fragrant herb and beautiful flowers; behind it a dreary waste of black, fat humus, inviting the steps and stimulating the hopes of the sturdy planter. Ah! Breaking teams, plows, Hoosier drivers, prairies, and old Lane himself are now things of the past!"

Another familiar character who has been crowded from the highways by the changes time has wrought was the old-time itinerant peddler. Traveling his periodical round, he brought to the lonely women and children of the pioneer villages and farms glimpses of the luxury and romance of the mysterious outside world. Of one such character of the forties a charming picture is preserved in Helen Bingham's *History of Green County, Wisconsin.* An imaginary observer is looking on at the dance in the dining-room of the village tavern. "Occasionally, in the pauses of the dance, he hears the people say, in joyful manner, "Tomorrow we shall know; I'll have mine tomorrow; the peddler comes tomorrow." It is Mr. Ludlow upon whose coming these expectations hang. To his energy the people are indebted for many comforts and conveniences otherwise unattainable. His route is from Chicago to Madison, via Rockford, Belvidere, and Monroe; and though there are only blazed trees and Indian trails to mark the way, he makes the trip every month. In the summer, he crosses the river in ferry boats. In the spring and fall, when the strength of the ice is uncertain, he first walks across. If there are no signs of danger, he crosses with one horse. If it still seems safe, the wagon is taken over. His customers are always watching for him at the appointed time. Hastening to meet him, they ask; 'Did you remember my tobacco? Have you brought some pretty calico?' And he is always able to say he has remembered and brought whatever they wish."

Through this same character, Peddler Ludlow, we gain a glimpse of another industry which has long vanished among the shadows of the past. Because of the superstitious ideas of a slant-eyed oriental race living 10,000 miles away, the ginseng which grew wild in the Wisconsin woods was a highly-prized article of commerce. It chanced that Green was a famous "sang" county, and men women, and children devoted their leisure hours to digging the root, which grew abundantly in this vicinity. A letter written from Monroe, the county seat, in August, 1846 says; "Flour is three dollars a barrel, wheat can't be sold. Oats are 12½ cents and corn 20 cents a bushel. Wild hay is $21.50 per ton. A boy from Maine has dug 500 pounds of ginseng within three months and sold it for 22 cents a pound."

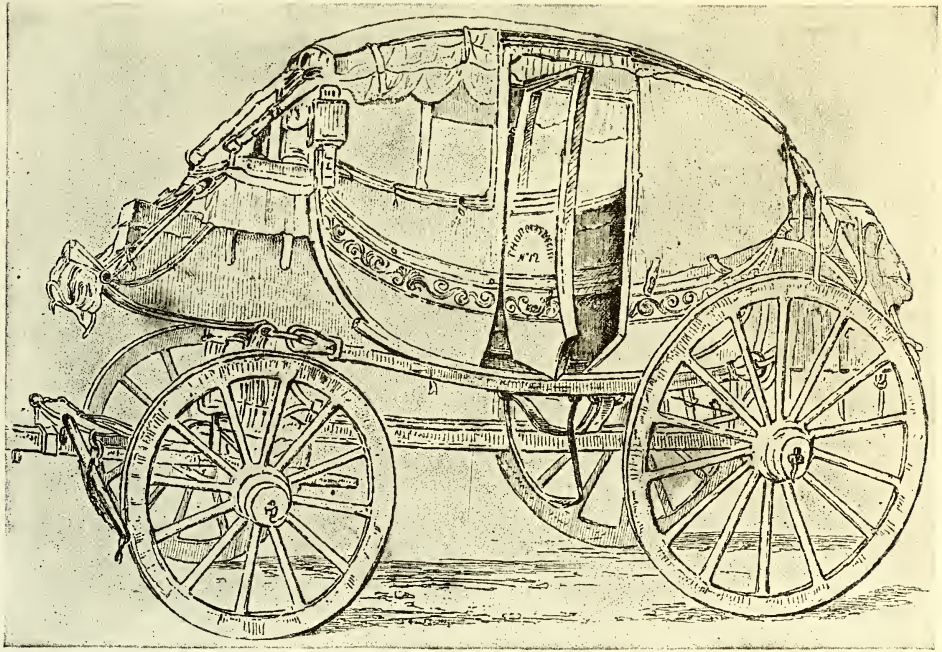
The natural consequence followed that within a few years the supply of ginseng was exhausted. Meanwhile, Ludlow had purchased all that was offered and shipped it to New York where he sold it at a handsome profit. By this and other transactions in a few years he accumulated capital enough to permit him to abandon the highway and settle in Monroe, where he opened a store.

CHAPTER IX

STAGE COACHES AND TRAVEL

THE counterpart, three-quarters of a century ago, of the twentieth century passenger train was the stage coach, which might vary in character from the ordinary farmer's wagon impressed into service for the conveyance of travelers, to the ornate and aristocratic Concord coach. To this was accorded in the realm of passenger travel the position of primacy which among freight vehicles was held by the lordly Conestoga wagon. It stands for all time in America as the acme of achievement in horse-drawn passenger vehicles, and when toward the middle of the nineteenth century the superiority of steam over horse flesh as a motive power was demonstrated, the early passenger cars were modeled in conscious imitation of the vehicle which they were about to crowd into oblivion.

The story of the development of the Concord coach is one of the most satisfactory in the annals of American industry. In August, 1813, Lewis Downing, a young artisan from Lexington, Massachusetts, through the columns of the weekly Concord *Patriot* "respectfully" informed the townsmen that he had opened a wheelwright's shop in Concord where he flattered himself that "by strict and constant attention to business" he would "merit the patronage of the public." For a dozen years the business progressed in a small way, until in 1826 the industrious proprietor decided to add to it the building of coaches. To this end he engaged J. S. Abbott, a young artisan of Salem, to come to Concord and build for him three coach bodies, the rest of the work being done by Downing's own workmen. In July, 1827, the first coach was completed and sold to a local stage driver. It was the pioneer of a long and famous line, for within the next



AN AMERICAN STAGE COACH OF THE TWENTIES

Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from an etching made by Captain Basil Hall, who toured America in 1827 and 1828. The next step in stage coach evolution was the famous Concord Coach, which is shown in the following illustration.

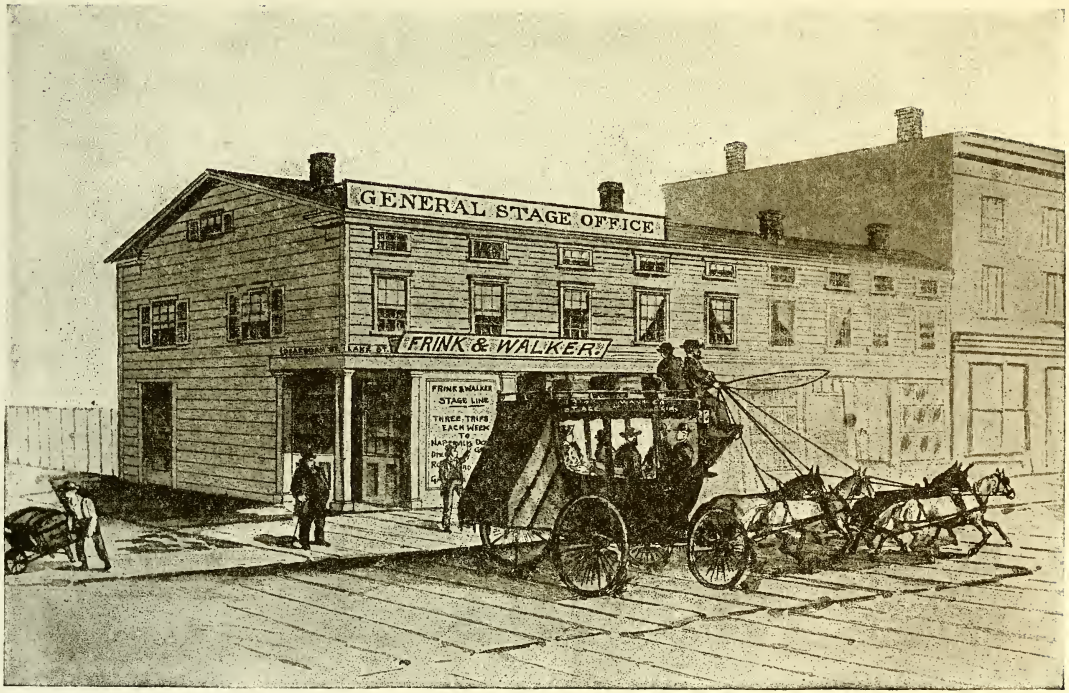
generation Concord coaches found their way to the ends of the earth. In California, Peru, Australia, the Transvaal—wherever advancing civilization pushed its way—the Concord coach became a familiar sight. Before the advance of railroad construction the famous vehicle was forced to retire to ever more remote and inaccessible regions, until at length the advent of the gas-propelled wagon wrought its final doom. Detroit replaced Concord as the center for the production of passenger highway vehicles, and now only in an occasional museum can a specimen of the old-time coach be found.

In its final form, which was reached, apparently, about 1830, the Concord coach represented the product of a seventy-five year period of evolution. The body was oval, but flattened on top to permit the carrying of baggage. Within were three cross seats, each designed to hold three passengers. Those on the front seat faced the rear, the others toward the front of the coach. The driver sat on an elevated seat in front of the covered body, while at the rear was a triangular, leather-covered space known as the "boot," wherein such baggage was bestowed as did not ride on top. The enclosed body was supported by heavy "thorough braces," made of numerous strips of leather riveted together. By this device, instead of the constant bumping which had attended the traveler in the older stage wagon, the passenger was subjected to a succession of oscillations whose violence was directly proportioned to the roughness of the road.

The coach-body was brightly painted in shades of green, yellow, or red, and the panels were decorated with paintings of landscapes, or of noted historical characters. The interiors, too, were attractively painted and upholstered, while the individual coach bore the name of some noted statesman or other character. With the coming of the railroads this custom was transferred to the early locomotives, and it survives today in the naming of Pullman cars. The stage driver was a man of consequence in the community, and he never omitted an opportunity to impress this fact upon all with

whom he came in contact. He carried a trumpet which he loudly blew to announce the arrival of the stage at a tavern, and both arrival and departure were made with his four-horse team lashed into a run. Such was the Concord stage at its best, and the impression it made on the community is well set forth in the following narration by a western man of certain recollections of his boyhood: "He was fresh from a small western farm, and had often been to the village near by, and with wide open eyes and bated breath had seen the great old Concord stage come into town with four prancing horses and was nearly blinded in looking upon the great man who held the lines and the beautiful long whip—the observed of all, the glass of fashion and the mold of form. He had at one time the temerity to clamber up and look into the coach, with its brass furnishing and leather. What an Aladdin's cave met his eyes. . . . He had seen the stage tavern, the only one in the place, and envied the royal high-life of its boarders—the village lawyer and doctor and hatter, and a merchant, and others who worked at their tools in the little town. All these were favored, even great, people, but their lights paled when the whip stepped forth with that peculiar swagger, now a lost art to the world, of a stage driver, chewing tobacco, and who always wore a broad leather belt instead of suspenders. He was the man of authority with whom even the schoolmaster would esteem it a most distinguishing honor to have been found in company or in confidential conversation."

Back of this glorious creation was, of course, a business organization which attended to such prosaic but necessary details as arranging stage schedules and routes, and providing the requisite supplies of horses, hay, grain, equipment of all kinds, repair shops, and even the monthly pay of the autocratic drivers. In the early period of settlement in Illinois stage lines were few in number, and the work of administering them was correspondingly simple. With the increase of travel, however, came the demand for more capital to supply



THE CHICAGO STAGE OFFICE OF FRINK AND WALKER
Reproduced from a drawing in the Chicago Historical Society Library.

the public needs, and therewith for a more elaborate business organization.

Towering above all competitors in the Chicago area was the firm of Frink and Walker, which for years enjoyed a practical monopoly of passenger transportation over a large portion of the Middle West. John Frink, who seems to have been the dominant figure in the partnership, was a veritable Connecticut Yankee, having been born at Ashford in 1797. Early in life he entered upon the stage business, one of his first ventures being a line between Boston and Albany. A branch line to New York City was soon added, and this grew at length into a line from New York to Montreal. Frink was thus an experienced man of affairs when in 1836 he migrated to Chicago. Here he purchased the stage line running to Ottawa, and from this beginning in the West his operations extended until they covered most of the state of Illinois, with widespread ramifications in all of the neighboring states.

An inseparable accompaniment of the stage business in this period was the transportation of the mails. Indeed, the United States Postoffice Department commonly pioneered the way for the stage lines of the West, by establishing post roads through newly settled regions and letting contracts for the carrying of the mails over them. The substantial aid which this subsidy provided was frequently indispensable, particularly in the earlier period of settlement, to the establishment and maintenance of stage routes, and the bidder who gained the coveted contract thereby attained a position which enabled him to bid defiance to all competitors, at least as far as the route in question was concerned.

The firm of Frink and Walker proved singularly successful in obtaining mail contracts from the government, and in the absence of other records the data concerning these now afford the best indication of its activities. Thus in June, 1850, when the firm was probably near the height of its business development, a Washington correspondent reported to his St. Louis paper that its mail contracts in Illinois aggregated

$78,000 a year. Besides these, it had contracts in the states of Indiana, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan amounting to $50,000; and the total sum of its contracts was shortly to be increased to $150,000 annually. In a day when the spoils principle was accorded universal recognition in the realm of politics, it is evident that someone connected with the firm must have been possessed of no mean order of political talent to obtain, year after year, the extensive contracts of which the figures cited afford evidence. Apparently this man was the senior partner, John Frink, for his biographer states that he spent much of his time in Washington. That such influence was exerted, was freely charged by unsuccessful competitors for the contracts. Probably the firm of Frink and Walker discharged the duties assumed at least as well as their critics would have performed them, had they been successful in the bidding, but success, particularly on a widespread scale, ever stirs up envious comment, and contemporary newspaper criticism of the "huge monopoly," which, having broken down all opposition, proceeded to do as it pleased, sound curiously modern to the twentieth-century reader.

The scanty records available concerning John Frink inspire the reader with a desire to know more about him. Of an aggressive temperament, he would brook no opposition in business and competitors were ruthlessly driven from the field. The story of one famous contest of this kind in the middle forties, carried down to us in the memory of a pioneer settler, is worth retelling here.

The contest grew out of the circumstance that for once, at least, Frink had encountered a better politician than himself. When the letting of the mail contracts for the ensuing year was announced, it appeared that all the contracts which Frink and Walker had previously enjoyed had been captured by an outsider, General Hinton of the Ohio Stage Company. The partners recognized, of course, that without the contracts the operation of their stage lines would be attended with loss, and Walker, beset with anxiety over the situation, urged

upon Frink that they should endeavor to arrange with Hinton for some division of the field, or failing this, should sell off their property and retire from business.

Frink, however, rejected with disdain this proposal, declaring that no interloper should take over his territory without a fight, and that he would show the authorities at Washington that if the mails were to be carried at all it would be by the firm of Frink and Walker. In due time General Hinton appeared on the scene with a caravan of coaches and horses and began operations. The public, however, sympathized with the "old line," and the Hinton stages were not overburdened with business. To attract patronage, therefore, the proprietor made a cut in fares. This was promptly countered by Frink and Walker making a still lower cut, which Hinton followed in turn until travel over the rival lines became practically free, with meals thrown in for good measure.

The rival coaches traveled the same route at the same hours, and races were of frequent occurrence. In those days wealthy southern planters often came north by river boat to Cairo or St. Louis, whence they took stage to Chicago, proceeding thence around the lakes to some eastern resort. It need scarcely be said that they greatly enjoyed these impromptu races over the prairies, urging on their own driver by liberal promises of money and liquor, and hurling wild jeers at the passengers and driver of the rival coach. The spirit of Frink rose to the combat and orders were given to his drivers never to permit a Hinton coach to pass them. When, as on occasion happened, a Frink and Walker coach came in last, the unfortunate driver was soundly berated for his failure to observe the order. If he ventured the excuse that he did not wish to kill his horses, Frink would retort with an oath, "I find horses, I want you to find whips."

Both lines maintained headquarters and veterinary stables and hospitals in Chicago, and Frink, whose home was in Peoria, took his station at that place to direct operations. Horses were frequently disabled, of course, and those of the

Hinton line were brought in to Chicago by day for treatment. Frink, however, directed that his disabled horses should be brought to the hospital only by night; and when questioned as to why his line had no disabled animals, while the opposition had so many, he gave the ready explanation that this difference was due to the superiority of the drivers. They knew the country, and when a coach was mired in a slough, knew how by quiet command, to extricate it without injuring their animals. The "green fellows from Ohio," on the contrary, when in a similar dilemma would begin to swear and lash the horses, causing one to spring forward while the others hung back, and thus the driver came out with an injured animal.

The merry war was still at its height, with people traveling over the country cheaper than they could live at home, when Frink by quiet inquiries in Chicago and St. Louis learned that Hinton had been borrowing considerable money from the banks on notes that were about to mature. Fortified with this information he went grimly on with the war until Hinton at length sent an agent with an offer of compromise. Walker was eager to settle the difficulty on any terms obtainable, but Frink swore roundly that Hinton had begun the war and must end it at his own cost; if he wanted Frink and Walker out of the way, he must pay them a good price to withdraw.

After some days of negotiation, Hinton agreed to buy the property of the rival firm at an extravagant valuation, paying a small sum in cash and giving a series of long-time notes for the remainder of the debt. When the parties met with their lawyers to conclude the transaction, Frink inquired who was to be the backer of Hinton's notes. Hinton answered that nothing had been said about a backer, and asked whom Frink wanted. "I want Billy Neeley of the Ohio Stage Company," was the answer. "Why," replied Hinton, "Mr Neeley wouldn't be my backer. We quarreled before I left Ohio, or you wouldn't have had me here in Illinois."

PUBLIC NOTICE

SPEED INCREASED & FARE Reduced.

THE Chicago and Galena Mail Stage, will hereafter leave Chicago via Elgin, Belvidere, Rockford, Freeport, Waddam's Grove Gratiot's Grove and White Oak Springs to Galena every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 7 o'clock A. M., and will arrive at Galena next days by 8 o'clock P. M.

Returning will leave the Galena Hotel every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday, at 3 o'clock A. M. and arrive at Chicago next days by 8 o'clock P. M., making the route each way in two days, in Four Horse Post Coaches, (not wagons) expediting the mail ONE DAY, two trips, and TWO DAYS the third trip, each week. Fare through 5 dollars, and from Chicago and Galena to and from Rockford each 3. An entire new stock of property has been placed on the route from Rockford to Galena, with steady and experienced drivers. The public are invited to try the same, and judge for themselves of its merits, and the accommodations on the route.—For seats apply at the General Stage Office, corner of Lake and Clark sts., Chicago, and at the Galena Hotel, Galena, where correct information and prompt attention will at all times be given.

FRINK, WALKER, & Co.
Proprietors.

Chicago, June 7, 1841. dAwtf

RAPID TRANSIT ON THE CHICAGO-GALENA LINE IN 1841

This advertisement, reproduced by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, was published in the Chicago *American* of June, 1841.

"By God, that is just what I wanted to know, and I will run you to hell," retorted Frink, and abruptly terminating the interview strode out of the office. Within a short period Hinton's notes matured. Being unable to meet them, his property was attached; the unfortunate proprietor, seeing all was lost, fled to Texas, then a favorite resort of adventurers and outlaws from the states, and his stage line went to ruin. For weeks the mails went uncarried, until the contracts were relet to the old firm of Frink and Walker.

The first stage line to enter Chicago was the one from Detroit in 1833. The following winter Dr. Temple opened the line to St. Louis, and thereafter the development of stage lines in the region tributary to Chicago kept pace with the growth of settlement. Some interesting facts on the extent of the development in the first dozen years are found in the business directory of 1846, when Chicago had already become the wonder-city of the West, with a population of over 14,000 souls. Four steamboats arrived and departed daily during the season of navigation, carrying an average of 430 passengers, the estimated total for the season being 92,020. There were eight arrivals and departures of stages daily, having an average number of fifteen passengers, amounting to 120 a day and 43,800 for the entire year.

Pursuing the inquiry further, we find that at this time there was a daily stage service between Chicago and Peoria. Tri-weekly stages ran to Galena, both by way of Dixon and over the northern route through Freeport and Rockford. Between Chicago and Detroit and Chicago and Milwaukee the stage service was modified by the existence of water transportation. In the season of open navigation stages ran tri-weekly to Milwaukee; when navigation closed, a daily schedule was established. By 1846 the Michigan Central Railroad was in operation as far as Kalamazoo, and the Michigan Southern as far as Hillsdale. Between Chicago and these points a daily stage service was maintained during the season closed to navigation, while in summer a steamboat

ran daily between Chicago and St. Joseph, from which point travelers proceeded by stage to Kalamazoo.

On the more important lines the old-time stage, like the modern steam train, ran night and day. This involved, of course, the maintenance of relay stations at intervals of twelve or fifteen miles where fresh horses were in readiness to take the place of the jaded arrivals, and inns for the accommodation of the passengers. The source already alluded to affords interesting information concerning the stage schedules and rates of fare. The journey to Peoria, 175 miles, might be made in two days, the cost to the traveler being $10 in winter and $8 in summer. The distance to Galena by the northern route was 160 miles, and by the southern 170; in both cases the fare was $8 and the time consumed two days. From Chicago to Milwaukee, a distance of 97 miles, the traveler might ride in summer for $3, while in winter he paid $5. The trip required 1½ days' time, the stage stopping overnight at Kenosha. In general it may be said that stage passenger fares ran from five to six cents per mile. The unusually low summer rate between Chicago and Milwaukee was due to the existence of water transportation, which was commonly preferred by travelers to stage coach. In some sections of the country stage fares were regulated in accordance with the size of the passenger, the assumption being that the normal traveler should weight 100 pounds; one who weighed 200, therefore, found himself under the necessity of paying double fare. If this custom ever prevailed in the Chicago area the records are silent concerning it.

The traveler who embarked upon an extended journey by stage committed himself to a venture whose outcome no man could foresee. To be sure the stage company had a schedule for the journey, but the factors making for uncertainty were numerous, and between schedule and performance there was frequently a wide gulf fixed. Oftentimes the stage company was not properly blamable for its failure to convey the traveler comfortably and promptly to his appointed destina-

tion. The ability to do this depended chiefly on the condition of the road, and this in turn was governed by the state of the weather, for which no one could be held responsible. But the discomforts, not to say the hazards of travel, were oftentimes due in large measure to failure on the part of the stage company to provide adequate equipment, or even to a clear absence of desire to fulfill the obligations it had assumed.

Illustrative of all of these conditions is the experience of Moses Strong, who essayed a journey from Milwaukee to Mineral Point in May, 1845. Milwaukee was the metropolis of Wisconsin, and the route, which led by Madison, the capital city, was one of the most important stage lines in the Territory. Strong was one of its leading citizens, lawyer and legislator combined; accompanying him as far as Madison were his sister-in-law, Mrs. Temple, and her daughter. When the driver called at the Milwaukee House for the party at early dawn, they found the vehicle, by courtesy called a "stage wagon," was nothing but a rickety lumber wagon with some canvas drawn over the top. Eight or nine miles out a rear wheel collapsed, and the occupants were deposited "bag and baggage" in the mud. All plodded forward on foot for half a mile, where the driver succeeded after two hours' delay in procuring a common lumber wagon without springs, in which they were jolted to Troy, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles. Here they were placed in a coach with a kicking, fractious horse, which the driver, much to the relief of his apprehensive passengers, succeeded in piloting to Richmond without further mishap.

Here, however, their troubles commenced in earnest. It was already dark, with a cloudy sky, and before them lay twenty miles of open prairie where on previous night journeys the stage had often become lost. Notwithstanding the urgings of the passengers that he light his lamps, the driver set forth without doing so (they learned subsequently that he lacked the proper supplies) and despite momentary peril succeeded in advancing a number of miles. Then he ran

the stage off the side of a bridge, tipping it entirely over and bruising and injuring the occupants. They succeeded in righting the vehicle, and again got in (Mrs. Temple first walking half a mile). Within a mile it tipped over again, this time on the other side, injuring the occupants more severely than before. They now determined to ride no more till daylight, and walking on in much pain came at length to a farmhouse where they found shelter until morning, when they were taken on to Janesville by a stage which came along.

The stage continued on to Madison but Strong and his companions were compelled to lie over at Janesville to recover from their bruises. The next day Strong procured an open buggy to take them to Madison, and although it rained all day and the women had only their umbrellas for protection they preferred this mode of conveyance to entrusting themselves again to the mercies of the stage coach.

Leaving his companions at Madison, Strong took the stage for his home at Mineral Point. Although the horses provided were entirely worn out, the agent filled the coach so that they were able to pull it only at a walk. At the end of half a mile Strong and all the other passengers except one, a lady, got out and walked ahead for three miles, beating the coach by half an hour. Despairing of such progress, Strong and two other passengers now hired a private conveyance to take them to Mineral Point, where they arrived towards midnight. Aside from all the delay and discomfort undergone, the extra expense entailed upon him by the delinquencies of the transportation company amounted to more than twenty-three dollars.

It may be supposed by the present day reader that experiences such as the one described were by no means normal incidents of stage coach travel. To some degree, perhaps, such a supposition would be true, yet the narratives of the time leave no room for doubt that they were of distressingly frequent occurrence. On the matter of overturning, an English traveler in America at a somewhat earlier date,

relates that passengers were trained to respond to the driver's frequent requests to lean on one side or the other, to aid in preventing the upsetting of the coach in the deep ruts with which the road abounded. "Now gentlemen to the right," the Jehu would call, and immediately the passengers would project their bodies halfway out of the coach in the direction indicated. "Now gentlemen to the left," would be heard, and all would throw themselves in this direction.

Even on the great National Road, the most famous highway of the country, stage upsets were not unknown. When Black Hawk was taken on his tour of the East, following the disastrous war of 1832, at Washington, Pennsylvania, the horses attached to the coach which was conveying the noted chief and several of his red companions ran away. The coach capsized, after a mad dash down the hill, and the noble red men were badly bruised and shaken. Black Hawk was the first to emerge, and to the crowd which quickly gathered he gave vent to his feelings in loud and vehement tones.

Although no record was made of the red warrior's address, the observation of Henry Clay, made on a similar occasion, affords one of the most delightful examples on record of the great statesman's ready wit and unfailing good humor. Near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, the coach upset. The driver, catapulting from his elevated station, landed on his head, and righted himself with a broken nose. Clay, however, emerged from the vehicle unhurt, and with the smiling remark that the Clay of Kentucky had been mixed with the limestone of Pennsylvania.

Judged by present-day standards of comfort and convenience, stage-coach travel in the pioneer West was arduous enough even when performed under the most favoring conditions. At other times it was an experience to be undergone only at the behest of grim necessity. Nor did the conditions of travel materially improve to the end of the stage-coach era. As evidence of this, let us note the experience of Mrs. Ellet on a journey from Chicago to Galena in 1852. By

this time the railroad ran as far west as Cherry Valley, seven miles southwest of Rockford, where the journey by stage was begun. At Rockford there was a pause of an hour for dinner, but fifty minutes were consumed in the preparation of the meal, leaving the passengers but ten in which to eat it and secure their places in the crowded stage. The heat was oppressive and the dust stifling, while ever and anon the lumbering vehicle plunged into a dangerous mud-hole from which it emerged with a violent jerk, to the utter discomfort of the "trembling, grumbling passengers." At Freeport a miserable supper awaited the travelers with the same delay in preparing and hurry in despatching it as at dinner.

The night ride which followed was one of prolonged torture to all concerned. The dust, indeed, abated, for a steady rain came on, which soon turned the prairie road into a morass, appearing, under the fitful glare of the oil lamps, as "a long line of black mud, checkered by holes at one side or another while now and then a tumble-down bridge came in view. But let no one imagine," continues Mrs. Ellet, "that the mere view can give the least idea of a prairie slough, or mud hole. You may see one deceitfully covered with green turf, and suspect no danger till your horses' feet, or one of your wheels, shall be sunk so far as to render recovery impossible without the aid of stakes and ropes brought to the rescue. The story of the pedestrian's cap moving just above the black ooze, while the rider and horse were below, appears no fable. Then the mud—it is a peculiar quality, coal black, and tenacious as tar.

"After our coach had plunged and slipped along an hour or two, lurching almost to an overturn first on one side, then on another, the voice of the driver calling for a light—for he could not see an inch, and never drove over this road before—did not tend to reassure those disposed to think of accidents, particularly as the information was added that a night seldom passed without some stage being overset. The pockets of cigar smokers were searched for matches but vain was the

attempt to light the lamp, till the last match had been used. Presently the driver in front roared out 'to take care of the bridge,' which his wheels had just demolished; a caution withheld till we were in the act of going over it, bringing the stage down with a swing from which it seemed impossible to recover it. Next our driver called in great alarm for help; one of the horses had slipped, and lay sprawling in the mud. A succession of such agreeable incidents during the whole night kept before our minds the probability of having limbs broken, or of spending the rest of the hours of darkness on the lone waste prairie, miles from any human habitation, with the wet grass for a couch. These not very exhilarating circumstances were rendered intolerable by the most shocking profanity on the part of the drivers. Ours kept up a soliloquy of oaths, and when an accident or a stoppage brought him into the fellowship of his companions, the concert of blasphemies was absolutely terrifying."

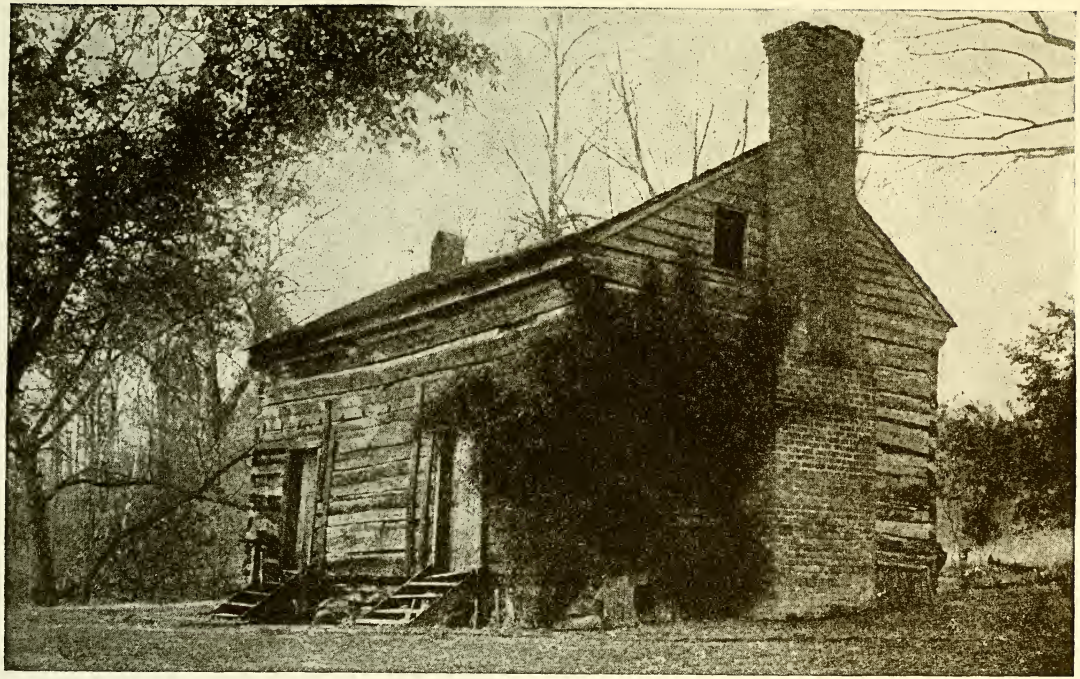
CHAPTER X.

TAVERNS AND TAVERN LIFE

NO less essential than stage coaches to the comfort of the pioneer traveler were the taverns and other stopping places where he found food and shelter. In the general lack of accommodations which characterized the beginnings of settlement in the West, it was customary for travelers to seek shelter at any house they might come to, and the settler commonly opened his home to all comers. With the progress of settlement, however, and the increasing complexity of society, the old custom fell into gradual disuse and travelers resorted to taverns and inns for food and shelter. This change, of course, took place sooner in towns and along thoroughfares where travel was heavy than it did in the more remote communities.

It follows as a consequence that one who undertook a journey in the pioneer West encountered a wide variety of living accommodations, and but few generalizations can be made about them that are universally valid. The early settler was commonly poor, and his home life and surroundings crude or even poverty-stricken. The stranger who, notwithstanding, sought shelter in his home accepted with equanimity, if sensible, such accommodation as could be offered him. If unwise or unsophisticated he might vent his spleen upon his involuntary hosts, or returning to his home across the sea write a book in which the manners of the Americans were exposed to public ridicule.

Life on the frontier was rough and ready enough, and men had but little energy left over from the absorbing task of reducing a wilderness to civilization to devote to the conventions of intercourse which characterize older and more settled communities. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that



A SETTLER'S LOG CABIN

This cabin is more pretentious than the early settlers ordinarily built, and was no doubt regarded as a mansion in its day. Reproduced from Fulwider's History of Stevenson County, Illinois.

in a society newly-drawn from the four quarters of the globe social conventions were largely non-existent. In time, of course, the West developed conventions of its own, the product of the local environment, many of which seemed shocking enough to the newcomer from the older East or from Europe. Western men, for example, were undoubtedly much given to profanity, a practice which had developed in their absence for years from the restraining influence alike of women and of older men.

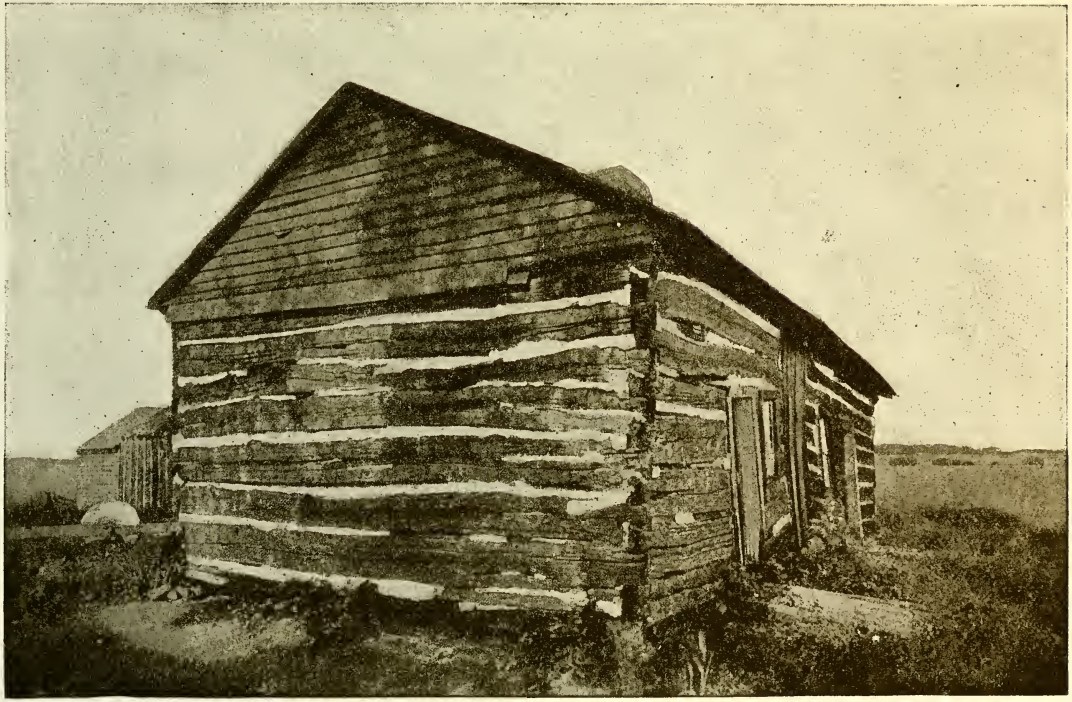
Perhaps the commonest complaint in contemporary narratives of travelers is the lack of privacy, particularly with respect to sleeping accommodations. The Westerner cheerfully shared his room, and even his bed, with whomsoever he might chance to be thrown; to the traveler from the East or from Europe this seemed an abhorrent thing, and if he published a book about his tour he rarely neglected the opportunity to wail aloud to heaven over it. Yet the western custom was easily defensible whether on the score of modesty or of common sense. An eastern woman newly-removed to Illinois has recorded her mingled surprise and admiration on being told by a young woman that she had swept three houses that morning. She was yet to learn that on the Illinois prairies the words *house* and *room* were synonymous. At a time when houses were few and those who must find shelter in them were many it became a matter of practical necessity that people, even if unrelated or strangers, should share the same sleeping-room or even the same bed. Necessity, in this matter, became the mother of a convention, which once established became a perfectly proper thing.

Mrs. Kinzie, who came west to Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, in 1830, relates in *Wau Bun* her first encounter with this aspect of frontier life. In the winter of 1831 she accompanied her husband on a horseback journey to Chicago. On the third day out they reached Hamilton's Diggings, a group of log cabins belonging to a son of the famous statesman, Alexander Hamilton. Each cabin consisted of a single room, and there

was but one woman in the place, the wife of one of the miners. In the cabin occupied by her were two uncurtained beds standing against the wall, the only sign of sleeping quarters. The newcomer's speculations as to how they were to be accommodated for the night were set at rest when the housewife produced a cord and stretching it between the two beds threw over it some petticoats to serve as a curtain, and indicated to the travelers the bed they were to occupy. The eastern woman wrapped her cloak around her without undressing and lay down with her face to the wall. The miner and his wife, with a better display of judgment, undressed and retired in their usual manner. So quickly does fastidiousness yield to reason, however, that on the following night when Mrs. Kinzie found the sleeping room of herself and husband was to be shared by six other men, all fellow-travelers, her only feeling was one of thankfulness that each bed was furnished with a set of curtains.

We have been dealing thus far with private homes to which wayfarers resorted for shelter, but the earlier taverns offered but little more in the way of accommodations. Thus William Cullen Bryant, who spent a night at the tavern in Jacksonville in 1832, was "shown into an upper apartment in which were seven huge double beds, some holding two brawny hard-breathing fellows, and some only one." A philosophic Englishman who had toured the West a few years earlier than this affords a good explanation of such conditions. He attributes them to the remoteness of these states from the older sections of the United States, and deplores the custom of English travelers, on their return from America, of imputing a like want of comfort to every part of the country. As well might one who had met with bad accommodations in the Orkneys abuse the whole of Great Britain. "Woods are not cut down, and good inns established in a day nor even in a year," he concludes, "and he who cannot put up with some inconveniences will do well to avoid traveling in a new country."

That the inconveniences were numerous need not be denied. Reverting to the matter of sleeping accommodations, the



ANOTHER VIEW OF A SETTLER'S CABIN

This cabin was built in Coles County, Illinois, in 1831, by Thomas Lincoln and his son Abraham. The shingled roof and boarded gable were probably additions of a considerably later date.

traveler we have just quoted encountered a pair of clean sheets but thrice in all his western tour. "In general," he reports, "the beds were altogether without sheets; and the blankets had probably, since their manufacture, never experienced the renovating effects of a good washing. Sometimes, indeed, there would be one sheet, and occasionally two; but cleanliness in this particular I had almost despaired of."

More unique was the experience of Mrs. Kirkland, the charming novelist of western life, at a village tavern in southern Michigan. She had been in the kitchen and found it full of newly-ironed sheets spread out on chairs and other furniture. On preparing to retire, however, she observed with disappointment that her sheets were *not* of the number seen in the kitchen.

"How is this?" she inquired of the chambermaid, "these sheets have been used."

"O, yes ma'am," simpered the girl, "we haint no new sheets."

"But I must have *clean* sheets," replied Mrs. Kirkland, "sheets that have not been slept in since they were washed."

"Oh, yes, I dare say," answered the girl. "But you see, ma'am, we've had sich lots of company. There was the Dimocratic Whig convention—and there was this here Log Cabin celebration—and so all of our sheets but these is a drying in the kitchen, not aired enough yet to put on the beds, and we thought you'd like these better because they're so much healthier. You know damp sheets is dreadful unwholesome—and there ha'nt nobody slept in these beds but some very *nice* gentlemen."

An equal trial to the traveler of fastidious tastes was the necessity of sharing his couch with an insect host of a kind seldom mentioned in polite society. Their presence was rendered inevitable by the very manner of living of the western settler. "This indoors calamity is so universal in the backwoods," writes Morris Birkbeck, founder of the noted English Settlement in Illinois, "that it seems to be unavoidable, and

is submitted to as such with wondrous equanimity." But even for this pest the tolerant writer found excuse, and optimistically foretold a time when the spirit of cleanliness would gain admission, and the miseries which always accompany filth and disorder would be banished away "as the plagues of Egypt were charmed by Aaron's rod."

Less complaisant was Eliza Farnham, the talented author of *Life in Prairie Land.* On her first journey west, coming up the Illinois River in a steamer she asked the chambermaid to prepare her berth. The maid responded by advising her to abandon her stateroom for a place in the cabin, "Kase the bugs aint a touch in hyur to what they be in yander." Mrs. Farnham, notwithstanding, went to bed in her stateroom, but the vermin turned out in force, prepared to "make a night of it," and after four or five hours contest she yielded the field to them and sat up the remainder of the night.

Closely akin to this trial was the pest of flies, which haunted kitchen and dining-room, alike of tavern and private house. Even today this nuisance has been measurably eradicated only in the more enlightened and progressive sections of the country. In the pioneer period modern sanitation was as yet a thing undreamed of; the rudely constructed houses were innocent of screens, and the house fly, like the bed bug, was endured with "wondrous equanimity." So rarely did some fastidious soul revolt against the pest that a grave scientist like Increase A. Lapham, father of the weather bureau, took the trouble to put on record the device of a western housewife at whose home he tarried in the course of his travels, of shielding the food until the moment of serving the meal by covering the several dishes with neatly folded paper caps.

Some interesting data on our topic are supplied by the author of *Illinois in the Fifties* in the course of describing the village tavern. There were, he relates "Flies everywhere! Flies *in* everything! Flies *on* everything! But little wonder, for at no great distance from the kitchen door was a big manure pile—an ideal incubator for hatching these household pets."

To combat them, in private homes as meal-time approached, someone procured from a convenient bush or tree a branch well supplied with leaves, and by plying this vigorously during the meal the flies were to some extent kept from the table. People in better circumstances signified their station by substituting for a branch from a tree a brush made of ostrich feathers. In the tavern, still another device was employed. "About three feet above the dining-room table and extending its whole length was a strong cord to which was attached strips of paper that nearly reached down to the dishes. At meal time it became the duty of someone to manipulate this cord in such a way that the papers hanging below it were set in motion and the flies kept for the time being from alighting on the food."

But the qualifications by which above all others a tavern was judged was the character of its meals. Here again the traveler encountered a wide variety, depending on the enterprise of the landlord, the culinary skill of his wife and daughters, the resources in food supplies of the community, and numerous other factors. A wayfarer who lodged at a tavern in southern Michigan in the year 1830 records that he had a hearty supper of "biscuits, buttermilk, fried pork and venison," while breakfast was much like supper except for the substitution of corn-meal griddle-cakes in place of biscuits. After breakfast he indulged in a glass of cider and called for his bill, and these were the items: "Supper, 6 cents; lodging, 6 cents; breakfast, 6 cents; cider 3 cents; total, 21 cents."

To modern ears the prices quoted seem unbelievably low. Although they tended to increase in later years, to the end of the stage-coach era they remained low in comparison with present-day standards. Ample light is shed by the records on this particular subject, for then as now the tavern keeper must procure a license, and unlike the present-day practice, the authorities provided maximum rates of service that might be charged. Interesting in this connection is the schedule adopted by the commissioners of Cook County in 1831 for the first

taverns—then two in number—of the town of Chicago. For lodging, the maximum rate of 12½ cents was imposed; for supper and breakfast 25 cents each, while for dinner the innkeeper was allowed to charge twice as much. There followed a detailed schedule of rates for various kinds and quantities of strong drinks, such as wine, rum, brandy, and whiskey. The rate per pint for the last-named drink was 18¾ cents. Beer, it is interesting to note, finds no place in the schedule. Its popularity as a beverage was yet to be developed.

If a generalization may be attempted in connection with a subject where in practice so much of variation was found, it would be that the food served in pioneer taverns was abundant as to quantity; commonly, however, there was little variety in the menu, and both quality and manner of service left much to be desired. Charles Cleaver, a prominent citizen of Chicago, who came west in 1833, records that the staple bill of fare of the typical tavern was bread, butter, potatoes, and fried pork, but variations, both seasonable and otherwise, were occasionally encountered. A traveler who journeyed from Chicago to St. Louis in 1835 gives a detailed description of the first tavern southwest of Chicago near modern Riverside. It was a primitive log structure, the public portion of which comprised two rooms. In one of these were numerous guests, several of them ill with fever. Not much could be expected from such surroundings, yet the call to breakfast in the adjoining room disclosed an abundance of food. Of milk there was none, and the butter was of the worst quality. The coffee, however, was excellent, the pork steaks, "tolerable," and the bread, both corn and wheat, was good. In the center of the table stood a huge stew from which fragrant incense ascended. Of this all partook liberally, speculating the while as to its component elements. One guessed venison, another turkey, another prairie chicken; at length it was discovered to be stewed rabbit.

Closely related to the matter of food was the question of culinary equipment wherewith to prepare it. Particularly

in the early period of settlement, this was oftentimes of the scantiest description. Cleaver, whom we have already quoted, describes the taverns of Chicago in the winter of 1834; "a pot hung over a wood fire, a frying pan, and a baking-pot" comprised the list of kitchen utensils.

Modern housewives may wonder how with such equipment a meal could be prepared for a crowd of hungry travelers. How the miracle was performed in one instance is entertainingly told by an eastern woman who in 1840 traveled from St. Louis to Springfield. On the journey the passengers arrived at Carlinville just at dawn, and inquired of the young woman who met them if they could have breakfast at once. She answered "Yes," and gave them a seat by the fire until the meal should be prepared. "First she took out a long-handled frying-pan, and resting the handle on a chair before the wood fire in the fireplace, she put in some coffee which she quickly parched. Removing the coffee and washing out the frying pan, she made a 'pone' of corn bread and put it in to bake. Then she ground and prepared the coffee, which she proceeded to make in a pot over the fire. Then the performance was varied by the movement of first one curtain and another, from behind which came men who had been guests of the cabin over night, and each as he emerged took the wash basin and went out of doors to perform his ablutions, and returned ready for breakfast.

"After the 'pone' was done, the lady of the house cut some bacon, put that in the pan and fried it, and then asked me if I would like some eggs, which she fried, and in a few minutes we were called to breakfast—for which we paid four shillings apiece, and which I must say I ate with a good appetite, for its novelty was interesting to me. The table was a plain wooden one and while I had a cup and saucer, the rest of the guests had tin cups."

It must not be too hastily assumed from narratives such as this that primitive accommodations and rude manners were things entirely peculiar to the West. No doubt western ways

were in general cruder than those of the older East. Yet few narratives of western ways, however bizarre, excel this picture left us by Dr. Richard Lee Mason, a cultured Philadelphian, of a tavern on the great Pennsylvania Road fifteen miles west of Gettysburg in the autumn of 1819. He found "The landlord drunk, the fare bad, and the house filled with company who had more the appearance of penitentiary society than gentlemen. Hard scuffle for breakfast. Ran an old hen down. 'Moll' cut off the head with an axe. An old sow and a starved dog made a grab before the feathers were stripped. One got the head, the other the body. Then all hands were mustered to join in the chase, landlord and 'Moll' with the broom, the hostler with his spade, and all the boys with sticks and stones. In about ten minutes, after hard fighting, the materials for breakfast were recovered, and in fifteen minutes the old hen made her appearance on the breakfast table, large as life."

A feature of American tavern life of this period was the custom, apparently universal, of serving meals in common to all who might present themselves. This practice accorded well with the democratic manners of the time, but it was less commendable from certain other points of view. That the public manners of western Americans were commonly bad, and that at meal time they were peculiarly shocking, is the general testimony of most travelers of the period. A New Englander who ventured into the West in 1834 has left this picture of his first hotel meal in Detroit: "When the bell rang for dinner, I hardly knew what it meant. All in and about the house jumped and ran as if the house had been on fire. I followed the multitude, and found they were only going into the hall to dinner. It was a rough and tumble game at knife and fork, and whoever got seated first and obtained the best portion of dinner, was the best fellow. Those who came after must take care of themselves the best way they could; and were not always able to obtain a very abundant supply." Nor were contemporary manners in Chicago much better, if we may trust the observations of James Logan of Edinburgh,

who found his way thither in 1836 and put up at the United States Hotel. "At breakfast," he relates, "there were a very large party, who occupied two tables, and exhibited the usual American celerity of eating and drinking. No change of knife, or fork, or plate, no spoon for the sugar-basin; no ceremony whatever observed, every man for himself, and none for his neighbor; hurrying, snatching, gulping, like famished wildcats; vituals disappearing like magic."

We may well leave to another traveler of the period, Mrs. Eliza Steele, the task of defending such practices. In her western travels she constantly sought to find the inner significance of the surface phenomena encountered from day to day. Thus fortified, she regarded with unfailing good humor even the food and table manners of the frontiersman. She drank contentedly the miserable beverage which masqueraded under the name of coffee, and instead of reviling the uncouth manners of the men who sat down to dine without their coats and with shirt-sleeves rolled up, she endeavored to account for such behavior. "When we consider," she observes, "what a life these early settlers have led, we should only wonder that things are as decent as they are. The man comes out here in his youth with an axe upon his shoulder, hews him a space in the forest and erects a log hut—here upon its floor, spread with the skin of a beast, perhaps, he sleeps, his only companion a dog or an Indian—he gradually acquires furniture of his own making, and when he comes to eating from a table instead of a stone or a stump he thinks himself very comfortable. A table-cloth is such a luxury that he scarcely remarks when it gets soiled, as even then it is cleaner than his log table, and knives of the coarsest description are treasures to him."

In addition to its primary service of supplying food and shelter to travelers, the old-time tavern discharged many other functions. In the general dearth of churches and other public buildings, it served as the gathering place of the community for almost all events of a public character.

Here the itinerant preacher held his religious services and here, commonly, the first church organizations of the community had their birth. The dining-room of the tavern was frequently utilized for the holding of court, and when, as on rare occasions happened, a strolling company of actors came along, it was with equal facility metamorphosed into a theater, where crowded audiences listened with rapt attention to such plays as "The Lady of Lyons," and made the rafters ring with applause of the ever-popular song, "The Hunters of Kentucky," celebrating the virtues of the Kentuckians in the battle of New Orleans. The first election in the incorporated town of Chicago was held at the old Sauganash Hotel in 1833, and in the same structure four years later was witnessed Chicago's first dramatic performance. The place stood "out on the prairie," at the corner of Lake and Market Streets and the optimistic enterprise of the promoters in bringing a dramatic company to Chicago at this early day is sufficiently indicated by the following incident. For some unruly conduct a young Irishman who belonged to the company was told by the manager to go. "Where can I go," he replied, "with Lake Michigan roaring on one side and the bloody prairie wolves on the other?"

The Fourth of July was always celebrated with great enthusiasm by our forefathers, and a common feature of the celebration was a great banquet prepared by the local inn-keeper. This was often served in an open-air bower, and the dinner, attended by the elite of the community, was prolonged by the drinking of numerous toasts.

Independence days and theatrical troupes, however, were of infrequent occurrence. The chief recreation of the community was dancing, which might be enjoyed at any time. For this amusement the chief requisite was a room sufficiently large to accommodate the company, and this the tavern stood ready to supply. With the later forties, the cruder log taverns of the earlier period began to give way to larger buildings, and these were frequently equipped with a spe-

cial floor, laid independently of the walls in such fashion that under the feet of the dancers it yielded like thin ice.

A cultivated eastern woman has described for us a dance which she witnessed at the American House in Springfield during the session of the Illinois Legislature in December, 1840. The ladies' parlor was turned into a dressing room, and here the narrator sat and observed the guests as they came in. "A number of the ladies carried bundles in their arms," she writes, and were accompanied by maids. "The bundles, which were a mystery to me, were deposited on the bed, where the mystery soon developed, for the bundles began to kick and squeal, as hungry babies will. The mothers after performing their maternal duties, wrapped the infants up again and left them with many charges to the nurse-maids not to mix them up. The ladies were handsomely dressed, but not in the latest style. They wore handsome gowns of silk and satin, made with low necks and short sleeves."

A few weeks later the same writer put up at a poor country tavern which she describes as "shocking place." Apparently it was a typical log tavern of the period, for her room was reached by means of a ladder going up from the summer kitchen. During her stay here a dance was held, which was attended by the principal residents of the vicinity, and for the event much preparation was made. "In the morning, before breakfast, the big turkey gobbler was put in a tremendously big pot over the fire, and I was informed that I would not have any dinner, but just a 'piece' at noon. The gobbler boiled until afternoon, when he was taken out of the pot and put into the oven before the fire to roast for supper, and there was a cake of fearful and wonderful construction. The guests having arrived, the supper was eaten at early candle light. The room was illuminated by numerous 'dips,' and the guests being happy and hilarious, the supper passed off much to their satisfaction. The table was quickly cleared, and the fiddlers making their appearance, the crowd was soon arranged for the dancing. Each woman

carried a very large pocket handkerchief, which she held out by both hands stretched out in front of her, except when one hand was given to the partner in the dance. I was invited to dance, but not understanding these dances I declined, but was a highly-amused looker-on. I retired at about ten o'clock, but I think the gayety was kept up until nearly morning."

A feature of the old-time tavern about which an interesting narrative might be written was the sign which advertised the place to the passer-by. Particularly in the West, these were sometimes fearfully and wonderfully made. At Seward, Kendall County, the realistic landlord hung out a stuffed prairie wolf before his tavern, and the sign, of course, gave the name to the place. Two of Chicago's early taverns, the Green Tree Inn and the Wolf Tavern, were named in like fashion. Since the artist who painted the signs was commonly a jack-of-all-trades who turned his hand to the avocation of sign-painting only on infrequent occasions when some special demand for his service was presented, the product of his brush was often ludicrous enough.

Instructive in this connection is the handiwork of Samuel S. Rooker, the first sign-painter of Indianapolis, whose lack of artistic skill was only equalled by his ignorance of orthography. One of his early signs, executed for the Eagle Tavern, was supposed to depict the national bird; although the painting gave satisfaction to the landlord, by hilarious critics it was declared to resemble a turkey. Another tavern sign painted by Rooker bore the figure of a life-sized lion; when completed, the artist was hard pressed to prove it was not a prairie wolf. Even more remarkable, however, was the portrait of General Lafayette, in full uniform, which Rooker was commissioned to paint for another tavern. The board on which it was painted was not long enough for the heroic scale on which the picture was begun, and the artist solved the dilemma by cutting short the legs and attaching the feet where the knees should have been.

WESTERN HOTEL.

THE subscriber respectfully announces to the public that this house is situated on Randolph and Canal streets, a few rods from the South Branch Bridge, over which most of the Chicago travel passes, which makes it a convenient stopping place for all farmers and business men of Illinois who may have business to transact in the city. No pains will be spared by the subscriber to render his house a comfortable and pleasant stopping place to all persons.

A livery stable is connected with the house and his ostlers are attentive and never absent from the stable.

E. M. GREGORY.

Chicago, July 21, 1843. 7-35

United States Hotel.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to his old friends and the public generally that he has returned to his old and popular stand, where he hopes by unremitted attention to the comfort and welfare of his guests to receive that share of their patronage that his exertions may merit. The house has been thoroughly renovated, cleansed and painted, with a good yard and barn attached, the rooms are airy, pleasant and agreeable. His bar will be supplied with the choicest wines and liquors, his table with all the substantials and delicacies of the season. His servants attentive and obedient, and he pledges himself that nothing shall be wanting to render their stay pleasant and comfortable.

JOHN MURPHY.

Chicago, Aug 15, 1842 6-38

COLUMBIAN HOUSE,

Corner of South Water and Wells st. Chicago, Ill.

THE subscribers, would inform their friends and the traveling community, that they have refitted and opened the above establishment, and are now prepared to accommodate those persons who may favor them with their patronage on as reasonable terms as can be afforded in the city.

Good stabling, supplied with Hydralic water.

Baggage taken to and from Boats free of charge.

L. A. DOOLITTLE, & CO.

Chicago, July 1, 1843. 7 43 1yr

SOME TYPICAL ADVERTISEMENTS OF PIONEER HOTELS

Reproduced, by courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society, from the Chicago *American* of July, 1843.

Sometimes the imagination of the sign painter was permitted a wider sweep. Before one Indianapolis tavern hung a sign made like a gate, on the slats of which stood this inscription:

This gate hangs high
and hinders none,
Refresh and pay,
then travel on.

Another, on the Mukwanago road in southeastern Wisconsin thus advertised the excellence of the water supplied by the tavern well:

Stop, gentlemen, as you pass by,
My water tank is free,
Its source is on the mountain high,
Its course is to the sea.

Competition for the custom of travelers was often keen between neighboring inn-keepers, and sometimes was carried to absurd extremes. A narrative of one such contest is preserved among the chronicles of the Kellogg Trail. North of Dixon the first settlement on the trail was at Buffalo Grove, on the site of modern Polo. Hither came John Ankeney from southern Illinois in the spring of 1829, and located his claim by marking some trees on Buffalo Creek near the point where the bridge on the Galena road was afterwards built. Having done this, he went back to bring out his family. While absent on this mission Isaac Chambers came down from Galena to Buffalo Grove and took possession of Ankeney's claim, building a house at a fording place in the creek, a few rods above the old bridge. He planned, too, to change the line of travel from the prairie to pass through the grove, where he would build a tavern for the entertainment of travelers.

With two inns thus provided, it remained to bring the travelers to them. To this end the rival proprietors each proceeded to mark out a new road from Dixon northward, the two lines of stakes running parallel and being at no

point more than a half a mile apart. North of the grove they came together and after running thus a considerable distance, rejoined the older-established route of the Kellogg Trail. Ankeney's road, of course, ran by his tavern, and Chambers' ran by his. No difficulty was found in persuading travelers to abandon the old trail, but the burning question was, which of the proposed roads should they take? There ensued between the two inn-keepers a desperate competition for the public favor. Not content with efforts to make his house more attractive, each did his best to injure the custom of the other by felling trees across his highway and similar acts. Such conduct, of course, did not tend to promote peace and harmony in the neighborhood. After two years of turmoil, Chambers, finding he was waging a losing battle, sold his place to Oliver Kellogg, himself moving farther north to Chambers' Grove.

CHAPTER XI

DANGERS OF THE HIGHWAY

CHANGING social and industrial conditions are quickly reflected in the field of transportation. The past century has witnessed more improvement in this realm than the preceding twenty taken together. Although the twentieth-century highway is not free from peril to the traveler—a fact to which the frequent casualty lists in the daily news-columns bear witness—he proceeds to his chosen destination with a degree of comfort which would have astonished his forefathers no less than the celerity of his progress.

Discomfort, on the old time highway, was the normal state of the traveler. The dangers he faced might proceed from many causes, but those more commonly encountered were three in number; upsets of the stage, the menace of unbridged or swollen streams; and peril from highwaymen and other criminals.

Of stage upsets, something has already been said in preceding chapters. They might be due to the character of the highway, but were not infrequently occasioned by the stage-horses running away. The spilling of Chief Black Hawk is a case in point. Another, which had a somewhat amusing ending, is related by that delightful chronicler of early American travel, John Davis. While proceeding down Market Street in the city of Baltimore, a front wheel of the coach suddenly came off. The stage-driver, on whose presence of mind the safety of his passengers depended, deserted his post and leaped to the ground. The horses, free from all restraint, broke into a furious run and Davis, to escape what he regarded as certain death, threw himself from the coach into the street, followed shortly by two other passengers. Bruised and shaken from the fall they rose from the ground

and set out in the track of the runaway coach solicitous to know the fate of a sailor and a boy who had remained inside. They were overtaken, unhurt, holding the panting animals, which had come to a stop on the ascent of a hill. Davis congratulated them on their escape, and asked the sailor why he had not jumped from the coach. "Avast there," was the tar's reply, "more people are lost by taking to the boat than sticking to the wreck; I always stick to the wreck."

Ordinarily, however, the traveler spent little time worrying over possible runaways, but the menace of bridgeless or swollen (frequently bridgeless *and* swollen) streams was ever before him. In older-settled communities bridges are taken as a matter of course, and only on the frontier of civilization does one come to realize the essential role they play in the life of the community. The point is well stated by Mrs. Tillson, whose honeymoon tour in 1822 took the form of a trip by buggy from Massachusetts to distant Illinois. All through Ohio they had met with continuous rain, and at Cincinnati the question presented itself of the possibility of getting through Indiana with a carriage. The situation was one for which the eastern woman's experience had afforded her no preparation. "When they talked about the streams in Indiana not being fordable," she observes, "I for the first time received the idea as a reality that there was such a thing as an inhabited country without bridges—my education was just beginning."

It was an education common to every western man. The historian of early LaSalle County, himself a pioneer, relates that up to the time of building the first bridge over the Vermilion River he had a record of twenty-five persons who had been drowned in fording this one stream within a distance of ten miles of the crossing. "Many were the hairbreadth escapes which most of the early settlers can recall," he continues, "and which in later years were never referred to without a thrill of emotion. It was a common remark that when a man left home in the morning, it was very

uncertain whether his wife's next dress would be a black one, or of some other color."

But familiarity ever breeds indifference and, through constant exposure, the pioneer stage-driver acquired an easy contempt for the perils encountered in crossing bottomless sloughs and raging torrents. Noah M. Ludlow, pioneer promoter of the drama in the West, relates an illustration in point. On one of his numerous journeys he had occasion to travel by stage from Pittsburg to Sandusky. The road across northern Ohio proved incredibly bad, running for many miles through a low country subject to recurrent overflows from Lake Erie. The effort to get through by stage was finally abandoned, after a long and painful struggle, and the few remaining passengers mounted the horses and with the driver to guide them rode the last fifteen miles through a dark night into Sandusky. Before the ride was half completed the horses were wading in water to their knees, and Ludlow anxiously inquired of the driver whether they were not likely to mistake their way and ride into Lake Erie without knowing it until the horses should begin swimming. The driver made light of the suggestion, saying he had often driven his horses through the overflow from the lake and "never met with an accident but once, and that wasn't much of an accident."

Curious to know what the mishap might have been, Ludlow pressed for the story. "Well," said the driver, "it was a cloudy night, no moon or stars, and it was raining very hard. Something frightened the horses, and they jumped suddenly on one side, and before I could hold them up, sprang forward and dragged the whole concern into a deep pond, where the horses came near being drowned; but I cut them loose, and they swam out. The passengers got on the roof of the coach and came out safe, except one but he was only a nigger; the damned fool didn't know how to swim."

"And did he drown?" inquired the dramatist of the driver, who had paused as though his tale were done.

"Oh, yes!" responded Jehu. "He was setting on the seat with me, and as the horses jumped into the pond he sprung off into the water, and that was the last I saw of him, but I *heerd* they found his body afterwards."

The want of bridges was directly felt by every person in the community, and the bridging of the more important streams never failed to arouse widespread interest. But often years went by before the resources of the communities were adequate to the task, and during this period travelers must either ford or be ferried across.

The right to conduct a ferry was granted in organized counties by the county commissioners, and in unorganized territory by special act of the state legislature. The ferryman paid a license, the fee being commonly a small one, but it accomplished the two-fold object of securing to the holder a monopoly of transporting travelers across the stream, and of enabling the state or local governing body to prescribe rates and other conditions connected with the enterprise.

At Rockford the river was not bridged until 1845, nine years after the founding of the town. A ferry license had been granted to one of the founders of the place, however, in September, 1836. The license fee paid was ten dollars a year, and the following rates of ferriage were established: for each one-horse vehicle, 37½ cents; two-horse vehicles, 62½ cents; man and horse, 25 cents; footman, 6¼ cents. For horses or cattle, 12½ cents per animal; hogs or sheep, 2½ cents per animal. To residents of the town the ferry was free, the operators being reimbursed from the village treasury for this service. The first ferry at Chicago was established in the spring of 1831 by the new board of commissioners of Cook County. The license fee was fifty dollars, and the holder, jovial Mark Beaubien, was required to transport gratis citizens of the county with their "traveling apratus."

To bridge the placid Chicago was a simple matter, and as early as 1832 a bridge replaced the ferry across the South

Branch. Its cost was $486.20, to which sum, for some mysterious reason, the Potawatomi Indians were made to contribute $200.

Engineers were scarce in the western country, and the early bridges were rude structures, oftentimes of wonderful architecture. Some were known as "shaking bridges," others as "floating bridges." One of the latter type spanned the Des Plaines on the Chicago-Elgin road in the early forties. It was composed of planks, laid down without nailing, on stringers which floated on the water. A teamster who for many years hauled grain to the Chicago market has left this description of its passage: "The horses' front feet would settle the planks about six inches, the hind ones about a foot or six inches more, the forward wheel about a foot and a half, and the hind ones about two feet in the water. It did not seem possible to cross safely on the concern. Every time a team crossed, every plank had to be replaced before the next one could cross." Thomas Moore, the English poet, had encountered bridges like this in Virginia a generation earlier, and of them he wrote: "Mahomet, as Sale tells us, was at some pains to imagine a precarious kind of bridge for the entrance of Paradise, in order to enhance the pleasures of arrival. A Virginia bridge, I think, would have answered his purpose completely."

But the hazard of the actual crossing was oftentimes matched by that attending the approach to the bridge. A case in point is related by the editor of the Chicago *American*, who in 1839 made a visit to southern Illinois. Among the places visited was Vandalia, from which point he took the stage for St. Louis. The destination should have been reached about four o'clock in the afternoon, but en route the driver found the Cantine Creek out of its banks and the bridge washed away. He therefore set out over a side road for another bridge lower down the stream. Before long this road was found submerged, and in attempting to pass through the water the vehicle became stuck. The

passengers were compelled to disembark and make their way on foot through the water three or four feet deep to dry land, whither the horses at length succeeded, after much floundering, in pulling the empty coach. The experience undergone, however, proved but the beginning of their troubles. The lower bridge was found cut off by a body of water, in attempting to cross which the stage again became "completely stuck" in the swirling flood. Since in addition it manifested "fearful demonstrations" of overturning, the six passengers hastily climbed out on the upper side, where they saved themselves from being swept away by the impetuous current only by clinging to the coach. Meanwhile the leaders got down in the water and to save them from drowning the driver hastily cut them loose from the harness. In doing so, however, he was swept head over heels down stream and saved himself from drowning only by catching hold of a sapling that stood in his way. He finally gained the shore, and the travelers were rescued from their precarious position. All made their way to a one-room farm house where they found shelter for the night. The coach was drawn from its watery bed by two yokes of oxen, and the next day proceeded on its way to St. Louis.

The persistent myth with respect to the "good old times" in which our forefathers lived finds little support from an examination of crime in Illinois during the period in which we are interested. It is difficult, if not impossible, to establish a statistical basis for one's study of the subject, but from extensive reading in the sources of information available the impression is clear that in proportion to population criminal practices were much more prevalent eighty years ago than they are at the present time.

There are fashions in crime as in all things else, and the evils which vexed the society of our forefathers were, of course, the product of their own particular environment. As in all frontier communities, the arm of the law was weak, and crimes of violence might be committed with but little

danger of detection. "Illinois is the hiding place," wrote a traveler of 1819, "for villains from every part of the United States, and, indeed, from every quarter of the globe. A majority of the settlers have been discharged from penitentiaries and gaols or have been the victims of misfortune or imprudence. Many of those will reform, but many, very many, are made fit for robbery and murder."

The picture may be overdrawn somewhat, but the fact is clear that throughout the pioneer period crimes of violence were alarmingly prevalent. Foremost in the catalog was robbery, and northern Illinois in the forties was infested by organized bands of cut-throats who over wide stretches of country brought terror to the peaceful and law-abiding. Although their places of rendezvous were often known to the public, yet whole communities were terrorized into submission to their lawless misdeeds. The two kinds of property commonly sought were horses and money. Murder might be an accompaniment of either form of robbery, but it was unlikely to occur in connection with horse-stealing, Horses were easily passed on to confederates in some section remote from the crime for disposal to innocent purchasers. The farmer knew only that he had been robbed; he had slight prospect of tracing his property, or of proving ownership, even if found.

The stealing of money involved either robbery from the person or the burglarization of homes. In cases of the latter kind the method of operation was simple. There was a widespread and well-merited distrust of banking institutions, and anyone possessed of surplus funds commonly concealed them in his home. This circumstance was likely to be known, or at least suspected by his neighbors, who would also be aware of the plan of the house and the movements of members of the family. Some neighbor possessed of criminal inclinations would convey this information to a professional cut-throat, whose operations commonly extended over a wide area; equipped with it, the latter would commit

the robbery and depart for other fields, having first paid the local resident a sum of money for his share in the villainy. If all went well, the crime would be one of simple burglary; if some member of the household chanced to interrupt the robber, however, or if the latter was disappointed in his search for money, murder was likely to follow.

The operations of these cut-throats imperiled all honest men, but over strangers and travelers an especial menace hung. A man might be robbed or killed in his home community, but this could hardly be done without the fact becoming known to his neighbors, who were likely to set in motion such agencies as the law possessed to avenge the crime. The traveler from some eastern state, however, was almost completely cut off from those who knew him. If his appearance and conversation were such as to convey the impression that he was possessed of some means, he offered a promising "sight" to the villains who infested the taverns and highways, and who might make way with him with comparative impunity.

So common did such outrages become, and so widespread the fear of them on the part of travelers, that danger was often apprehended where none in fact existed. A letter from Chicago in March, 1843, by a member of a family engaged in migrating from Ohio to Wisconsin, recites a lurid tale of a night spent some miles east of Michigan City. This neighborhood was the headquarters of a gang of horse-thieves and counterfeiters, of which fact the emigrants had received advance warning. They planned, therefore, to pass through the "infested district" in a single day's drive, but the heavy state of the roads defeated this project, and they were compelled to put up for the night at a tavern which was reputed to be a kind of headquarters for the gang.

The aspect of the place seemed to the apprehensive travelers fully to confirm its evil repute. The landlord was fantastically garbed in garments of red and green, while his bloated face and bloodshot eyes bespoke intimate acquaint-

ance with the "redeye" whiskey for which the region was noted. Inside, the newcomers found half a dozen men of like appearance to the host, who looked equal to the commission of any crime.

The emigrants, fearful of losing their horses and perhaps their lives, determined to keep guard through the night. The barn was in view from their room, and all night long the men of the little party, each armed with a hickory cane and a pistol, watched the barn and listened intently for the expected assault. Yet the morning came without it, and after a comfortable breakfast "all the inmates of the house looked better" to the travelers, who departed feeling they had done their hosts an injustice.

Equally unfounded were the apprehensions of Mrs. Morrison from whose account of tavern experiences in Illinois in 1840 we have already quoted. With her father she had occasion to spend a night in Athens, a small village near Springfield. Soon after Mrs. Morrison had retired for the night her father came and aroused her, saying: "Get up as quick as you can and dress yourself. There are very strange noises, and something strange is going on downstairs. Take this bowie knife and defend yourself, if necessary. I have my sword cane, and we will do the best we can."

Strange noises were indeed rising from below, and the travelers passed a night of terror, but with the dawn came enlightenment. The head of the household, an old man, had died during the night, and the sounds heard were caused by the grief of the family, and by neighbors coming to prepare for the funeral. The danger was non-existent, yet it is not without significance that the strangers should interpret in the way they did the innocent proceedings of the night, or that the father, a respectable New York merchant, should think it incumbent on him to travel about the state of Illinois armed with a bowie knife and a sword cane.

That in general the traveler had ample ground for apprehension concerning his safety, the records of the time make

painfully clear. "Organized bands of counterfeiters, horse thieves, and desperate men, versed in crime of every character, abounded," writes the biographer of Samuel J. Low, who was twice elected sheriff of Cook County in the early forties. "The Regulators had at best been only scotched, not killed. For every head of the serpent crushed, another was raised. The Davenport murderers were in their glory, the Driscolls flourishing and banded for evil with their brothers in infamy throughout the wide West. Every grove from Inlet and Paw Paw to the Wabash might have been said to contain caches of stolen goods and horses, and the cellar of many a tavern the bones of murdered men."

The allusion to the Driscolls in the picture we have just quoted, calls attention to one of the most notorious bands of criminals in the annals of Illinois. For several years in the Rock River Valley it committed crimes in wholesale fashion against property and life, and the agencies of justice seemed powerless to protect the harassed citizens. Since horses comprised the form of property most easily stolen and most readily concealed, the activities of the gang were largely directed to this particular crime. So widespread was the menace, that for several years in De Kalb, Lee, and adjoining counties it was a common custom for the settler who owned a good horse to sleep in the stable in order to protect his property.

But horse stealing, while perhaps the commonest, was not the worst activity of the bandits. The circulation of counterfeit money was actively prosecuted, and it was widely believed that they were the perpetrators of darker and fouler crimes. Thus, when the Brodies, who were members of the gang living in western De Kalb County, finally fled the country, among the effects they left behind were a suspiciously large number of travelers' trunks, peddlers' cases, and similar property. This circumstance was generally believed to account for the fate of peddlers and other travelers who at various times had been known to come

into the community and in the vicinity of Brodie's Grove had mysteriously vanished from sight.

So numerous were the bandits, and so profitable their operations, that they were long able to conduct their activities with impunity. Specific proof against them was difficult to obtain, and in cases where the evidence seemed clear, the accused rested easy in the knowledge that the presence of a confederate in the jury box would result in a hung jury. An occasion where the usual program went awry occurred at the town of Oregon in 1841. Seven of the band had been arrested and placed in jail here awaiting trial. To defeat this, on the night preceding the day set for the trial to open, associates of the rogues assembled and burned the courthouse and jail to the ground. But the prisoners did not escape; three of them were placed on trial, and the evidence submitted was conclusive of their guilt. Another confederate, however, had found a place on the jury, and he followed the usual custom of voting for acquittal. The eleven honest jurors, enraged by this procedure, fell upon the recalcitrant one and threatened to lynch him in the jury room unless he gave his assent to a verdict of guilty. He yielded, and the accused were sentenced to prison for the term of a year. All, however, broke jail and escaped.

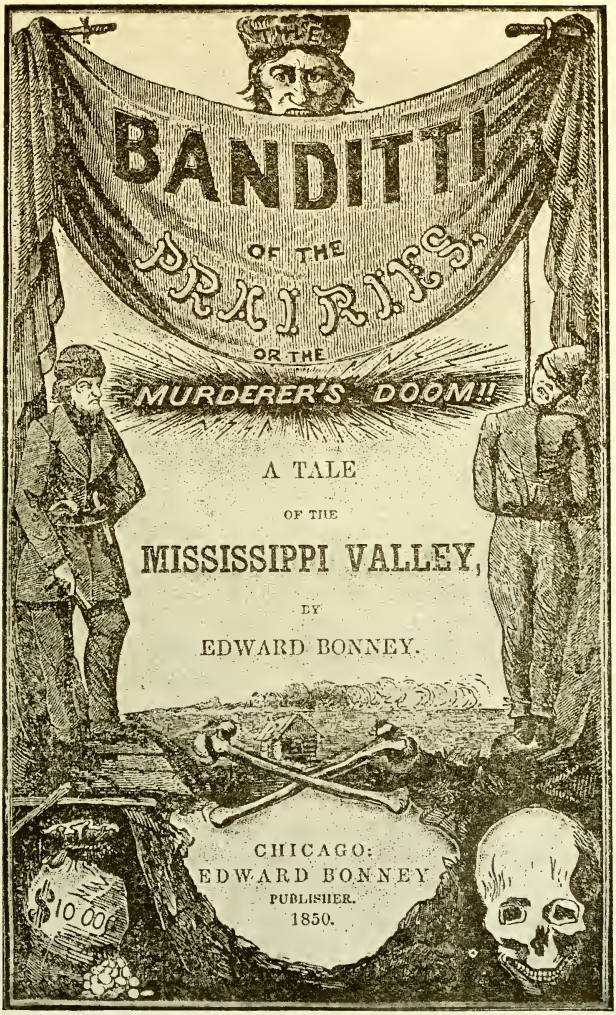
The reign of crime at length wrought a desperate cure. In the spring of 1841 a group of Ogle County settlers met and formally organized the Ogle County Lynching Club. Its membership soon included several hundred men from Ogle, Winnebago, Lee, and other counties, sworn to run the criminals out of the country. Numerous meetings of the Regulators, or Lynching Clubs, were held throughout the spring and summer, and armed bands traversed the several counties warning those on whom their displeasure fell to leave the country on pain of lynching.

Today, the term "lynch" means to put to death, but at that time it involved ordinarily some form of physical chastisement, and the term "whipping clubs" conveys to the

modern reader a more accurate idea of the designs of the Regulators than the name they themselves adopted. As always in the history of such movements, rascals managed to mingle with the honest men, and in the reign of terror which followed much of injustice was undoubtedly committed.

This aspect, indeed, strongly features the most notorious act of the entire regime of the Regulators. Prominent among the reputed leaders of the criminal gang were John Driscoll, who lived in northeastern Ogle County, and his sons William and David, who had homes a few miles away. The whippings and decrees of banishment meted out by the Regulators naturally roused the gangsters to madness. But the odds against them were overwhelming, and open resistance was out of the question. Resort was had, therefore, to cunning. The first captain of the Regulators, one John Long, was a miller. His mill was soon burned, and Long, discouraged, resigned his position. In his place was chosen John Campbell, a devout Scotch Presbyterian and a man of iron resolution. Campbell led a large band of armed men into western De Kalb County, and Judge Ford, who was holding court at Sycamore, sent out a formal embassy, composed of the Sheriff, Probate Judge, and other officials, to inquire their intentions. Campbell stated frankly their purpose to drive the criminals from the country, and to this the officials made no objection. The incident sealed the death warrant of Campbell, however. At a secret meeting of the outlaw leaders it was determined to assassinate him, in the hope, thereby, of breaking up the Regulators and terminating their obnoxious crusade.

A few evenings later Campbell was shot down at his home in the presence of his wife and son by two assassins whom the witnesses believed to be David and Taylor Driscoll. The news of the murder roused the country and from every direction bands of Regulators turned out to hunt down the perpetrators. David and Taylor Driscoll had vanished, but John Driscoll was taken and his house burned to the ground,



THE PERILS OF PIONEER TRAVEL

Title page of Edward Bonney's narrative of how he ran to earth a notorious gang of cutthroats who infested Illinois in the early forties.

while another band seized William Driscoll and his young brother, Pierce. The two were taken to the home of Campbell, where over the corpse of her husband the widow confidently stated that they were not the assassins. But the hue and cry had been raised against the Driscolls, and a great rendezvous of the lynching clubs had been appointed for the morrow. The prisoners were kept, therefore, for disposal by the larger assemblage.

Under all the circumstances there could be little doubt as to their fate. The next day John Driscoll and his two sons rode to the appointed place in a single wagon with ropes around their necks. A barrel of whiskey was procured from a nearby distillery, and while the bands awaited the arrival of the Rockford Club, they imbibed freely the maddening liquor. With the arrival of the Rockford party, a circle was formed and a lawyer named Leland, was chosen presiding officer. John Driscoll was given a farcical trial, and unanimously condemned to death. William was then led into the ring, and accusations against him were invited by the judge. There was little that could be said, while a number of citizens from Sycamore, convinced of his innocence, strove manfully to procure his acquittal. But to no avail, for his defenders were silenced by a storm of hisses, and his fate was sealed by a general cry from the crowd of "shoot him, shoot him."

The boy, Pierce, was now put up, but his youth, combined with an entire absence of evidence against him, moved the maddened throng to mercy, and he was discharged. The two condemned men were given an hour to prepare for eternity, and a Methodist preacher, who was present as leader of the band from Oregon, after drinking a dipper of whiskey from the open barrel, knelt down and began a lengthy prayer. William Driscoll joined him in this, but the old man gave no heed to the proceedings. At the appointed time he was blindfolded and made to kneel upon the grass. The lynchers formed in a long line, the command to fire

was given, and a hundred bullets riddled his body. William was now made to kneel beside the bloody corpse of his sire and undergo the same fate. The two bodies were thrown into a brush heap, and the Regulators dispersed to their homes.

The lynching clubs provided a crude, yet efficacious remedy for a terrible disease. An innocent man, in all probability had been done to death, yet the wiping out of the Driscoll family, together with the attendant whippings and banishings, broke up the criminal gang and restored a semblance of peace to the sorely tried community. Among the throng that put John and William Driscoll to death were doctors, lawyers, postmasters, and town and county officials. Although they struck out blindly, committing incidental injustice, they sought the preservation of orderly society rather than its overthrow.

The events under review belong to a single episode of the history of Illinois in the forties, yet they throw a flood of light on the social conditions of the period. The society of the frontier had many attractive aspects, but ease and safety of travel were not numbered among them. At one period or another almost every part of the state was subjected to the depredations of bands of cut-throats, who were driven out of business only with the development of a more settled condition of society. The incredible badness of the earlier period is strikingly illustrated in the journal of Richard Lee Mason, a Philadelphia doctor, who in 1819 traveled across Illinois from Vincennes to St. Louis. With his recital we may fittingly close the present chapter. In perusing it, the reader should remember that this was the route over which in 1821 the great stage line from Louisville to St. Louis was established.

"Sunday, Nov. 7.—Left Vincennes at 7 o'clock. Crossed the meandering stream, Wabash, into Illinois. This river abounds in fish, ducks, and geese. Traveled thirty miles over rich and elegant prairies. Passed but very few houses

in this distance. Our poor horses and ourselves almost famished for water. Traveled eighteen miles without a drop, and then compelled to use it out of a stagnant pool, where thousands of insects considered the water private property. Arrived at McDermott's on the Fox River. Obtained a list of cut-throats and murderers, whose names are as follows on the list: Gatewood, Rutherford, Grimberry, Cain, Young, Portlethwaite, etc. This chain of villains extended for eighty miles through all the dreary and lonesome prairies. We were informed that when they were not engaged in robbing or murdering they were very industriously employed in manufacturing bank notes, which they imposed on travelers at every opportunity. It may be worthy of remark that all the country for forty miles around where those banditti have taken possession belongs to the United States. For the convenience of travelers, a new road has been made through this country, instead of going by Shawneetown, and those villains have posted themselves along the road under the name of tavernkeepers, watching for their prey whenever it may pass. Indeed, I conceive it impossible for any man who has cash enough to make him worth killing to travel this road alone. Called to see Gatewood, the first man on the list of cut-throats. He was from home. Saw his wife, a handsome, young, dejected-looking woman, who appeared very uneasy at her husband's being inquired for by a man almost as well armed and not much out of the style of Robinson Crusoe. Saw a bloody cravat on the end of the log on which his house was built. We intend to call and see the balance of the fraternity out of curiosity. Traveled over prairies just burned and through woods on fire. Smoke and dust together with the want of water, almost produced suffocation, families sending miles for water to drink. The prairies extend for miles. Indeed, as far as the eye can reach, level as a plank floor. The soil generally is a bed of manure, the land uncultivated and without any person to claim it. The few inhabitants found in this part of the

country are impolite, lazy, and disobliging. Passed many families traveling to the west, and met a few bound to the east. There has been no rain in this part of the country for nearly seven months. Many of the farmers have lost stock in consequence of the drought. A few years ago this part of Illinois was inhabited only by the rude and uncivilized savage. The scalping knife and tomahawk graced their bark dwellings and were often used in the most inhuman manner. The murdering of women and children whom they viewed as their enemies was not an uncommon occurrence. But who could have believed that when the red men of the forest had retired from this beautiful country their places would have been supplied by persons whose characters would be softened by the appellation of savage—penitentiary outcasts and murderers. Who could believe that a human being could be so depraved as to fall upon a defenseless and unoffending traveler and murder him under the pretence of sheltering him from the storm and giving him a hearty welcome at his table. Who could believe that even devils in human shape could cut the throats of two traveling strangers to obtain two watches, $80 and a pair of saddle-bags? I shudder at the blackness of the crime. It occurred only yesterday, and we are at this moment near the spot where the horrid deed was committed. Two other murders have lately been committed near this place. A stranger was found hung on a tree and a traveler was murdered near Shawneetown by the same men whose names have been mentioned.

"During last summer a traveler was found murdered near one of those prairies, but he had been dead so long it was impossible to ascertain who he was.

"Monday, Nov. 8.—Left McDermott's at 7 o'clock. Crossed a prairie five miles wide. Met with a new species of game called prairie hens. They are very much like the pheasant, and I am of the opinion that they are the grouse. Plenty of deer and turkeys. Crossed a prairie twelve miles broad and

arrived at the house of Rutherford, the second man on the cut-throat list. We had time enough to pass this house, but having a list of desperadoes, and being disappointed in seeing Gatewood, curiosity induced us to spend the night. This was a piece of comedy for information which was near ending in tragedy. Our traveling party consisted of four persons, Dr. Hill, myself, and two young men, strangers from Kentucky. As we traveled in a little carriage, and with a pair of horses, we placed our fellow-travelers' baggage with our own, which made a considerable show. On our arrival a man dressed like a Quaker pretended to be hostler until he ascertained the quantity of our baggage. I recognized him as an engraver from Philadelphia, who had been a candidate for the pentitentiary for forgery. We called for the landlord, and were informed by Mrs. Rutherford that he was not at home, but we could be well entertained and made comfortable in every way. Mrs. R. is a young and beautiful woman, possessing a delicacy of features and elegance of shape but seldom to be met with in those cabins of misery. The lily and the rose appeared to vie with each other to gain the ascendency on her cheeks. Her teeth were even, beautifully white, and well placed. Her hair curled in irregular ringlets down her neck. She smiled on all. Her eyes were quick, black, sparkling and full of impudence and bold and disagreeable looks.

"O woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has strayed from honor's track.
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.
Go, go, be innocent and live!
The tongues of men may wound thee sore,
But heaven in pity can forgive,
And bids thee go and sin no more."

"We spent our time very agreeably for about two hours. My friend was so much fascinated with this western beauty that I began to conclude his common stock of gallantry had

much improved since his arrival in this fertile country. Indeed, they appeared mutually pleased and the fleeing hours seemed almost too short for the full enjoyment of each other's conversation. Myself and fellow-travelers enjoyed the mirth and jokes. Little did my friend dream a frightful cloud was hovering over him which threatened to darken all his bright prospects. We were suddenly startled by the shrill Indian war-whoop, which proceeded from a thicket near the house. It may not be amiss to mention here this war-whoop was what my friend had never before heard. It appeared to pass over his frame like an electric shock, and from his being an elegant man, six feet high, and in a lover's attitude, he was reduced to about three feet in height, with knees as high as his chin and the points of his shoulders higher than his head. In this situation he perspired very freely. We were not kept long in a state of suspense. Rutherford and three sturdy fellows, armed, entered the house, all half-drunk. They took no notice of us, but eyed our baggage, which was heaped upon the floor. They drank freely of whiskey, and appeared in fine spirits. As one of our companions was passing a small log house, in which food was kept, he heard the men whispering, which he informed me of. I immediately got a candle. Searched the house, but did not see any person. However, as I was returning, I found two tall men hid in the chimney, who, on being spoken to, went into the house, making six all together, and most of them very tall. They were armed with rifles and butcher knives, without coats or hats, their sleeves rolled up, their beards long and their faces smutted, such as the braves are represented in the play "The Foundling of the Forest." We had been anxious to see some of these banditti, but we did not contemplate seeing so large a company or having so full a visit from the fraternity. Rutherford disguised himself and denied that he was landlord, or that he lived at the place. It was not long before we were informed of the business of those devil-like looking

visitors. Some of their private consultations were overheard. Robbery and murder was contemplated. They would frequently whisper and pinch each other and give a number of private signals which we did not understand. One observed "the trap door was too open," "that the boards were too wide apart," in a loud tone of voice. The reply was: "By G——, it should be screwed up tight enough before morning!" They often mentioned the names of the cutthroats we had on our list as their particular friends and associates. They also spoke of the two men who had been murdered the day before, and acknowledged that they ate their last meal in the home we were in. Laughed at the manner in which the throats of one of these unfortunate men was cut, and many other circumstances which would swell this memorandum too much. Convinced us beyond a doubt they were of the banditti that had been described to us. Our own safety now became a matter of serious consideration, and our party of four held a consultation after the robbers' consultation was over (which was held in the dark a little way from the house). The two strangers that we overtook on the road were firm-spirited, and declared we would die side by side or conquer if attacked. I am almost ashamed to add that a man whom I have named as friend in my memorandum, whom I have known for years, and with whom I have traveled 1,000 miles, expressed himself to the following effect: "By G——, instead of joining us he would take care of himself!" and insinuated that he would join the strongest side, and immediately went into the house and placed himself among the ruffians.

"Monday, Nov. 8, 1819.—The disappointment experienced from the unmanly conduct of Dr. Hill had a happy effect on our little company. It bound us more firmly and nearer together, and I may add with truth, almost fitted us for the field of battle. The hour of 9 o'clock had now arrived, the night uncommonly dark and cloudy. On our going into the house one of the strangers went into the yard and gave

the Indian war-whoop three times very loud. About 10 o'clock they took their six rifles, went into the yard with a candle and shot them off one by one, snuffing the candle at forty yards with every shot. They then loaded afresh, primed and picked their flints. A large horn was then taken from the loft and blown distinctly three times very loud. All those signals (which we had been told of) brought no more of the company. They then dispatched two of their own party, who were gone until 12 o'clock. They stated to their comrades "they could not be had." It may be readily imagined, after what we had overheard, seeing such preparations and observing many of their private signals, being warned of our danger previous to stopping at the house together with the recent and cruel murders which had been committed, in a strange country, where every man made and executed his own law to suit himself—I say it cannot be a matter of wonder that our situation began to put on a character of the most unpleasant kind. However, we were well armed, having pistols, dirks, knives and a gun, and were determined, if necessity should require, to be murdered in the house and not to be dragged into the woods, there to have our throats cut. It being a little after 12 o'clock the bravos proposed to take a drink and lie down on the floor to rest, which they did and upon their arms. The house being very small they almost covered the floor of one room. The small back room was intended for us. There was no door to the partition, and the logs were about six inches apart. We were under some apprehension that in case of an attack they would be able to fire on us through the logs. After they were all still, myself and companions lay down in reach of each other, our clothes on, our dirks unsheathed, the guards off our pistols and three extra bullets in our gun, and agreed if a signal was given to fight the good fight. I had like to have forgotten Dr. Hill. He had placed himself on the far side of the bed upon which I lay and had got out of the wall a small log, but not of sufficient

size in case of accident to allow him to make his escape. Although the evening was cool the drops of sweat stood upon his forehead as large as peas. He complained of great pain about the kidneys and that his head hung loose upon his shoulders. Knowing that those fellows were expert at cutting throats, from their conversation on that subject, I determined to put them to as much trouble as possible. Took off my cravat and twisted my silk handkerchief and tied it round my neck. In this situation we spent the night. We lay on our arms ready for the word. But little sleep. When they would move we did the same. If they coughed we followed the example. In this dreadful way the night was spent. I have no hesitation of declaring that if we had not been well armed or kept a strict watch we should have been robbed and murdered, and nothing but the fear of our killing a part of them kept their hands off. Could they have added to their numbers by their signals, our fate would have been certain. It is probable that the balance of their party was engaged in some other enterprise. About the break of day the signal of rising was given by our visitors. We were on our feet in a minute, and our hands upon our arms. Three of them examined their rifles, and, after having some conversation with their comrades, proceeded up the road we had to travel. I presume to place themselves behind trees and fire upon us without the risk of being killed. We lost no time in placing our baggage in our carriage and getting ready to leave this robbers' den. After paying our bill and being ready for a start, one of the brotherhood begged I would take my saddle bags into the house again; that he wanted a dose of medicine for one who was very sick. This I declined doing, suspecting his object, and advised him to call on some person with whom he was better acquainted. We then bid adieu to Mr. Rutherford, his family, the banditti and the edge of the twelve-mile prairie. We had not traveled more than half a mile when we fell in with four travelers going to St. Louis, which increased our number

to eight persons, and placed us out of danger. In making a memorandum of this unpleasant transaction, many important circumstances and some facts have been omitted. To have given a full detail would have taken more time than is in my power to devote at this time."

CHAPTER XII

A BRIDAL TOUR IN PIONEER ILLINOIS

ONE of the brilliant preachers of the pioneer West was William H. Milburn, who despite the handicap of almost total blindness, was elected chaplain of Congress at the early age of twenty-two. The circumstance which led to this election well illustrates the character of the man. Finding himself on an Ohio River steamboat, he was invited to preach to the assembled passengers. Several members of Congress were present, returning to Washington for the approaching session, who had been passing the time with gambling, drinking, and profane conversation. At the conclusion of his more formal discourse the young preacher addressed himself directly to these men, administering to them a severe rebuke for their unseemly conduct while on the boat.

The boldness and evident sincerity of the young preacher evoked the admiration of those whom he had rebuked. While he was sitting in his room, reflecting with some trepidation upon the probable consequences of his action, a spokesman from the group of Congressmen knocked at the door, and being admitted, presented in their name a handsome purse of money together with the information that if Milburn would consent to accept the position of chaplain of Congress they would take pleasure in securing it for him.

The proffer was accepted, and at the opening of the session in December, 1845, Milburn assumed the duties of his new station. Congress adjourned August 10, 1846, and three days later he was married in Baltimore, and with his bride immediately set out for Paris, Illinois, to attend the annual conference of his church.

The route of travel taken was by way of New York and

Buffalo to Chicago. There was then no direct stage connection between Chicago and Paris, and accordingly the travelers proceeded from Chicago to Peoria, from which place a stage line ran east to Danville. Here the stage line ended and a private conveyance was procured in which to continue the journey to Paris. The story of this bridal journey was published by Mr. Milburn a dozen years after its occurrence in his book *Ten Years of Preacher Life*. It affords such an excellent picture of the varying conditions which the traveler in Illinois in this period might reasonably expect to experience as to deserve reprinting here:

After a quiet Sabbath, spent with an old friend, we started bright and early in a stage coach with eleven passengers—(in those days Chicago had no railroads)—for Peru, the head of navigation on the Illinois River. The distance was a hundred miles, and we accomplished it in about twenty-four hours. The Illinois was very low, and only the smallest boats could navigate it. A sort of mud shallop, dignified by the appellation of a stern-wheel steamer, awaited our arrival at Peru, and according to the fashion of western boatmen, several hours after everything was in readiness for our departure the captain rang the bell and we started. Our fare at dinner was, of course, the never-eaten roast beef, roast pig and sole-leather pudding; and for breakfast and tea, a dark colored witch's broth that reminded one of Mr. Randolph's retort upon a waiter in hearing of the proprietor of a Richmond hotel. "Boy," said the beardless lord of Roanoake, "If this is coffee, bring me tea; and if this is tea, bring me coffee—I want a change."

An experience of twenty-four hours upon the wretched little craft made us glad to exchange sailing for staging, at Peoria. Bidding adieu to our traveling companions, my wife and I started, sole occupants of a coach, for a long ride across the State from west to east. Eleven miles out of town we were informed that we must leave the stage, with its four horses, and take a wagon with two, as "they only kept

the stage for grandeur, to run into 'Peory.'" But we were young and light-hearted, and as the weather was fine, thought we could put up with rough accommodations. Placing a trunk in the rear of the wagon—which, by the way, had only wooden rings—to make a more comfortable seat than the rough unplaned board, we jolted off. At the house where we stopped to dine my wife was for the first time introduced to all the mysteries of a western kitchen. The chickens were killed, picked and cleaned, cooked and served before our eyes, and the leaden biscuits and half-raw corn bread were kneaded and baked under our inspection. Mine was a hearty meal, but hers was very slender. I had the advantage of her in being accustomed to such fare, and withal, as she averred after starting for our afternoon's ride, in the fact that I couldn't see what I was eating. "Eyes," she thought, "were very much in the way of people who proposed to travel "out West." Indeed, one of the precepts of the country is "Shut your eyes and go it blind," and it may have sprung from the amount of dirt intermixed with some man's dinner. Toward sundown we were approaching the town of Bloomington, where we were to lie over until two the next morning in order to make connection with another stage line. I inquired of our driver what sort of accommodations we should find at the hotel in town. He assured us that we should get nothing fit to eat, and that if we attempted to sleep, the bedbugs would eat us up. Not disposed to run this gauntlet, I asked him to drive me to the door of the Methodist that lived in the largest and most comfortable house. As we stopped at the gate, the clatter of knives, forks, and plates within, and the sound of merry voices, announced that the family were at supper. "Halloo the house!" cried I. "Halloo yourself; what do you want?" was the reply. "I am traveling with my wife, and learning that the quarters at the hotel are bad, have come to get some supper and spend a part of the night with you." As I said this, I was making the word good by getting out

of the wagon. The man of the house came striding toward the gate, saying in an angry tone, "Look here, stranger, we don't keep a tavern, and if you're a traveler, you must put up with traveler's fare and go to the hotel." "Don't be so savage," said I, "have you never heard the saying, 'be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have thereby entertained angels unawares?'" "Oh, ho," said he, "that sounds like preaching, you ain't a preacher, are you?" I intimated that I was, and mentioned my name. Eying me from head to foot, he exclaimed: "Well, I never! Who would have taken such a poor dried-up specimen as you for that man; we've thought of trying to get you here as our preacher!"

Of course we received a hearty welcome, and ere long were seated at a bountiful board. But we had not finished supper, when a messenger came in hot haste with the request that I should go to visit a dying man and administer the last offices of religion to him. I spent a couple of hours by his bedside, and in attempting to console his heart-broken wife, then by ten o'clock was fast asleep. At two, we were roused by the elemental strife, by the horn and shouts of our stage driver. We were soon seated in our miserable wagon, with no protection from the driving rain but a tow-linen cover, through which the water dripped in showers. We had been overtaken by a furious equinoctial storm, which began about midnight, and our plight was pitiable enough. The temperature had fallen about forty degrees; the night was pitchy dark, only relieved by frequent flashes of lightning, most vivid and sometimes appalling, instantly followed by sharp and stunning reports of thunder; but the flashes helped to light our driver on his way, or would have done so, had they not showed the whole prairie, a pool of water. After a time we reached a little belt of timber, indicating our approach to a creek. As we crossed the bridge, we heard the now-swollen torrent rushing through a deep ravine, when the broad glare revealed our position.

"By Jove!" shouted the driver with glee. "Weren't that

lucky? a half minute more and we'd have all been smashed. I never was so near going over a bridge; half an inch more, and we'd been over and salt would't have saved us." To the rather timid question of my wife, as to whether there were any more bad bridges to cross before daylight, he replied: "Oh yes, several; but you musn't be skeered; we must all die sometime, you know."

At length day broke and revealed the dismal picture of a cold, leaden sky, from which torrents still poured upon the low prairie, that appeared a lake. It seemed as if chaos had come again, and that the waters under the firmament were united to the waters above the firmament, and the dry land had disappeared. We floundered on through the water until, several hours behind time, we reached the breakfast house. It was a log cabin of a single room, and the only habitation within many miles. The front door was nailed up, and entering by the back one, we found the entire family stretched out upon beds and shake-downs. "What's the matter?" I said. "Oh," answered a saffron-colored, shrivelled old woman, at the same time crawling out of her bed, "we've all got the ager, bilious and congestive." "Have any died?" I said. "Yes, two or three," she answered, "and I reckon the rest of us will be dead soon, for there ain't one well enough to wait upon another." "I suppose there's no chance for breakfast then." "If you're willing to take what you can ketch, we wouldn't like to see you starvin'." She gave us the best her larder afforded, and offering a prayer with the miserable people, we pursued our weary way, and late in the afternoon reached a place called Mount Pleasant, evidently to show how great is the difference between names and things. It was a wretched hamlet, consisting of a tavern, a groggery, and a blacksmith shop, squatted upon the edge of a low prairie. Here we had to lie over again for another stage connection, and I advised my wife to improve the interval by seeking needed repose. She stretched herself upon the bed and I took the floor; but scarcely were

we composed, before a great rat, who had probably been enjoying a siesta, started from the neighborhood of her pillow and springing over her head, landed near me. Of course, sleep refused to visit her eye-lids in that house. Toward nightfall a carriage stopped at the door, and we found ourselves joined by a New England gentleman, his wife, and several children, who, we were not long in discovering, were on their way to the neighborhood of Peoria, as missionaries. I confess to the wickedness of rather enjoying their lugubrious estate.

In common with my brother Methodist preachers on the frontier, I had become prejudiced against a very worthy class of orthodox evangelists, who are accustomed to enter the new countries, and before doing any real service or facing many of the hardships and privations of border life, hasten back to their native land to tell long and gloomy stories concerning the destitution and heathenism of the great West, and to raise collections for sending the Gospel to those pagan parts. They seemed to think that because they had failed to stay and do their duty, there were no ministers or church in prairie land; while we had been there from the earliest settlements; had preached to the Indians and the first squatters, had borne the heat and burden of the day, and thought, according to the course of nature, that these sprigs of theological seminaries had no right to represent us, though inferior to them in the matter of Hebrew and Greek roots, as little better than the wicked. Yielding to the impulse, I was not sorry to find the newcomer very much depressed, nor was I very much disposed to help him toward a more cheerful frame of mind, but thought as he left his native land to be a missionary, his heroic purpose should have the benefit of a thorough test. He related the doleful way he had come, how the roads were almost impassable and the people, in every house, sick and dying; he had heard that a man, seized by a congestive chill, would sometimes die in an hour, and the victims never survived a third attack.

I told him that so far as I knew, this was true, and in reply to his eager questions as to the condition of the country through which I had come could only assure him that it was quite as bad as that through which he had traveled, and if possible worse. While he and his wife were holding an anxious consultation, as to whether they should not, with the morrow's dawn turn their backs upon this region of horrors our stage drove up and we embarked, for judging from the rain-covered earth you might almost as well say that it was sailing as riding. Our conveyance tonight was an improvement upon the last, but it was not much to boast of; only an old broken-down coach, with both the windows out, and a mass of wet mail bags piled upon the front seat. Nevertheless, we made ourselves comfortable as might be, my wife taking possession of the back seat, while I, doubled up in as small compass as possible, lay upon some hay on the floor. Plunging through mud and mire, sometimes stalling in a particularly bad place, and at the best getting forward only at snail's pace, I was suddenly roused from a fitful nap by the sound of a man's voice, in angry conversation with the driver. Our lamps disclosed a man in his shirt sleeves, riding a horse and leading another. His mouth was filled with blasphemous oaths, and he was the very impersonation of unbridled rage. He proved to be the driver of a coach coming from the opposite direction. His team had mired some distance back, and he had no alternative but to unharness and go a dozen miles for help, leaving his stage and the mails in the slough. An hour afterward we reached the foundered coach, and by way of giving myself something to do, I shouted at the top of my voice, "Halloo! the stage!" When to my surprise, for I had not dreamed that a human being save ourselves was near, there came forth the reply in a cheery tone—"halloo, yourself, and tell me how you like it." "Who are you?" I asked, "and what are you doing there?" "Only a passenger, and taking it comfortably," he answered. His composure was as imperturable as the

driver's wrath had been boisterous. Toward daylight, we suddenly drew up again, and the driver shouted, "Out! out! for your lives! I am on a bad bridge, and I reckon we'll go through!" I opened the door, sprang out in the darkness, and found myself performing a series of somersaults down an inclined plane of mud, and landed in a swamp. "You don't expect my wife to get out here, I hope," I said as soon as I could get breath. "Do you want her neck broke?" he asked. "Not exactly, for I am just married; you lubberly fellow, why don't you get down and carry her to the bridge? it will hold her if it won't the team." "Hold the horses then," said he, and I managed to crawl to their heads, keeping them steady, while he deposited my wife on the shaking timbers, drenched by the falling rain, while the swollen torrent rushed and roared through the black chasm beneath our feet. There we stood for an hour, while he backed his team down, and drove off to find a ford across the swollen current. At length he returned, and we, chilled to the bone, wet to the skin, capital subjects for congestive fever, made our way back to our places, thankful to be alive, with whole bones. Another dreary day came at last, and an early dinner-time found us established before a blazing fire in the hotel of Danville. Having partaken of the bacon and greens, my wife thought she would try to take a nap, while I went out to look for a conveyance to Paris, distant about forty miles, for the stage route terminated here. It was not long, however, before my search for carriage and horses was arrested by a hurried message, requesting that I should visit a brother preacher who lay dying with congestive fever. He was a noble fellow, thoroughly enlisted in his work, had joined the conference at the same time I did, and was now ceasing at once to work and to live. He was collected and peaceful, for the sting of death was gone. As I bade him farewell he said, "you will see the brethren tomorrow, but I shall never see them again until we meet before the throne. Tell the conference that I died at my post." A little while after, he entered his rest.

It took me two full hours to arrange for our start, procuring a horse from one man, a second from another, a set of harness from a third, another set from a fourth, a carryall from a fifth, and after much difficulty I succeeded in persuading a blacksmith to act as driver. All things being in readiness, I drove up to the hotel for my wife, supposing that I should find her refreshed by a good nap, but she had hardly lain down when two-thirds of the ceiling of the room fell with a crash, barely missing her head.

After that, sleep was of course out of the question. The night came down upon us still twenty miles from Paris, and in front of a rather good-looking house, which our driver assured us was the only one fit to stop on the whole road. I requested him, therefore, to inquire if they could accommodate us with supper and bed. They answered, "No, they could not take strange travelers." The driver said that it was impossible to go on to Paris, that he did not know the road, and we would be sure to get lost, for the night was going to be pitchy dark. I was not disposed to endure hunger and cold and darkness for twelve mortal hours to gratify the inhospitable churls; so, alighting, I bade the driver take off the luggage, and started for the house, but was met, before reaching the door by its master.

"Didn't I send you word you couldn't stay here," he began. "Of course you did," I answered, "but I am going to stay all the same. Are you savage enough to make a woman spend the night on the prairie, and you sleeping with a house over your head? The Indians ain't as mean as that." "Well, I reckon you'll have to stop; you're a right-determined creetur." Once in the house, they made us comfortable. When bedtime arrived, I said, "I am a Methodist preacher." "You," interrupted our host, "who'd ha' thought such a looking little thing as you was a preacher!" "Yes, I am a Methodist preacher," I continued, "and it is my custom to have prayers with the family in which I stay, if there be no objection." "I'm agreeable, fire away," said

the landlord. Our devotions over, we prepared to retire. There were two sleeping apartments; one belonging to the family, consisting of a dozen grown people besides sundry children; the other, through which, by the way, the entire brigade had to pass on their way to and from bed, was assigned to us. There happened to be a young woman visiting the family, and she was shown to a second bed in our room. She and my wife had gone in to undress, when the latter, feeling sympathy for a girl in such delicate circumstances said in a commiserating tone, "I am sorry you are obliged to sleep in this way." "Yes," replied the other feeling the bed clothes, "it is kinder uncomfortable when a body's been used to sleeping between blankets, to have to lay on a sheet." Bright and early next morning we were roused by the heavy-shod platoon marching by us on their way to their day's work. Prayers and breakfast over, we were ready for the road, when I said to mine host, "What's your bill?" "The damage, you mean? Will you pay me what I ask?" "Certainly, if I can." "Well, if you ever come within ten miles of us agin, give us a call and stay over night; I'll be consarned if I don't like seech a chap as you are."

High noon found us in Paris. This was Saturday; we had left Chicago on Monday. You can leave it by rail, after a comfortable breakfast, and take a late dinner the same afternoon in Paris. Conference had been in session since Wednesday, and you can well fancy that the meeting with old friends after a year's separation was a joyous one.

. . . . . .

One of my cronies, Billy Rutledge, as we called him, as genial, warm-hearted and lovable a Methodist preacher as ever carried a pair of saddle bags, had brought a carriage to Paris to take us to my father's home, a three days' drive. The first evening we reached the edge of the grand prairie, where stood a single cabin, consisting of two rooms. About twenty-five preachers were in our company, and this was the only house at which we could put up. The people received

us gladly, notwithstanding the disparity between our numbers and their accommodations, and said they would do their best for us. The horses were cared for, and active preparations made for supper. One party filed in to the supper table as another left it. In due time we all ate and were filled; then, gathering around the huge fireplace in the other room, our venerable friend Dr. Akers, occupying the seat of Gamaliel, expounded such knotty points in divinity as were proposed by the juniors. It was a picturesque scene as the ruddy glare of the pine knots, shining from the chimney corner, lit up the eager, generous faces of a score of devoted itinerants, to whom hardship and privations were known as nothing and unrewarded toil a pleasure. It would have done your heart good, in the pauses of graver discourse, to listen to their good stories, followed by the peals of hearty laughter; then as bedtime drew near, and the lesson had been read, to hear their full voices join in the evening hymn, followed by fervent responses to the prayer which commended them and all they loved to the care of Him who never slumbers. There was one bedstead in the room, for my wife and myself, she being the only woman of the party; while shuck-mattresses and buffalo skins were laid upon the floor for the men, some of the juniors repairing to the haymow, no unusual chamber for a circuit rider. These arrangements completed, the room was vacated to afford my wife an opportunity of undressing. The pine-knots were then extinguished, and every man found his couch as best he might in the dark. Our next halting place was to be on the other side of Grand Prairie. We were up at three o'clock, and not a bit too soon, for my wife was hardly out of bed before a heavy shower poured through the roof upon the very spot where we had lain.

Our hospitable entertainers furnished an ample breakfast and abundant provision for our lunch, but refused to receive a picayune, saying they would expect their house to be struck by lightning if they took pay for feeding Metho-

dist preachers and their horses. A hard day's drive without seeing a habitation or the least sign except the road to tell that man had ever been on this boundless prairie, brought us by nightfall to a stopping place much like the last. Next morning about ten o'clock we drew up for breakfast before a house which I had been accustomed to visit when traveling the district with the presiding elder. The old people were from home but a rosy-cheeked, bouncing damsel, calling her brothers to her aid soon prepared a bountiful repast. That breakfast lives in our recollection until this day, for the house in which it was prepared, the vessels in which it was cooked, the table on which it was served, and the bright-eyed, cherry-lipped damsel were all clean, and cleanliness at that day was something for a traveler in the West to take note of and be thankful for.

APPENDIX

A Guide to the Chief Points of Historical Interest Within a Day's Journey of Chicago

I. POINTS IN WISCONSIN

1. Green Bay and Vicinity:

Around Green Bay, lying at the northern end of the historic Fox-Wisconsin waterway between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, clusters much of historic interest. As early as 1671 the mission of St. Francis Xavier was established by the Jesuits at Depere and here Jolliet and Marquette paused in 1673, outward bound on their famous voyage of discovery. Here, too, Marquette remained during the interval between the return from the first voyage and his second visit to Illinois in the winter of 1674-75. The French fort of La Baye was established at Green Bay in 1717, and this was an important center of French activities during the next three decades in numerous campaigns against the Foxes. In 1761 the British garrisoned La Baye, changing the name to Fort Edward Augustus. Their stay was of short duration, the garrison being withdrawn in Pontiac's War and never restored. In 1816 the important American post of Fort Howard took the place of its French and English predecessors, and here, in the following years, were stationed many men who are famous in our military annals. Aside from its military history, Green Bay was for generations an important center of the fur trade, and in the early American period it gave Wisconsin many of her most noted men. Among present-day points of interest may be noted the important historical collections in the Kellogg Public Library; the boulder placed by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway to mark the site of the British, French, and Ameri-

can forts; a tablet on the Beaumont Hotel marks the battle in which Coulon de Villiers and other French officers were slain in September, 1733. In South Park is the Tank cottage, the oldest building in Wisconsin, now used as a branch of the city library. A tablet on the Wisconsin Public Service building marks the site of the homes of Augustin de Langlade and his son Charles, the latter a famous leader of Wisconsin Indians in the numerous wars of the eighteenth century.

The most interesting point in the immediate vicinity of Green Bay is Red Banks, some eight or ten miles to the northeast. Now a pleasant summer resort, Red Banks was in ancient times the site of a Winnebago Indian village, about which cluster many interesting myths and traditions. At this village Jean Nicolet, the discoverer of Wisconsin, is supposed to have held a council with the red men, and a bronze marker has been placed to commemorate this event. Thus, if the historical record be correct, Red Banks is the oldest point known to the white man west of the Allegheny Mountains, its story antedating by half a century the founding of Philadelphia.

Little Rapids, a few miles above Green Bay, is noted as the home of the Rev. Eleazer Williams, the famous "Lost Dauphin" of France. In reality a descendant of the New England captive, Eunice Williams, who was carried captive to Canada from the Deerfield massacre of 1704, and her Indian husband, Williams, who was a man of great shrewdness, put himself forward as the ill-fated son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who was done to death by the French Revolutionists. His claim attracted nation-wide attention and gave rise to a vast amount of discussion. Books have been written on the subject, and there are still those who believe that Williams was in fact the lost Dauphin.

Williams undertook, about a century ago, to establish an Indian state in Wisconsin and was largely instrumental in bringing to the Fox River Valley several hundred natives

belonging to the Iroquois and other eastern tribes. Prominent among these were the Oneida and the Stockbridges. The Stockbridges located along the east shore of Lake Winnebago in Calumet County, but later removed to a reservation in Shawano County, where they still reside. At their former home near the town of Stockbridge is an Indian cemetery of 150 graves, among them the grave of Austin Quinney, chief of the tribe. In the Indian cemetery at Oneida, a few miles west of Green Bay, is the grave of Nancy Skenandore, the first Indian trained nurse in America. A tablet to her memory is in the entry of Hobart Church, nearby.

2. Manitowoc and Vicinity:

An ancient Indian village occupied the site of Manitowoc Rapids, and here in 1909 was erected a monument in memory of Waumegesago, its chief in the early nineteenth century. He was an important Chippewa chieftain, who signed several treaties with the United States Government. At the Chicago treaty of 1833 a tragic duel to the death was fought with knives by two young Indians who were suitors for the hand of Waumegesago's daughter. At his village in August, 1821, Dr. William S. Madison, surgeon of the garrison at Fort Howard, was murdered by a Chippewa; the murderer was carried to Detroit (then the capital of what is now Wisconsin) and there convicted and hanged for the crime.

At St. Nanzianz, several miles southwest of Manitowoc, is a quaint, old-world community, which was first established in 1854 as a communistic colony by a band of religious zealots from Germany. The colony prospered, but for various reasons its membership gradually diminished until in 1891 the property then remaining was taken over by the society of the Divine Saviour, which now administers it. The first church was built of logs, which for lack of beasts of burden were brought together on the backs of men. The curiously winding streets of the town are accounted for

by a charming legend, redolent of the trustful religious faith of the founders. It is too long to narrate here, but the visitor to the place should not neglect to ask about it.

3. Lake Winnebago and Vicinity:

This region was the historic seat of the Winnebago nation, whose name is preserved in that of the lake. On Doty's Island at Menasha stood the village ruled by the queen, Glory of the Morning, whom Jonathan Carver visited in 1766. The romantic yet tragic story of Glory of the Morning has been woven into a charming play by Professor William Ellery Leonard. Two generations after her time Chief Four Legs ruled the village. His death and burial at Portage in 1830 is interestingly narrated by Mrs. Kinzie in her book, *Wau Bun*. The island takes its present name from Governor James D. Doty, one of Wisconsin's greatest men, who in an early day made it his home. The long, low house he erected still stands, although its builder sleeps at distant Salt Lake City, where he died while serving as governor of Utah, to which position he had been appointed by President Lincoln. By local antiquarians it has been supposed that the Indian village at Menasha rather than the one at Red Banks, was the scene of Jean Nicolet's visit and council in 1634. Although the evidence for this seems questionable, a monument has been erected here in memory of the event.

At Little Chute, half a dozen miles northeast of Menasha, is the site of the Indian mission conducted in an early day by Father Van Den Broek. In 1847, the Indians having migrated from the vicinity, Father Van Den Broek went to Holland and there persuaded a large number of his former countrymen to migrate to America and settle at Little Chute. It is today a thriving community of perhaps 1,500 souls, all descendants of the original Dutch colonists—a bit of Old Holland transferred to the banks of Fox River in Wisconsin. The most interesting point in the village is the church with its towering spire, within whose walls repose the bones of the founder of the community.

Oshkosh, famous in a former day as a lumbering center, preserves the name of a noted Menominee chief of a century ago. He figured as defendant in the first criminal trial in Wisconsin, and on the walls of the Supreme Court chamber at Madison hangs a magnificent painting depicting the trial. In Menominee Park is a colossal statue of Chief Oshkosh by the Italian sculptor, Trenatavo. The soldiers' monument in Monument Square is by the same artist. Other statues worthy of mention are one of Washington, a replica of the famous statue by Houdon in the Virginia State Capital at Richmond, and one of Carl Schurz, by Karl Bitter. In the city library may be seen busts of many famous characters, ancient and modern.

At Butte des Morts (French for Hill of the Dead), occurred in September, 1733, according to local historians, a battle between the French and their Indian allies on the one side, and the allied Sauk and Foxes on the other. The place where the latter made their final stand is still known as Little Butte des Morts. An early tradition, telling of a bloody encounter between French traders and the natives, gives a somewhat different explanation of the origin of the gory name of the town.

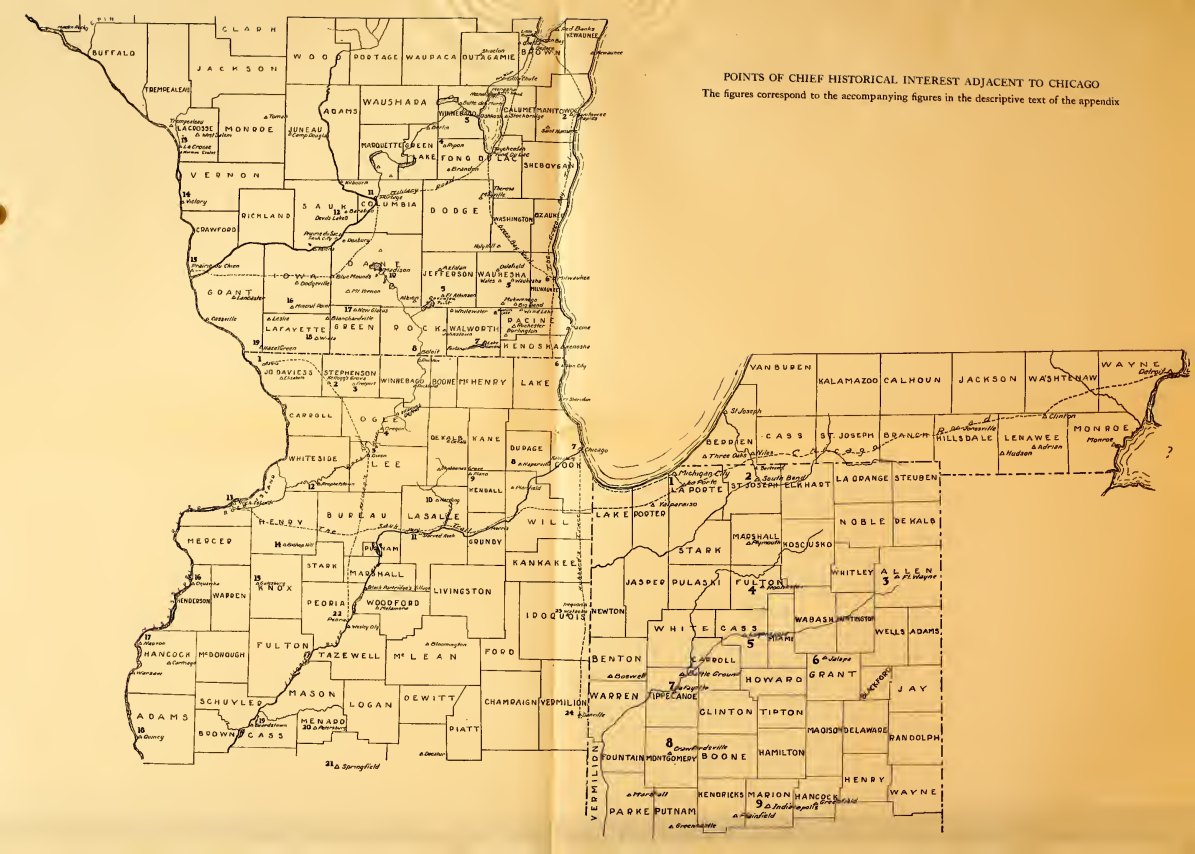
4. Ripon:

Here in the early forties of the nineteenth century enthusiastic followers of the French philosopher, Fourier, established the communistic colony of Ceresco. It attracted widespread attention, and flourished for a number of years, but with the increasing settlement of Wisconsin the colonists tired of their enterprise and about the year 1850 the colony was dissolved by mutual consent and the property distributed among the members. The picturesque Long House of the colony still stands on the outskirts of Ripon, and the Community cemetery may be seen a mile or so away.

Another historical monument of Ripon, of nation-wide interest and importance, is the old schoolhouse in which

POINTS OF CHIEF HISTORICAL INTEREST ADJACENT TO CHICAGO

The figures correspond to the accompanying figures in the descriptive text of the appendix



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was held the meeting which gave birth to the Republican Party, in 1854. It stands on the campus of Ripon College.

5. Waukesha and Vicinity:

Waukesha County is famous for its pure-bred dairy cattle, and is said to be the greatest dairying county in the United States. It is noted also for its fine roads, its rolling scenery, and its many beautiful lakes. The city of Waukesha occupies the site of a former Indian village, and Indian burial mounds and corn-hills may still be seen on the campus of Carroll College. In slavery days, Waukesha was a prominent center of Abolitionist influence; in the large stone building which stands on Broadway near the Five Points the *American Freeman*, a noted Abolition paper of the forties, was published. The large wooden mill opposite and below the bridge, was erected in 1839 and is still in use. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul freight depot across the river was erected in 1851 and here, on Feb. 5, 1852, the first railroad in Wisconsin was formally opened. It then ran from Milwaukee to Waukesha; its western terminus has since then been advanced to the shores of Puget Sound. In the latter years of the nineteenth century Waukesha was a noted health and pleasure resort, to which visitors came from all over the country and even from Europe. This glory has departed, but the wonderful mineral springs which gave it birth still make Wisconsin the first state in the Union in value of mineral waters produced.

Wisconsin State Highway No. 59, leading west from Milwaukee, through Waukesha follows the line of the Territorial stage road to Galena and the lead mines. Four miles southwest of Waukesha, on section 26, is a stone mill which dates from 1848; flour from this mill took the first premium at the Crystal Palace World's Exposition, held in New York City in 1855.

At Delafield is St. John's Military Academy, bordering the shores of beautiful Lake Nagawicka, one of the foremost

schools of its type in the country. Here also may be seen two pioneer taverns, built in the forties to accommodate the traffic between Milwaukee and the lead mines of southwest Wisconsin. Other interesting pioneer taverns are the Martin Tavern, in section 13, Vernon Township, and the Jesse Smith stone tavern in section 33, both now used as farmhouses.

A mile west of Delafield is a tall obelisk erected in memory of the three Cushing brothers, all of whom won renown in the Civil War. Perhaps the most notable single exploit of the brothers was the sinking of the Confederate ram, *Albemarle*, by William Cushing in 1862, which elicited a special letter of commendation from President Lincoln. The Cushing monument was erected by the State of Wisconsin, and the plot of ground in which it stands is owned and cared for by the state.

Two miles south of Delafield is a bold promontory, the highest in the county, which has been named Lapham Peak in honor of the famous scientist who is best known, perhaps, as the father of the United States Weather Bureau. His home was in Milwaukee, and in later years at Oconomowoc. A bronze tablet, suitably inscribed in memory of Lapham, occupies the crest of the Peak. From here, on a clear day, a magnificent view of the countryside for thirty miles around may be had.

Several miles north of Delafield in southern Washington County is Holy Hill, the highest peak in the southeastern part of Wisconsin. It occupies section 14, Erin Township. According to local legend, Father Marquette in 1673 returning from the famous voyage of discovery of the Mississippi, ascended this hill to pray, and in the name of the Virgin Mary dedicated it as holy ground for all time. Whatever truth there may be in the legend, the hill has become a noted Catholic shrine to which thousands of penitents annually resort to make their way on foot—oftentimes on hands and knees—to the little church at the crest of the hill, there to pray for remission of sins or for healing of their diseases.

Mukwonego, in southern Waukesha County, occupies the ancient site of the most important Indian town of this section; to it ran an important Indian trail from Chicago. The name means bear den, or "place of bears." The modern village was settled in 1836 by immigrants from Vermont and New York, whose sturdy individuality won for the town the appellation "kingdom of Mukwonego."

A short distance south of Mukwonego, in northeastern Walworth County, is Potter's Lake. John F. Potter, whose home for many years was on the shore of the lake, won national renown as a member of Congress in the stormy period of the fifties. Northern men, who did not believe in dueling, were often browbeaten by southern "fire eaters." Potter, although a thorough-going northerner, when challenged to a duel by Roger Pryor of Virginia, promptly accepted and grimly prescribed bowie knives as the weapons for the contest. This was too much for the Virginian and his duelling friends, who found a pretext for evading the fight on such terms. The incident deluged Pryor in a gale of ridicule, while it made a hero of Potter in the eyes of northern men, and he was ever after known as "Bowie-knife" Potter. In later years his beautiful home was the scene of the annual gatherings of the Phantom Club, a notable group of Milwaukeans of literary tastes.

A few miles east of Potter's Lake, in northern Racine County, is Wind Lake. Near its shore, in Norway Township, was printed in 1847 in the home of Evan Heg, the first Norwegian newspaper published in America. The Heg cabin has long since disappeared; the frame house which now stands on its site was built by Colonel Hans Heg, the leader of the noted Scandinavian (Fifteenth Wisconsin) Regiment in the Civil War. A monument in his honor is shortly to be erected in Madison by the Norwegians of the Northwest.

6. Milwaukee:

Milwaukee is one of the leading manufacturing and indus-

trial centers of the country; it is equally noted for its musical and artistic interests. A network of splendid concrete highways, radiating outward from the city in all directions, affords easy access to the beautiful resort country which adjoins Milwaukee. The great Municipal Museum is one of the foremost institutions of its kind in the country. Here may be seen wonderful collections of specimens illustrating the life and the progress of mankind. In Mitchell Park a log cabin marks the site of Jacques Vieau's fur trade post of 1795. A tablet on the Pabst Building, at the east end of Grand Avenue bridge, marks the site of Antoine Le Clair's fur trade post of 1800, which was followed by the log cabin and trading post of Solomon Juneau in 1818. Juneau is popularly regarded as the "father" of Milwaukee, and a monument to his memory stands in Juneau Park. In Lapham Park is a monument in honor of Increase A. Lapham, the scientist and father of the weather bureau (See remarks on Lapham Peak above), who lived in Milwaukee most of his life.

7. Lake Geneva and Vicinity:

With its bold shore line and crystal clear water, Lake Geneva is commonly conceded to be the most beautiful lake in the Northwest. Its shores are bordered for miles with magnificent homes and estates, many of which would put to shame a king's palace. The village of Fontana at the western end of the lake was occupied a century ago by the Potawatomi village of Chief Big Foot, well described by Mrs. Kinzie, the author of *Wau Bun*, who visited it in 1831. At Williams Bay on the north side of the lake and near its western end, stands the great Yerkes Astronomical Observatory, the property of the University of Chicago.

A few miles to the northeast of the town of Lake Geneva is Burlington in western Racine County. Just west of the town, where the Elkhorn road crosses White River, is the site of the Mormon city of Voree, founded by James J.

Strang in 1844. Strang claimed to be the divinely-appointed successor of Joseph Smith as head of the Mormon church, and for twelve years, first at Voree and later at Big Beaver Island in Lake Michigan, he maintained a vigorous opposition to the Utah faction of the Saints led by Brigham Young. On Beaver Island he established in July, 1850, the Kingdom of God on Earth and for six years maintained his sway over several thousand followers until assassinated by two who had become disgruntled over certain of his measures. The stone house on the north side of the road immediately west of the bridge over White River was the home of Strang's parents, and to it the Prophet was brought back to die in July, 1856. A few rods south of the road near the river bank may be seen the remains of the abandoned quarry from which the builders of Voree procured the stone for their homes, and here were performed the baptisms for the dead. Somewhat farther south, on the wooded hillside, were dug from beneath an oak tree the golden plates containing the divine record of Strang's appointment, whose location he claimed was revealed to him by an angel. Across the river was begun the building of the temple which Strang's followers believed would be the greatest building in the world. There are still a few score scattered devotees of the Prophet, whose mortal remains rest in an unmarked grave in the Burlington City Cemetery.

Four or five miles northeast of Burlington on section 13, Rochester Township, stands one of the oldest and most interesting churches in Wisconsin. It was erected in 1848 with money contributed largely in England by relatives and friends of the immigrants whose location in this part of Racine County gave to the neighborhood the name of "English Settlement." The church was organized on the joint stock principle, any contributor of five dollars or more being entitled to one vote. This unusual plan is still in force, many of the present day stockholders being descendants of the original settlers of three generations ago.

8. Beloit and Vicinity:

Beloit was founded in the late thirties by a group of New England immigrants, prominent among whom was the father of Horace White, famous as an authority on finance and as editor of the New York *Tribune*. In recent years an impressive memorial has been erected at Beloit in honor of Horace White, whose boyhood and youth were spent here. On the campus of Beloit College may be seen a group of Indian burial and effigy mounds, visible reminders of the time when a Winnebago village occupied the site of the modern city. This village was the farthest point attained by General Scott's army of U. S. regulars which in 1832 was sent from the Atlantic seaboard to assist in the overthrow of Black Hawk's band. At Beloit in the seventies one of America's most useful inventions, the self-knotter for twine binders was perfected by John F. Appleby. He first conceived the idea of the self-knotter while a mere youth on his father's farm near Mazomanie, twenty years before.

In the village of Johnstown, several miles northwest of Beloit, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the popular poet, was born, in November, 1851. Living in the village at the time, and close friends of the Wheeler family, were Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Braley, parents of Berton Braley, the poet.

9. Fort Atkinson and Vicinity:

Fort Atkinson is named for General Atkinson of the U. S. Army who commanded the regulars in the Black Hawk War. A fort (named for him) was then built on the site of the modern city, and a monument suitably inscribed, now occupies the spot. One of the regular army officers in Atkinson's army at this point was Jefferson Davis, while a tall private in the Illinois militia bore the name of Abraham Lincoln. In the outskirts of town may be seen an intaglio panther effigy mound, the only intaglio mound in Wisconsin and one of but a handful in all North America.

A few miles west of Fort Atkinson, on the northwest shore of Lake Koshkonong, is Carcajou Point, the site a century ago of the Winnebago village ruled over by Chief White Crow. A huge granite boulder on the shore of the lake has been inscribed to mark the spot. From here vast quantities of archeological remains have been unearthed and taken to the State Historical Museum at Madison. It was White Crow who in 1832 rescued the two Hall sisters, who had been taken captive at the terrible Indian Creek massacre in La Salle County, Illinois. Lake Koshkonong is famous for its aquatic life, and for several decades a hunting club has been maintained at Carcajou Point to which ex-Governor Peck, author of *Peck's Bad Boy*, ex-Governor Phillip, and other notable Wisconsin men have belonged.

Several miles north of Fort Atkinson and two miles east of Lake Mills is the site of ancient Aztalan. Here are some of the most remarkable Indian earth-works in the Mississippi Valley. In recent years the tract of land which contains them has been made a public park.

10. Madison and Vicinity:

Seated on a narrow peninsula separating Lakes Mendota and Monona, Madison was created in the wilderness by legislative fiat to be the capital of Wisconsin. Before this the Four-Lake region to which Madison belongs had been from time immemorial the heart of the Winnebago domain, and the city and environs still retain numerous evidences of their occupancy in the form of burial and effigy mounds. Many of these have been marked with bronze tablets for permanent preservation; among such may be noted the mounds in Vilas Park, on West Washington Oval, Edgewood Drive, University Hill, Mendota Hospital Grounds, and Edgewood Academy Drive. Over Capital and University hills in July, 1832 fled the despairing followers of Black Hawk so hotly pursued by the white troops that red men were shot and scalped within the present city limits. A bronze

marker on University Hill calls attention to this historic campaign. From here to the Wisconsin River near Roxbury where the red men were forced to fight the battle of Wisconsin Heights, State Highway No. 12 marks the approximate route of both armies.

The natural scenery of Madison is widely noted, and as the capital of the state from territorial days the city is associated with many stirring events and interesting figures. Camp Randall (now the University athletic ground) was the principal recruiting station for Wisconsin's 90,000 Boys in Blue and here Old Abe, America's most famous military mascot, began his notable career. On the University campus may be seen the modest home of the first dairy school in America; near by is a fine statue of Governor Hoard, who was largely instrumental in revolutionizing the dairying industry of the country. In front of Bascom Hall is a statue of Lincoln, the only existing replica of the one by Adolph Weinman which stands on the farm where Lincoln was born. The State Historical Library contains many precious manuscripts, and the entire fourth floor is given over to one of the Nation's finest historical museums. The state Capitol contains many interesting historical paintings, and houses, also, a great Civil War historical museum. The executive mansion at 130 East Gilman Street has housed the Governors of Wisconsin since 1883. Prior to this date it was for many years the home of Ole Bull, the famous violinist, and here, Sept. 6, 1870 Bull married Sarah Thorpe, the bride being twenty years of age and the bridegroom sixty. Among other interesting residences mention may be made of the home of Senator La Follette adjoining the Maple Bluff Golf Grounds, that of Colonel Wm. F. Vilas (U. S. Senator, and Postmaster General and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland) at the northeast corner of East Gilman Street and Wisconsin Avenue; that of Paul Reinsch, United States minister to China immediately across the street; and the home of General Lucius Fairchild (also governor and U. S. minister to Spain) at 302 Monona Avenue.

About twenty miles west of Madison is Blue Mound. It is the highest hill in southern Wisconsin, and anywhere east of the Hudson would be called a mountain. From its rocky summit a magnificent landscape unrolls to the eye of the observer. Ebenezer Brigham, the first settler of Dane County, located near the slope of Blue Mound in 1829. Three years later, during the Black Hawk War, his house was turned into a fort on which the Indians made one attack. The house (or fort) has vanished, but a tablet, erected by the State Historical Society, marks the site it formerly occupied.

About four miles southwest of Mount Vernon, in section 18, Primrose Township, is the birthplace of Senator La Follette. The house in which he was born is gone; it stood immediately adjoining the present country school-house. A short distance away is the old school building in which the Senator obtained his earlier education, now utilized as a henhouse.

Nine miles north and one mile west of Madison, in Section 2, Westfield Township, stands the house where Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the poet, lived from babyhood (her parents removed here from Johnstown when she was still a baby). A mile east of the house is the school-house (now named in her honor) where she gained her education, "aside from one term wasted at Wisconsin University."

A short distance beyond Roxbury is the battle-ground of Wisconsin Heights fought between Black Hawk's followers and the white army in July, 1832. The red men were seeking to escape across the Wisconsin River, but were overtaken shortly before sunset. Encumbered with their squaws and children, the warriors, footsore and famishing, found themselves shut in between the broad river and the overwhelming army of white men. In this dilemma, Black Hawk threw out a detachment of warriors who fought off the whites until the squaws and remaining warriors had crossed to an island. The survivors of the rear-guard then made their way across. Jefferson Davis, later president of the

southern Confederacy, was a participant in this battle, and in after life he expressed unbounded admiration for the generalship displayed by Black Hawk, characterizing the action as one of the most brilliant in military annals. The battle-ground is about a mile south of the end of the Sauk City bridge, on the road leading to Mazomanie, a few rods to the left of the point where the highway crosses a little brook.

11. Portage and Vicinity:

Within the present city limits the historic portage was made, in the days of travel by Indian canoe and fur-trade bateau, from the Fox to the Wisconsin River. Here Jolliet and Marquette passed on their way to the discovery of the Mississippi in the spring of 1673, and a monument has been erected to commemorate this first visit by white men to the spot. For a century and a half the Fox-Wisconsin waterway was a famous highway of trade and travel between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, and over it passed many of the explorers who achieved fame in this period. Over it, too, passed time and again Indian war parties and British and American armies. At length in 1828 the government established Fort Winnebago, overlooking the winding Fox, to curb the warlike tribe after which it is named.

The huge well sunk by the garrison in the center of the stockade enclosure is still in daily use, and nearby is the military cemetery, maintained by the United States Government. Across the valley from the fort stands the Agency House, erected by the government in 1831 for the use of the U. S. Indian Agent. The agent at this time was John H. Kinzie, and Mrs. Kinzie, in her book *Wau Bun*, presents a vivid picture of the life of the time around the old fort. The Agency House is probably the oldest structure in Wisconsin that is still used as a dwelling. Stationed at the fort during the years of its occupancy were many men and women who are famous in American history; among them, Generals Worth, Sumner, Harney, Marcy, and Confederate Generals Twiggs, and Albert Sydney Johnson, and Jeffer-

son Davis, president of the Confederacy. Portage is the home of Zona Gale, one of the ablest of living American writers, and many of her stories depict the life and society of this typical middle-western town.

About ten miles north of Portage, on the road to Monticello, is a tiny lake now known as Ennis Lake. On its north bank formerly stood the home of John Muir's parents, so well described by the famous author and naturalist in his book "*My Boyhood and Youth.*" (In the book the lake is called "Fountain Lake"). The Muirs later removed to the southeast part of Section 29, Buffalo Township, nine miles due south of the village of Monticello. Here Muir passed the later years of his boyhood, and here he contrived the many amazing inventions which he relates in his book. The second Muir home still stands, somewhat back from the highway; of the first home, nothing but the site remains.

12. Baraboo and Vicinity:

Around Baraboo and Sauk County centers much both of scenic and historic interest. Baraboo itself was long noted as the home of the Ringling Brothers, since P. T. Barnum's death the world's greatest showmen. In 1918, however, the circus winter quarters were removed to Connecticut. It was a Baraboo editor, A. N. Kellogg, who early in the Civil War, puzzling over the problem of scarcity of labor as it affected country editors, developed the idea of "patent insides." The practice soon became universal, and the country editor became a millionaire. The Winnebago chieftain, Yellow Thunder, and his squaw are buried near the roadside five miles north of town, and a monument of stone, with a suitable marker, has been erected in their memory.

Three miles south of Baraboo is Devil's Lake State Park. Its scenic and geologic wonders are widely celebrated and thousands of tourists, besides numerous parties of geological students from many universities and colleges camp here each season.

The lake itself is small, being a declivity scooped out between the Baraboo bluffs, through which a river ran in former ages, whose course was later dammed by glacial deposits. The rocky bluffs which hem in the lake rise to a height of 500 feet on one side and over 600 on the other. The place is a veritable geological laboratory, its rock formation being older, it is supposed, than the Himalaya or the Rocky Mountains.

At Kilbourn, in northern Sauk County, are the famous dells of the Wisconsin. According to Indian legend the bed of the Wisconsin River was formed by a manitou who took the shape of a serpent. He crawled over the land, leaving the river bed behind him until he came to the body of rock near Kilbourn. Finding a crack he inserted his head and forced his way through, producing in his struggles the strange rock formations which may still be seen here. The Wisconsin was a famous logging stream, and the dells afforded one of the most exciting experiences the pioneer raftsmen had to undergo. In Kilbourn cemetery is the grave of Belle Boyd, noted spy of the Confederacy, who was twice condemned to death by the military authorities of the Union, and twice saved by the clemency of President Lincoln.

Some miles to the south of Baraboo, in the southeastern part of Sauk County, are the twin villages of Prairie du Sac and Sauk City. They occupy the site of the ancient Sauk village visited and described by Jonathan Carver in 1766. It then contained ninety houses built of plank, each capable of holding several families and was described by Carver as "the largest and best built Indian village" he had ever seen. Back of the modern towns stretches Sauk Prairie, one of the most attractive farming regions to be found in the Northwest. Across the river from Sauk City and a mile down stream is the battlefield of Wisconsin Heights which has already been described. A mile up river from Prairie du Sac is the great Merrimac power dam, with a capacity of 39,000 horse power.

13. La Crosse and Vicinity:

La Crosse stands on a prairie adjoining the Mississippi where in ancient days the red men were wont to assemble from far and near to play their favorite ball game, known to the whites as "La Crosse." From this circumstance the prairie became known to the early voyageurs as "Prairie La Crosse," and the modern city still preserves the name. Near the south end of the prairie, a short distance from the city is Mormon Coulee. Here Lyman Wight, one of Joseph Smith's twelve apostles, established a Mormon colony, an offshoot of the parent establishment at Nauvoo. The usual discord between the Saints and their Gentile neighbors ensued, and one night the Mormons fired their dwellings and departed down river. Wight later led a band of zealots to Texas, then a wild region, where he endeavored to build a new holy city.

West Salem, a few miles northeast of La Crosse, is noted as the home for many years of Hamlin Garland, one of the foremost living American writers. His autobiographic books, *A Son of the Middle Border*, and *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, largely devoted to describing the author's life at West Salem, seem likely to be numbered among the permanent classics of American literature.

Several miles up the river above La Crosse is the village of Trempealeau and Perrot State Park. Here Trempealeau Mountain, the central point in a rough and picturesque region, rises from the water's edge. At its foot Nicolas Perrot, famous French explorer and fur-trader in the days of Count Frontenac and Louis XIV, established his post in 1686, while nearby stood from 1731–36 the armed post of Linctot. The mountain is detached from the adjoining bluffs, and its name, "Trempealeau," is an abridgement of the descriptive phrase originally applied to it by the early French explorers, which meant "the mountain which laves its feet in the water." The park is named in honor of Perrot, the first governor of the Northwest, and one of the most notable men of New France, who wintered here in 1686–87.

14. Victory:

This village, near the mouth of Bad Axe River, commemorates the battle of the Bad Axe, August 2, 1832. This closing fight of the Black Hawk War was more like a massacre than a battle. The natives, outnumbered and starving, desired only to escape their pursuers, but an armed steamboat in the river prevented them from crossing the Mississippi, and about three hundred, including many women and children, were either shot in the fight or drowned in the river. A comparatively small number gained the Minnesota shore, but a band of Sioux fell on these and slaughtered half of them. Black Hawk himself, after witnessing from a neighboring bluff the slaughter of his followers, fled to the dells of the Wisconsin where he was seized by the Winnebago and taken to Prairie du Chien for surrender to the whites.

15. Prairie Du Chien:

In the period when travel was chiefly by water this was perhaps the most important center of trade and traffic of the upper Mississippi Valley. From time immemorial it was a center of Indian traffic and from a very early period an important seat of the fur-trade. Prairie du Chien figured in the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812, and at various times was the scene of sanguinary conflicts between the warring Sioux on the one side and the allied Sauk and Foxes on the other. The British captured the American fort in 1814, and held it until peace was declared a year later. In 1816 Fort Crawford was erected by the U. S. Government, and garrisoned until after the Mexican War. For many years Colonel Zachary Taylor, later President of the United States, was in command of Fort Crawford, and the house he occupied may still be seen. Here Lieutenant Jefferson Davis wooed and won Colonel Taylor's daughter, much to the stern warrior's disgust. Fort Crawford was the scene of important Indian treaties in 1825 and 1829. A fragment only of the old fort still stands, but the quaint military cemetery,

maintained by the United States government, is still to be seen. The natural scenery along the Mississippi at this point is superb, and to commemorate both the scenic and the historical associations the state of Wisconsin has established Nelson Dewey State Park of several thousand acres. A monument to Marquette at Prairie du Chien commemorates the discovery of the Mississippi River in 1673. Another object of interest is the old American Fur Company trading post.

16. Mineral Point and Vicinity:

Mineral Point in an early day was the most important point in the lead mines north of Galena, and much more important than Milwaukee. The mining country was then the most populous portion of Wisconsin, and many men of ability and local note resided here. In 1832 Fort Jackson was built here, an important military storehouse during the Black Hawk War. Near Dodgeville, a few miles north of Mineral Point, was the home of Henry Dodge, noted as an Indian fighter. He was the first and last governor of Wisconsin Territory, and one of the first U. S. Senators from Wisconsin. Dodge's home near Dodgeville was turned into a temporary fort during the war, known in history as Fort Union. The Governor brought numerous slaves to Wisconsin when he removed here from Missouri. He later gave them their freedom and a tract of land each; many of their descendants still live in southwestern Wisconsin.

A few miles southwest of Mineral Point, in northwestern La Fayette County, is the village of Leslie, formerly known as Belmont. Here, in 1836, was established the first capital of Wisconsin, which included, in addition to the modern state, all of Iowa and Minnesota and the two Dakotas as far west as the Missouri River. The tiny frame capitol building from which this vast domain was governed, still stands. For many years it was used as a stable by a farmer who lived here. In recent years the state has restored the building as far as

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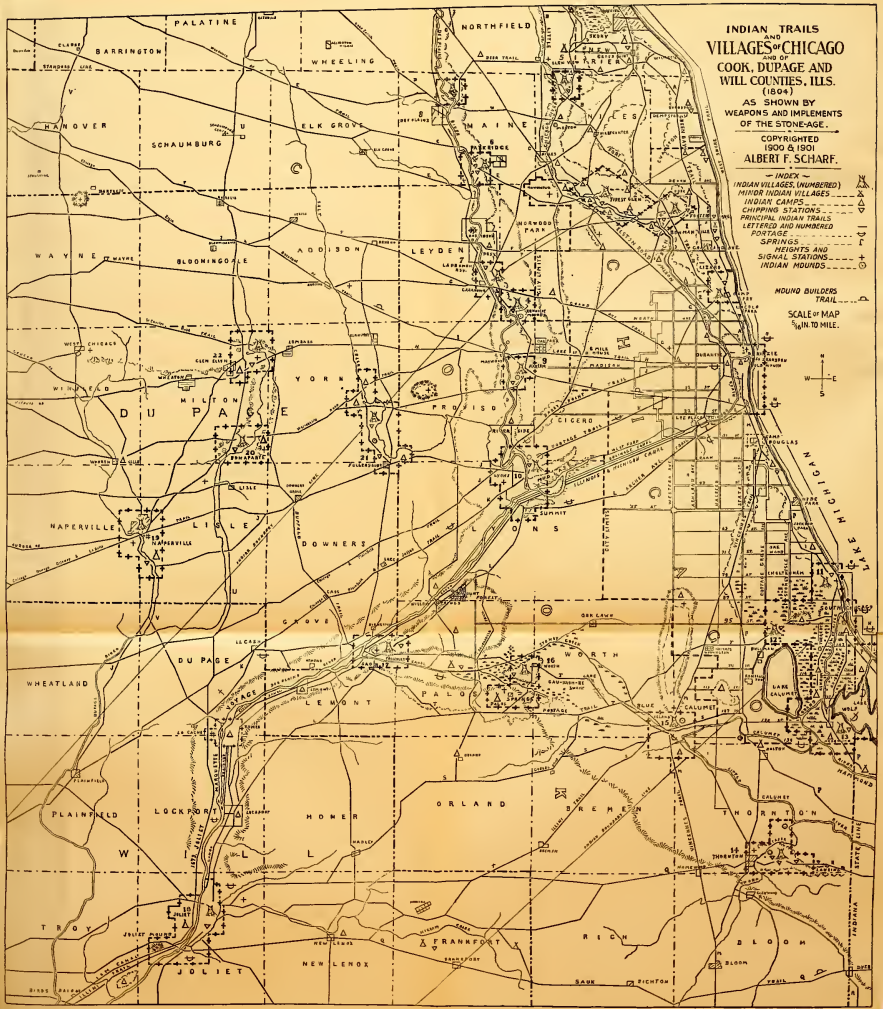


AN ARCHEOLOGICAL MAP OF CHICAGO AND VICINITY

This map, the work of Albert F. Scharf, is reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Scharf and the Chicago Historical Society.

possible to its early condition, and established a state park on the site it occupies.

A dozen miles southeast of Mineral Point, near the northeast corner of La Fayette County, is the town of Blanchardville. Just east of this village (across the line in Green County) is the site of Zarahemla, in the early forties a Mormon "stake." Zarahemla has long since vanished, but its historical importance is far greater than that of many a more renowned center. After the death of Joseph Smith in 1844, the church fell into discord and numerous factions developed; of these, two finally emerged triumphant, one the Utah faction led by Brigham Young, which now numbers half a million followers; the other the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints, which abominates polygamy, and has its headquarters at Independence, Mo. The Recognized Church traces its origin to abandoned Zarahemla: here in a log schoolhouse (which stood just east of the present Blanchardville cemetery) an angel appeared to the assembled devotees and gave them instructions which resulted in the founding of the Reorganized Church. It is today a flourishing organization with 100,000 adherents. In sharp contrast to Mormonism in general, the followers of the Reorganized Church have always lived in harmony with their gentile neighbors.

17. New Glarus:

This is the original seat (settled in 1845) of Wisconsin's noted Swiss colony, which now spreads over most of Green County. The Swiss are frugal and industrious, excelling particularly in dairying. More Swiss cheese is produced in Green County than in all the remainder of the United States. The church at New Glarus is a picturesque old-world structure, surrounded by a church-yard in which sleep many of the pioneers. A fine monument marks the site of the log hut where the infant colony passed the first troubled winter of 1845–46.

18. Wiota:

Wiota is an early lead mine center, settled in the spring of 1828 by William S. Hamilton, son of Alexander Hamilton, the noted financier and statesman. Hamilton became a man of consequence in the lead mines and Wiota, or "Hamilton's diggings," as his place was known, was for many years his home. In 1832 the settlers, led by Hamilton, built a fort a half mile south of the village for their protection. It was not attacked during the war, but on June 16 Henry Apple, a member of the garrison was slain and scalped only half a mile away. Colonel Henry Dodge (later general, governor, and senator) chanced to arrive at the same time Apple was slain, and he immediately announced his determination to go in pursuit of the Indians. With about a score of followers he came upon them in a bend of the Pecatonica River, in Section 14, Wiota Township, about five miles southeast of Wiota. The Indians concealed themselves in a wooded swamp, which Dodge immediately proceeded to storm. All of the red men, seventeen in number, were slain, while four of the attacking party fell. A bronze marker has been erected on the site of the sanguinary battle.

19. Hazel Green:

James Gates Percival, the noted poet and geologist, spent his later years in Hazel Green. A group of Yale alumni have caused a monument to be erected over his grave in the village cemetery with this inscription: "James Gates Percival, Born in Berlin, Connecticut, September 15, 1795. Graduated at Yale College, B. A. 1815, M. D., 1820. State Geologist of Connecticut, 1835–1842. State Geologist of Wisconsin, 1854–1856. Died in Hazel Green, May 2, 1856. Eminent as a poet, rarely accomplished as a linguist, and acute in science. A man without guile."

II POINTS IN ILLINOIS

1. Galena and Vicinity:

The ancient capital of the lead mines, Galena was the first American settlement on the upper Mississippi, and long the commercial capital of the region. The commercial glory of Galena vanished with the building of the railroads connecting Chicago and other Lake Michigan points with the Mississippi and affording thereby an eastern outlet to the commerce of the upper Mississippi Valley. In the years immediately preceding the Civil War Galena numbered among her citizens an astonishing number of men who were destined to achieve national fame—General Grant, General John A. Rawlins, Elihu Washburn, Bishop Vincent, are but a few of the list. The Grant homestead and other interesting relics may still be seen.

The village of Elizabeth, some miles east of Galena, was the site of Apple River fort in the Indian war of 1832. On June 24 it was assailed by 200 warriors, led by Black Hawk in person. Within the fort were many women and children and only fifteen or twenty men to defend them. After two hours of heavy firing the defenders began to show signs of weakening. In this crisis Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong delivered an impassioned address, and marshalling the women to her assistance assumed direction of the defense. Under the inspiration of her heroism it was successfully maintained until the approach of reinforcements from Galena compelled the besiegers to withdraw.

2. Kellogg's Grove:

Western Stephenson County was the scene of some of she hardest fighting in the Black Hawk War. At Kellogg's (now Timm's) Grove on May 23, 1832, Indian agent Felix St. Vrain

and several companions were slain by Chief Little Bear's band. June 16 Captain Snyder fought a pitched battle with the Indians near the same spot. On June 18 Captain Stephenson fought the Indians near Waddam's Grove, his several charges upon them being characterized by Governor Ford as the equal of anything in modern warfare for "desperate daring and courage." On June 25 a second battle was fought at Kellogg's Grove between 200 whites led by Captain Snyder and the Indians led by Black Hawk himself. This battle marks the turning point of the war, as Black Hawk never again assumed the offensive. The remains of the victims of the several encounters noted are interred beneath a massive monument of stone, erected on the site of the Kellogg Grove battles in 1886.

3. Freeport:

Freeport occupies the site of a former Winnebago Indian village, whose ruler, when the whites came into the country, was Chief Winneshiek. Here on August 29, 1858 was held one of the series of joint debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas; on this occasion Douglas in response to Lincoln's questioning, enunciated his famous "Freeport Doctrine," which split the Democratic Party in 1860 and made possible the election of Lincoln to the Presidency.

4. Oregon and Vicinity:

The scenic attractions of the Rock River Valley in the vicinity of Oregon have made this a favorite resort for artists and nature lovers. Near here, on a bluff overlooking the valley, stands Lorado Taft's colossal statue of Chief Black Hawk. A short distance above Oregon on the east side of the river is Ganymede's Spring, named by Margaret Fuller, the famous writer and intellectual leader of New England, who visited the place in the summer of 1843 and here wrote the poem "Ganymede to his Eagle."

Half a dozen miles above Oregon near the mouth of Stillman's Creek is the battlefield where on May 14, 1832, Black Hawk's warriors put to ignominious flight the force of Illinois

A REMINDER OF A VANISHED RACE

Indian statue near Oregon; Lorado Taft, Sculptor. The figure, of heroic proportions, stands on the bluff overlooking Rock River, gazing in reverential mood upon the beautiful landscape spread out beneath.

militia led by Major Stillman. The panic-stricken soldiers (aside from a handful who were slain while valiantly fighting the foe) kept up their wild flight until they were safe at Dixon. A monument erected by the state of Illinois in 1902 marks the site of the battlefield, and the graves of those who fell in the fight.

5. Dixon and Vicinity:

The town is named in honor of "Father" John Dixon, who settled here in 1830, and conducted the ferry and mail-route, kept store and tavern, and traded with the Indians. In the Black Hawk War of 1832, Dixon became the base of operations of the army in pursuit of Black Hawk in his movement up Rock River. A block-house was erected here, and for several weeks the regulars lay at this point. To Dixon the troops of Major Stillman fled for refuge after their overthrow of May 14 at Stillman's Creek. Dixon was for some years in the early period of settlement the only place on Rock River where a ferry was maintained, and it became a point of much importance on both the Kellogg Trail from Peoria north to Galena and the mining country, and the Chicago-Galena road. A monument has been placed in recent years to mark the site of the block-house of 1832.

Grand De Tour, a few miles north of Dixon, was so named by the early French voyageurs (the French name for the great bend in the river at this point). The vicinity was a favorite resort of the red men, and hence became an early center of fur trade operations. On section 19, Nachusa Township, was the post of the French trader Lasaliere, early in the nineteenth century (apparently he came here soon after the close of the War of 1812). He was succeeded on the same site by Stephen Mack, a Yankee, who traded for several years among the Potawatomi at this point. Mack married an Indian woman, Hononegah, about whose career a novel might well be written; notwithstanding this union, however, a plot was formed against his life, and with his wife, he fled northward to find refuge among the Winnebago of Winnebago County.

6. Zion City:

This is the seat of the religious community officially styled the "Christian Catholic Church in Zion," and popularly known as the "Dowieites," John Alexander Dowie, the founder, came to America from Australia in 1888, and in 1893 began preaching in Chicago near the World's Fair Grounds. His success was spectacular for many years. In 1896 he organized at Chicago the Christian Catholic Church in Zion. In 1901 he proclaimed himself Elijah the Restorer, and soon thereafter founded Zion City as a home for his devotees. Aside from religious matters, the town is noted for its extensive manufacture of fine laces.

7. Chicago:

Located on the portage from the Chicago River to the Illinois, Chicago has been a point of importance from the time of the first coming of the French into the interior. Jolliet and Marquette passed this way in 1673, and Marquette returning to Illinois to introduce the gospel, spent the winter of 1674–75 on the site of Chicago. About the year 1696 the Guardian Angel Mission was established by Father Pinet near the bank of the river, somewhere between the forks and the river mouth. La Salle was early at Chicago, of course, and a so-called fort, which seems to have consisted of a stockaded log hut was occupied by two of his men in 1683. With this exception, however, the French seem never to have had a fort at Chicago. The place figures in the Revolution in connection with some of the western campaigns, and a tiny battle was fought somewhere in the vicinity of South Chicago. In the Greenville Treaty of 1795 Anthony Wayne compelled the Indians to cede a six-mile square tract at the mouth of the river for the establishment of a fort, and in 1803 Fort Dearborn was established. It was destroyed in August, 1812, at the time of the massacre, and a new fort built on the same site in 1816.

Among the places of historic interest to the visitor in present-day Chicago are the following:

1. The Chicago Historical Society at Dearborn and Ontario streets, whose building houses a wonderful collection of museum objects, associated with the leading events and persons of the nation's history.

2. The site of the Kinzie House, oldest in Chicago, marked by a tablet on the Kirk Soap Factory at North Michigan Avenue and Kinzie Street.

3. The site of Fort Dearborn (now partly in the river) marked by a tablet in the London Guaranty and Accident building, south end of Michigan Boulevard Bridge.

4. The beautiful massacre monument at Eighteenth Street and the Illinois Central Railway tracks, on the supposed site of the massacre of August 15, 1812. The dominant theme depicted by the monument is the rescue by Black Partridge, the Potawatomi chief, of Mrs. Helm from impending destruction.

5. A Cross at the junction of South Robey Street and the river, marking the supposed site of Marquette's winter sojourn in 1674–75.

6. The Marquette Building at Dearborn and Adams Streets contains a series of beautiful mosaics and reliefs, depicting scenes in the life and voyages of Father Marquette.

7. The banking room of the Central Trust Company Building contains a series of paintings of important scenes and events in the development of Chicago. Similar paintings pertaining to Fort Dearborn are in the lobby of the Fort Dearborn Hotel.

8. The monument and tomb of Senator Stephen A. Douglas are in Woodland Park, at Thirty-fifth Street and the Illinois Central tracks, facing the lake. The ground is a part of the old Douglas homestead, and near here is the site of the first Chicago University, for which he donated several acres of land.

9. During the Civil War Camp Douglas at Chicago was a great military prison. Many of the unfortunate Confederate

soldiers died in prison here, and are buried in Oakwoods Cemetery, where a Confederate cemetery is maintained.

10. In Lincoln Park, near the southern end, is the famous monument to President Lincoln by Augustus Saint Gaudens. Farther north is an equestrian statue of General Grant. Near the junction of Clark and Wisconsin streets is located the grave of David Kenison, a veteran of the Revolution and a member of the Boston Tea Party. In the Historical Library may be seen a small bottle of tea which purports to have been saved by Kenison at the time of this historical event.

11. In Union Park stands the monument commemorating the Anarchist outbreak of 1886. The tragedy took place in Haymarket Square, about a mile east of Union Park.

12. At Lake and Franklin Streets a marker shows the site of the historic Wigwam where Lincoln was first nominated for the Presidency in 1860.

13. At DeKoven and Jefferson streets a tablet marks the site of Mrs. O'Leary's residence, where the great fire which overwhelmed Chicago in October, 1871, started.

At Fullersburg, a few miles southwest of Chicago, may be seen one of the few taverns of the stage-coach era still remaining in Illinois, now used as a private dwelling. Local tradition represents that Stephen A. Douglas once delivered a political address before this tavern, and that Abraham Lincoln was one of the travelers who sought entertainment here. In an upper room of the decaying structure Lois Fuller, who achieved note as a dancer a generation ago, was born.

8. NAPERVILLE:

Here was erected Fort Payne in 1832, where the local inhabitants took refuge in the Indian war. An interesting monument of the pioneer period which is still to be seen is the old Prëemption House. This tavern, erected in 1834, with framework, siding, and interior finish of black walnut, is still in an excellent state of preservation, and has been used continuously as a tavern since the time of its erection. It is an excellent example of the better class of pioneer taverns,

and is probably the oldest house of public entertainment in Illinois, if not in the Northwest.

9. Plano and Vicinity:

About two miles south of Plano the supposed site of ancient Maramech has been identified by the late John F. Steward, who has written a book on the subject of "Lost Maramech and Earliest Chicago." Here, at the junction of Big Rock and Little Rock creeks, occurred in the year 1730 the siege and destruction of the Foxes by an army of French and Indian allies. The Foxes, who from their home in Wisconsin had long been maintaining a bitter warfare against the power of New France, are supposed to have been endeavoring to make their way eastward to the country of the Iroquois (likewise inveterate enemies of the French) with whom they had entered into friendly negotiations. Their design was discovered by their enemies, however, and the latter, gathering from all directions, hemmed in the Foxes, who were encumbered with their women and children, at this place. A bitter siege of many days' duration followed, terminating in the utter destruction of the Foxes. In 1900 Mr. Steward, who had devoted a lifetime to studying the subject, caused a huge boulder on the supposed site of the Fox fort to be marked with this inscription: "Three hundred warriors, with women and children, were besieged here by 1300 French and Indian allies, August 17, 1730. Escaped, September 9th. Captured, tortured, killed. French trenches on north end of hill. Site identified and stone placed by John F. Steward, 1874–1900."

Several miles west of Plano, in Shabbona Township, southwestern De Kalb County, is Shabbona's grove. The grove originally comprised 1500 acres of splendid hardwood timber, and at its northern end stood the village of Shabbona, the famous Potawatomi chieftain. Shabbona, by birth an Ottawa, was long a stern opponent of the Americans, and an able assistant of Tecumseh until the latter was slain in the battle of the Thames in 1813. Thereupon Shabbona made peace with the whites and ever afterward remained their firm

friend. Both in the Winnebago outbreak of 1827 and the Sauk War of 1832 he repeatedly risked his life to warn the settlers of impending massacre; in comparison with his ride of 1832 for this purpose, the famous "ride" of Paul Revere pales into insignificance. A magnificent life-size portrait in oil of Shabbona is owned by the Chicago Historical Society. His grave is in Evergreen Cemetery at Morris, marked by a huge boulder which was placed over it by white admirers in 1903.

10. HARDING:

A short distance from Harding in northeastern La Salle County, Shabbona State Park preserves the site of the terrible Indian Creek massacre of May 20, 1832. Here were slaughtered fifteen men, women and children of the little community, while two young women, Rachel and Sylvia Hall, were carried into captivity. After a thrilling experience they were ransomed by the friendly Winnebago chief, White Crow, near Beloit, and restored to their surviving relatives. The fifteen victims of the massacre were buried in one common grave, over which in 1877 a monument was erected by William Munson. In 1902 the present park of 7½ acres was established, and four years later a fine memorial was erected in it by the State. The park is named in honor of Shabbona, the friendly Potawatomi chief, who labored valiantly to save the settlers from destruction.

11. STARVED ROCK:

About this point, midway between La Salle and Ottawa, center some of the most interesting historical associations of the Mississippi Valley. Near here in 1674 Father Marquette first preached the Gospel in Illinois. A few years later La Salle established Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock, and this spot became the center of his empire-building operations in the West. Around the Rock were encamped at one time many thousand Indian allies of La Salle. It was besieged unsuccessfully in 1682 by the Iroquois Indians, and again a few years later. The Foxes laid siege to the Rock in 1722, and

starved the defenders into submission. The present name, however, is associated with the traditionary siege and destruction here in 1770 of the remnant of the Illinois, in revenge for the assassination of Pontiac. The first mention of coal in the New World (on Thevenot's map of 1681) occurred in connection with this vicinity, and our first knowledge of its actual use in America was in the little blacksmith forge of Fort St. Louis on the top of the Rock. The natural scenery of the vicinity is no less interesting than its historical associations, and in recent years the state has set aside 900 acres of wooded bluff land lying along the south side of the Illinois, between Ottawa and La Salle, as Starved Rock Park, equipped with lighting, sewage, and water systems, to constitute a great out-door playground. The classic story of the early history of the region is Francis Parkman's *La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West.*

12. Prophetstown:

This occupies the site of the Winnebago village of White Cloud, the Prophet, Chief Black Hawk's "evil genius." In April, 1832, Colonel Henry Gratiot came to Prophetstown in an effort to dissuade the Winnebago from joining Black Hawk's warriors, who were even then being entertained in the village. Gratiot escaped with his life, through the connivance of White Cloud, but Black Hawk's "heart was bad," and he persisted in his advance which precipitated the war that followed. A few days after Gratiot's visit, the Illinois militia under Whitesides, advancing up Rock River in pursuit of Black Hawk (who had now gone to Dixon) reached Prophetstown, and in their exasperation burned the village.

13. Rock Island:

Here was the ancient seat of power of the Sauk and Fox tribes. Their town of Saukenauk on Rock River about three miles above its mouth was the historical capital of a wide region. Here Black Hawk was born and lived his tempestuous career, until driven away by the whites in 1831. Rock Island figures in three noted wars, the Revolution, the War of 1812,

and the Black Hawk War of 1832. In 1780 George Rogers Clark sent Colonel Montgomery with 400 soldiers to chastise the British allies on the upper Mississippi, and he occupied and burned Saukenauk. In July, 1813, an American force under Captain John Campbell, attempting to ascend the Mississippi, was defeated by the Sauk and Foxes in the battle of Campbell's Island. A year later, in September, 1814, an American army led by Zachary Taylor, later Mexican War hero and President, was defeated by the British and Indians in the battle of Credit Island. A monument on Campbell's Island commemorates the battle of July 19, 1814. In the spring of 1816 Fort Armstrong was established on Rock Island, and evacuated twenty years later. The fort-site has been suitably marked in recent years. In 1863 work was begun on the United States arsenal which is now one of the great military storehouses of the world. From December, 1863, until the end of the war, a prison for Confederate soldiers was maintained here. In all, over 12,000 captives were brought here, and some 2,000 of the number died in prison.

The Modern Woodmen of America, the largest fraternal insurance organization in existence, has its headquarters at Rock Island. In the rear of the M. W. A. building on Fifteenth street, is marked the site of the jail in which the infamous "banditti of the prairie" were confined for the murder of Colonel Davenport in the forties. A marker on a barn on Thirteenth Street, between Third and Fourth Avenues calls attention to the spot where the murderers were hung.

A portion of the mound on which the Sauk Council Lodge stood may be seen a short distance west of the bridge over Rock River. Black Hawk's Watch Tower, a favorite resort of the old chieftain, is now a resort of pleasure seekers, affording a magnificent view over the adjoining country. At the west end of the Watch Tower Bluff is the grave of Black Hawk's children, and the site of the cabin where for months he mourned their demise.

The first bridge across the Mississippi River was built at Rock Island, and at Fifth and Rock Island Streets, in Davenport, ground was broken for the first railroad west of the Mississippi. Where Frankam Street (Davenport), projected, would intersect Fifth Avenue was negotiated in September, 1832, the treaty for the Black Hawk Purchase, which opened eastern Iowa to settlement. At 557 College Avenue is the first frame house in Iowa, built by Colonel George Davenport in 1833. At 517 West Seventh Street is the site of the first College building in Iowa (now Grinnell College). At 223 East Second Street is the site of the home of Dr. John Emerson, the owner of Dred Scott, over whose possession was waged the famous suit which did much to bring on the Civil War. At 220 Brady Street is the site of the house where Barclay Coppoc, one of John Brown's followers at Harper's Ferry, was secreted from his Virginian pursuers after his escape from that state.

14. Bishop Hill:

Here in 1846 was founded by Eric Jansen and Jonas Olson of Sweden, a communistic society. Two thousand acres of land were procured and in the first three years 1200 followers came from Sweden to colonize it. Jansen is said to have built the first flats in America, two large three-story brick buildings erected in 1848 and 1849 for community purposes. In the first story of the larger building were the kitchen and dining room, in which 1200 persons could be seated; the two upper stories were divided up into family dwellings. Jansen was murdered at Cambridge in 1850. Some years later financial difficulties overtook the colony, and during the Civil War it was dissolved and the property apportioned among those who had been its members. The buildings erected by the colonists are still in existence, interesting reminders of the hopeful enterprise which once centered here.

15. Galesburg:

One of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858 was held here, and the site is appropriately marked by a monument. Another monument commemorates the life and

services of "Mother" Bickerdyke, famous as a nurse in the Civil War. Knox College at Galesburg is the alma mater of many noted men.

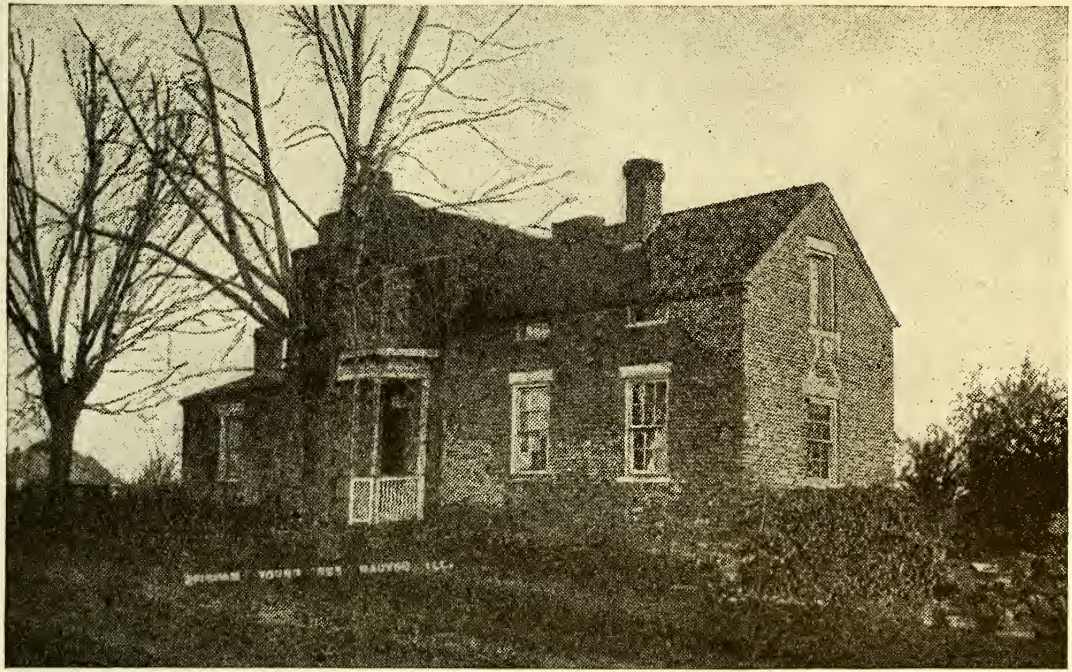
16. Oquawka:

Oquawka occupies the site of ancient Yellow Banks, where Black Hawk began his fatal invasion of Illinois in 1832. On April 6, 1832, the red men crossed the Mississippi at this point, and S. S. Phelps, a trader who enjoyed the confidence of Black Hawk, vainly sought to persuade the latter to withdraw from his mad adventure and recross the river to Iowa. Black Hawk persisted in his enterprise however, and the war followed. Before the old courthouse at Oquawka in 1858 Stephen A. Douglas addressed an enthusiastic throng, on the Monday before his joint debate with Lincoln at Galesburg. On the Saturday following, Lincoln spoke at the same place, and spent the night in the home of S. S. Phelps. The house is still preserved and the room in which Lincoln slept retains the same bed and other furniture.

17. Nauvoo and Vicinity:

Nauvoo is noted as the former seat of the Mormon theocracy, led by Joseph Smith. The holy city begun here in 1839 developed with marvelous rapidity, becoming in less than half a dozen years the metropolis of Illinois. In 1841 was begun the erection of the Mormon Temple, 88 feet wide, 128 feet long, and 65 feet high, which was completed in 1846 at a cost of $1,000,000. The killing of Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum in 1844, followed by the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo and the founding of the commonwealth of Utah are matters of common knowledge to Americans.

Less well known, perhaps, is the story of the remarkable community of Icaria which succeeded the Mormons at Nauvoo. This was founded on a communistic basis by Etienne Cabet, Attorney-general of France under the Second Republic. Icaria, which took its name from one of Victor Hugo's



ONCE THE HOME OF BRIGHAM YOUNG
One of the many interesting landmarks at Nauvoo which recall the Mormon regime of the forties.

novels, soon became a thriving community of 1200 souls, among whom were numbered some of the most talented men and women of Europe. As illustrations may be noted one of the leading physicians of Vienna, and an architect who (later) was intrusted with the erection of the state capitols of Illinois and Iowa. In time internal dissensions broke out in Icaria and the downfall of the community followed. At Nauvoo may still be seen many interesting reminders of the Mormon and the Icarian regimes—the first house built in Nauvoo in 1828. the former homes of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith, the graves of Joseph and Hyrum Smith and of Emma, the wife of Joseph, the famous Mansion House, etc.

At Carthage, a dozen miles southeast of Nauvoo, the Smith brothers, Joseph and Hyrum, were put in jail in May, 1844, on a charge of treason, and shortly after were murdered by a Gentile mob. The former jail where the Saints were slain is now used as a dwelling house. Hancock County, of which Carthage is the county seat, was the principal seat of the Mormon War, and for two or three years following the killing of the Smiths was the frequent theater of marching armies, of skirmishes, assassinations, and house burnings.

At Warsaw, which also figured in the Mormon war of the forties, is the site of old Fort Edwards, established by Major Zachary Taylor in September, 1814, and abandoned and burned the following month. It was soon afterward reëstablished, and garrisoned by the regular army until 1824. In 1914 a fine monument commemorating the old fort was dedicated in the presence of 12,000 people. It stands on a lofty bluff overlooking the Mississippi, from which a magnificent panorama embracing portions of the three states of Iowa, Illinois and Missouri may be seen. Warsaw was the boyhood home of John Hay, famous as a statesman and man of letters, and here his parents are buried. He was a great admirer of the beauty of the country around Warsaw and once stated that no European landscape was more beautiful than the one spread out before the observer standing on the site of Fort Edwards.

18. QUINCY:

One of the debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858 was held in Washington Square at Quincy, and the site is suitably marked. The old colonial homestead of Governor John Wood, founder of Quincy, erected in 1835, is now the home of the Quincy Historical Society. Here may be seen many paintings and other historical objects associated with the early history of Quincy and the surrounding region.

19. BEARDSTOWN:

In the City Hall, which was formerly the county courthouse, occurred the famous trial of Duff Armstrong for murder in 1858. Armstrong was the son of the leader of the Clary's Grove gang near New Salem, in the early thirties, whom young Abraham Lincoln had defeated in the noted wrestling match. Later a close friendship developed between the leader of the rowdy gang and the future emancipator, and when Armstrong's son, Duff, was on trial at Beardstown for murder, Lincoln, now a noted lawyer, undertook the defense. The accused was charged with stabbing another young man in a drinking brawl which occurred after nightfall. Lincoln, by careful questioning, caused the witnesses for the prosecution to fix the precise time of the killing and assert that they had seen the act committed by the light of the moon. He then produced an almanac and convinced the jury that the testimony was false, since there was no moon at the time the witnesses claimed to have observed the act. In after years the legend developed that Lincoln "doctored" the almanac in order to trick the jury into a verdict of acquittal; but this statement which sheds little credit either on the honesty of Lincoln or on the intelligence of the Court and prosecuting attorney, is without foundation in fact.

20. PETERSBURG:

Near here was the pioneer village of New Salem (now commonly known as "Old Salem"), the home for several years in early manhood of Abraham Lincoln. Here he kept store, studied law and surveying, began his active political career,

and was elected captain of the local military company for the Black Hawk War. At New Salem lived and died Ann Rutledge, the heroine of Lincoln's first and most famous love affair. Old Salem long since perished as a village, but in recent years the State has established here Old Salem Park, and has begun the work of restoring the village as it was in Lincoln's time. The place bids fair to overtake the destiny foretold for it as long ago as 1902 by a local admirer of Lincoln as "the Mount Vernon of the West."

21. SPRINGFIELD:

As the capital of Illinois from the early thirties, Springfield has many historic associations. Most notable of these, of course, are those connected with Lincoln, but the memory of Douglas, Shields, Davis, Trumbull, Logan, and scores of other worthies are bound up in the history of the town. Of foremost interest to visitors are the tomb of Lincoln, and the Lincoln homestead at Eighth and Jackson streets. The site of the law office of Stuart and Lincoln at 109 North Fifth Street is designated by a bronze marker. Tablets also mark the office of Lincoln and Logan at the southeast corner of the Public Square, and of Lincoln and Herndon on the west side of the square. The new Centennial Memorial building occupies the site of the old Edwards residence, in which Lincoln was married to Mary Todd. The building, begun in 1918, houses the State Historical Library and a Lincoln Memorial Hall. A tablet in the C. F. Smith building marks the room wherein the First Inaugural address is said to have been written. Another, in the Circuit room of the Courthouse marks the site where the "House Divided Against Itself" speech was delivered. Here, too, a few years later, Lincoln's body lay in state. At the Wabash Freight station, Tenth and Monroe streets, is marked the place where the famous "Farewell Address" was uttered on leaving Springfield for Washington in 1861. The cornerstone of the Capitol building was laid in 1868. In the grounds are monuments to Lincoln and Douglas. At Camp Yates General Grant began his Civil War career.

The site of the entrance of the camp, at the corner of Douglas Avenue and Governor Street is marked by a stone and tablet. In the Lincoln Monument is a memorial room, where many objects associated with his career may be seen. The State Historical Library, contains many objects and manuscripts of historical interest.

22. Peoria and Vicinity:

Like Starved Rock, Peoria is associated with the earliest activities of the French in the Mississippi Valley. Near here La Salle built Fort Creve Coeur in 1680, and from here Father Hennepin set forth on his famous journey of exploration of the upper Mississippi country. Fort Creve Coeur was soon destroyed, but Peoria continued to be a seat of missionary activities and before many years a mixed French and Indian town developed, which continued in existence until merged in the modern American city early in the nineteenth century. In November, 1812, the village was burned by Captain Craig's militia under the belief (possibly unfounded) that its inhabitants were in sympathy with the Indians in the war then raging. In September, 1813, Governor Edwards marched to Peoria with 1400 men and built Fort Clark, a stockade fortress at the foot of modern Liberty Street. After the war, Fort Clark was abandoned, and about 1818 or 1819 was burned. With the advance of American settlement up the Illinois in the early twenties the modern development of Peoria as an American city was begun. Prior to the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment, Peoria was the chief center for the distilling of liquor in America.

The exact site of Fort Creve Coeur has long been a matter of uncertainty and dispute. In 1902 the Daughters of the American Revolution fixed upon a site a short distance above Wesley City, on the opposite side of the river from Peoria, and caused it to be marked with a large granite boulder. In 1921 the State Historical Society officially approved this location, and a fifteen-acre tract of land embracing it was acquired by the State.

The old courthouse at Metamora, a dozen miles northeast of Peoria, is probably the most interesting county building in Illinois. It was erected in 1845 and used as a courthouse until 1896. For many years Abraham Lincoln attended court here while "riding circuit" in Illinois, and it is claimed that this is the last remaining courthouse in the state in which he practiced law. At different times Lincoln, Adlai Stevenson, Robert G. Ingersoll, and Judge David Davis were assembled together in this building. Stevenson later became vice-president and Davis supreme court justice of the United States; the careers of Lincoln and Ingersoll are matters of common knowledge.

23. WATSEKA:

The touching story of Watseka, the Indian girl who lived in this vicinity and for whom the town is named, is told in Chapter III of this volume. At Iroquois a few miles to the northeast of Watseka is the site of Gurdon Hubbard's trading post, established in the early twenties of the nineteenth century. Its story is also told in Chapter III.

24. DANVILLE:

In the primitive period this neighborhood was a noted resort of buffalo and other wild game, drawn here by the salt deposits. The game, in turn, attracted the Indians. The salt springs were also a magnet which drew the earliest white settlers of this part of Illinois. An important Indian trail ran north from Danville to Chicago, which in the pioneer period was followed approximately by Hubbard's Trace, and still later by the state road to which modern State street in Chicago owes its name. In recent years Danville has been best known to the outside world as the home of "Uncle Joe" Cannon, statesman and patriot.

III POINTS IN INDIANA AND MICHIGAN

1. Michigan City and Vicinity:

At Michigan City the ancient trail from Detroit to Chicago gained the lake shore. For this reason the stream which here empties into Lake Michigan was known to the French as Riviere du Chemin—River of the Road—and later, to the English traders as Trail Creek. Baptiste Point du Sable, the half-breed negro who has acquired posthumous fame as the earliest settler on the site of Chicago, was trading at Michigan City during the Revolution, and in 1779 he was seized and his goods confiscated by a British officer who charged him with being in league with the Americans.

At Three Oaks, Michigan, a dozen miles northeast of Michigan City is the Warren Historical Museum, which contains a fine collection of objects dealing with the Indian and pioneer phases of our history.

Near Door village, three miles south of La Porte, a large boulder has been placed to mark the site where a block house was erected by the settlers during the Black Hawk War.

At Valparaiso a marker on the lawn of the city library commemorates the fact that the great Sauk Trail from Rock Island, Illinois, to Detroit and Malden ran across the county and through the modern city. The Memorial Opera House, built in 1893 in honor of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, is the headquarters of the Grand Army of the Republic and its sister organization, the Woman's Relief Corps.

2. South Bend and Vicinity:

About two miles above the city, in Section 27, German Township, began the ancient portage from the St. Joseph River to the Kankakee, its western terminus being about five miles due west of the starting point, at the western boundary

of section 25, Warren Township. This portage route was one of the five "keys to the continent," followed by La Salle in 1679, by Charlevoix in 1721, and by hosts of red and white men before and since these dates. At the western end of the portage path stood in La Salle's time a Miami village, and near here in May, 1681, La Salle negotiated a treaty with the Miami chieftain. In the court house at South Bend are two fine historical paintings, one depicting La Salle's party at the portage, December 5, 1679, the other, the treaty with the red men in May, 1681. The St. Joseph County Historical Society maintains a fine historical museum.

Several miles north of South Bend, across the Michigan state line is the decayed village of Bertrand. Here the great Sauk Trail crossed the St. Joseph. It gave place in time to the old Chicago Road, and the highway at this point is still known locally as the Chicago Road. Bertrand takes its name from a fur trader who settled here toward the close of the eighteenth century. By the French it was known as Parc aux Vaches, or the buffalo yard. Here the ancient Indian trail from Fort Wayne northward intersected the Sauk Trail, and this fact, combined with the near proximity of the Kankakee portage, made the spot a strategic center of trade no less than of war. Here John Kinzie, of early Chicago fame, lived and traded for several years before his removal to Chicago in 1804. In the early period of American settlement of this region Bertrand aspired for a time to metropolitan greatness, but this expectation was killed by the development of Niles on the north and South Bend on the south. A feature of this early period was the establishment in the summer of 1844 of the Convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Bertrand, which flourished for a decade until its removal to South Bend.

About three miles north of old Bertrand, in the outskirts of the city of Niles, is the site of Fort St. Joseph, established by the French in 1697 and maintained until the downfall of New France, sixty years later. Its strategic importance was due to the fact that it was located in the heart of the Miami

Valley, at a point sufficiently close to command both the great east and west and north and south trails and the St. Joseph-Kankakee waterway. From the coming of La Salle in 1679, this section had been a center of French activity. At St. Joseph Father Allouez established his mission to the Miami in the latter years of the seventeenth century, and here he died and is buried. Although the site of the grave is unknown, there is an interesting local tradition that the first American settlers found it marked by a wooden cross, and a large cross still stands beside the highway in the southern outskirts of Niles, marking the supposed site. On the fall of New France, the British promptly garrisoned Fort St. Joseph, but in Pontiac's War of 1763 the garrison was massacred almost to a man. With the Revolutionary War, Niles again became a center of military activity, and in 1781 a small Spanish force from St. Louis plundered the post, and in place of the fallen British banner flung aloft the flag of Spain. The site of Fort St. Joseph is now under water (due to the building of the power dam at Niles) but a huge boulder has been placed on the bluff back of the fort site, with the inscription, "Fort St. Joseph, 1697-1781."

3. Fort Wayne:

Situated in the heart of the Miami country and at the point where the portage was made from the Maumee of Lake Erie to the Wabash, the site of Fort Wayne has been from time immemorial an important strategic point. Early in the eighteenth century the French established Post Miamis here, and the settlement later known as Miamitown developed. When, following the close of the Revolution, the new American government was compelled to fight the Indian tribes for the possession of the old Northwest, the site of Fort Wayne was recognized by Washington as the seat of power of the Indian confederacy, and every effort was bent on taking it. The army led by General Harmar reached the place in October, 1790, only to meet with a bloody repulse. The army of St. Clair, sent against Fort Wayne in 1791, was completely over-

whelmed at Fort Recovery, Ohio. General Wayne, next assigned the task, succeeded after two years of preparation and fighting, and since 1794 the place has borne his name. Fort Wayne was hotly besieged by the red men in the summer of 1812, but was saved by an army led by General Harrison. That war marked the ruin of the tribesmen in Indiana and therewith the end of fighting for the old Miami capital.

A few of the many points of historical interest in Fort Wayne are the following: Equestrian statue of General Anthony Wayne, in Hayden Park; Wayne Trace marker, placed at the northern end of the trace which led from Fort Washington (at Cincinnati) to Fort Wayne. Over it marched the armies of General Harmar in 1790; General Wayne in 1794, and General Harrison in 1812; marker on Lakeside bank of the Maumee, commemorating Harmar's defeat, Oct. 22, 1790; marker on supposed site of the grave of the famous Miami chief, Little Turtle, who died in 1812; tablet in Swinney Park to memory of John Appleseed (John Chapman), noted for his life-long planting of apple trees in the wilderness. The grave of Chapman is in Archer Cemetery, three miles from Fort Wayne; replica of the log cabin birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, in Foster Park; triangular fenced space marked by Spanish cannon, on site of old Fort Wayne; monument to General Henry W. Lawton of Philippine fame in Lakeside Park. Fort Wayne was General Lawton's home city; British cannon captured by Commodore Perry in battle of Lake Erie (1813) in Hayden Park; boulder and tablet marking the site of a French fort erected on site of Fort Wayne.

4. ROCHESTER:

A boulder and tablet three miles north of Rochester mark the site of the Indian town of Chippewanung, where the famous pioneer highway known as the Michigan Road crossed the Tippecanoe River. Here in 1836 was signed the treaty with the Potawatomi Indians whereby the latter were transferred from this region to a new home west of the Mississippi; two years later the soldiers camped on this site with 1000

Potawatomi whom they were removing to their western homes. A bronze tablet on the State Bank Building in Rochester marks the intersection of the Indian trail from Fort Wayne to Winona with the trail leading from White Pigeon to the reservations in Miami County.

5. Logansport:

At Old Town on the north bank of Eel River, six miles above its junction with the Wabash and about as many northeast of Logansport, is the site of the Indian town of Kenapacomaqua, called by the French l'Anguille. When, in the summer of 1791, General James Wilkinson, afterwards commander-in-chief of the United States army, led an army from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) northward against the hostile towns, Kenapacomaqua was his principal objective. On August 7 he surprised the town while most of the warriors were absent, and in a brief battle killed or captured all the occupants. The following morning he burned the town and departed with his prisoners. A bronze tablet now marks the site where the first charge was made by Wilkinson's troopers in this battle.

6. Jalapa:

A mile southwest of town a monument marks the battlefield of Dec. 18, 1812. Colonel John B. Campbell had led a force of 600 men from Ohio against the Mississinewa towns, which were scattered for several miles along the Mississinewa River in northern Pleasant Township. On December 17 he destroyed in succession four of the towns, camping for the night on the site of the battlefield. Here, toward dawn, he was fiercly assailed by 300 warriors, and the battle raged for an hour or more until daylight enabled the riflemen to close with their foes and put them to rout. Fifty of the soldiers were killed or wounded. Fifteen dead Indians were found on the field at the close of the battle.

7. Lafayette and Vicinity:

The country immediately adjoining La Fayette figures prominently in the Indian and pioneer periods of Indiana history.

Here were located the Wea towns in the midst of which Fort Ouiatanon was established by the French in 1720. Until the end of the Indian period, over a century later, this continued an important center of Indian trade, and around the fort the usual village developed, composed of the traders and their Indian or mixed-blood wives and descendants. A marker, four miles south of La Fayette identifies the site of Fort Ouiatanon. After the downfall of New France, the British did not garrison the place, but the trading settlement continued to exist and during the Revolution and the following years it was an active center of hostility to the Americans. In 1791 General Charles Scott of Kentucky led an army of 750 mounted troops against the place. Taking it by surprise on June 1, he killed or captured a large number of the warriors, together with their women and children. The next day he advanced to Tippecanoe, about eight miles north of La Fayette, and burned the town, which then consisted of seventy houses. Returning, he destroyed the Wea towns on June 4, and began his retreat to Kentucky.

Early in the nineteenth century Tippecanoe clearing was fixed upon by Tecumseh, probably the greatest figure in the history of the red race, as the center of the Indian Utopia he proposed to establish. Here he developed an important town and from it as a center for several years carried on his agitation looking to the reformation of the Indians and the uniting of the tribes in a great confederation against the white race. The immediate representative of the latter in the Northwest was Governor Harrison of Indiana, in later years president of the United States. From their respective capitals at Tippecanoe and Vincennes the leaders of the two races for several years waged a duel of wits and statecraft. At length it became apparent, as Tecumseh had boldly stated to Harrison, that the two must "fight it out," and in the autumn of 1811 Harrison led an army of 900 men northward against the Indian capital. On November 6 he came within sight of the town and encamped for the night on a slightly elevated tract

of land two miles west of it. Here at dawn he was fiercely assailed, and although the Indians were beaten off it was at the cost of one-fourth of Harrison's army in killed or wounded. After the battle the Indians speedily decamped, and Harrison, after burning their town, began a retreat to Vincennes. The battle of Tippecanoe was the prelude to the War of 1812, in which Tecumseh sided with the English and was defeated and slain by Harrison at the battle of the Thames in 1813. The Tippecanoe battleground, now state property, is beautifully kept, and a splendid monument preserves the names of those who fell in the fight. The site of the Indian town is identified by a marker.

8. Crawfordsville:

Indiana is noted in literature, and Crawfordsville the seat of Wabash College has been the home of a number of the state's best-known writers. Here Lew Wallace lived, and wrote *Ben Hur*, which is said to have had a larger sale than any other American novel since *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The Wallace home is one of the interesting points in the town. Other well-known writers of the place are Maurice Thompson (author of *Alice of Old Vincennes*) and Meredith Nicholson. A soldiers' and sailors' monument on the Courthouse lawn contains also the name of William Bratton, a member of the famous Lewis and Clark exploring expedition of 1803-6, who lived and died in Montgomery County.

9. Indianapolis and Vicinity:

As the capital and metropolis of the state, Indianapolis has many interesting historical and personal associations; of the many monuments and historical points in the city, the following are of major interest here: the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, built at a cost of $600,000; statue of General Henry W. Lawton, in Garfield Park; statue of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States 1889-93, on East Ohio Street at South entrance to University Park; statues of Governor Oliver P. Morton, Vice-President Thomas A. Hendricks, and Robert Dale Owen, on state capitol grounds; statue of

Vice-President Schuyler Colfax in University Park; marker on site of old Camp Morton, at Alabama and Nineteenth streets; monument marking the intersection of the old National and Michigan Roads, at Washington Street and Southeastern Avenue; marker commemorating National Road, on south side of State House lawn; tablet on Claypool Hotel marking site of old Bates House, where Abraham Lincoln delivered an address en route to Washington in 1861; a bronze tablet on south end of Centennial Bridge over White River. The inscription reads: "Centennial Bridge, erected to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Indianapolis, selected as the State Capital, January 7, 1820, and confirmed by legislative enactment January 7, 1821." Indianapolis was the home of James Whitcomb Riley, the great Hoosier poet; it is also the home of Booth Tarkington, one of America's best-known novelists. Recently the city has been made the headquarters of the American Legion, to house which a magnificent building is to be erected.

Just east of Plainfield and a few miles southwest of Indianapolis, beside the National Road stands the Van Buren Elm. Van Buren while President of the United States vetoed a bill for highway improvements. Later, while making a western tour, he traveled through Indiana by stage coach along the National Road. At this point the stage with its distinguished occupant was overturned in a mud-hole—purposely, it is said, by the driver, who wished thereby to impress his passenger with a sense of the need for internal improvements.

Greenfield, Hancock County, is distinguished as the birthplace of James Whitcomb Riley. In front of the courthouse stands a monument to the poet, the gift of the school-children of America.

11. Terre Haute:

Here Governor Harrison in 1811 paused in his northward march to Tippecanoe to build the fortified stockade which was named in his honor, Fort Harrison. Its second commander

was Major Zachary Taylor, who on the night of September 4, 1812 beat off a furious Indian assault, and for his conduct was recommended by Harrison for promotion to the rank of brevet major. When Taylor succeeded in getting a messenger through to Vincennes informing Harrison of his plight a formidable expedition was sent under General Hopkins to his relief. It was to continue to Peoria to chastise the savages in that section, but due to insubordination and mismanagement it failed to accomplish this object. Fort Harrison continued an important military station until after the close of the war. It is a curious fact that its first two commanders each became president of the United States, and each died in his term of office.

12. VINCENNES:

Perhaps greater historical interest attaches to Vincennes than to any other place in Indiana. Post Vincennes, established by the French early in the eighteenth century, was for two generations one of the most important outposts of France in the Mississippi Valley. A considerable town, second only to Detroit and the French settlements of the Illinois, developed. In the Revolutionary War, Vincennes was the objective of George Rogers Clark's famous campaign across Illinois in the winter of 1778-79, as it had been but a short time before of Governor Hamilton's campaign from Detroit. With the establishment of Indiana Territory Vincennes became the capital, and here Governor William Henry Harrison lived during his long and notable administration. The fine brick residence which he built in 1804 still stands. From Vincennes Harrison carried on his long contest with Tecumseh, and from here in the autumn of 1811 he led forth the army which fought the battle of Tippecanoe. Fort Knox was established at Vincennes for the protection of this portion of the frontier. For a time before the War of 1812 it was commanded by Zachary Taylor, who shortly after won deserved distinction by his heroic defense of Fort Harrison. The military importance of Vincennes vanished with the advance of the frontier

and the breaking of the Indian power as a result of the War of 1812; its political importance was likewise dissipated by the removal of the capital to Corydon and (later) to Indianapolis.

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